

DID YOU FIND IT?

FIND WHAT? Look on
Page 15 and find out.
THEN YOU CAN READ ALL ABOUT THE INAUGURATION of a PRESI-
DENT in MARCH COMFORT. This MOST IMPOSING CEREMONY and
many other interesting subjects will be described.

COMFORT

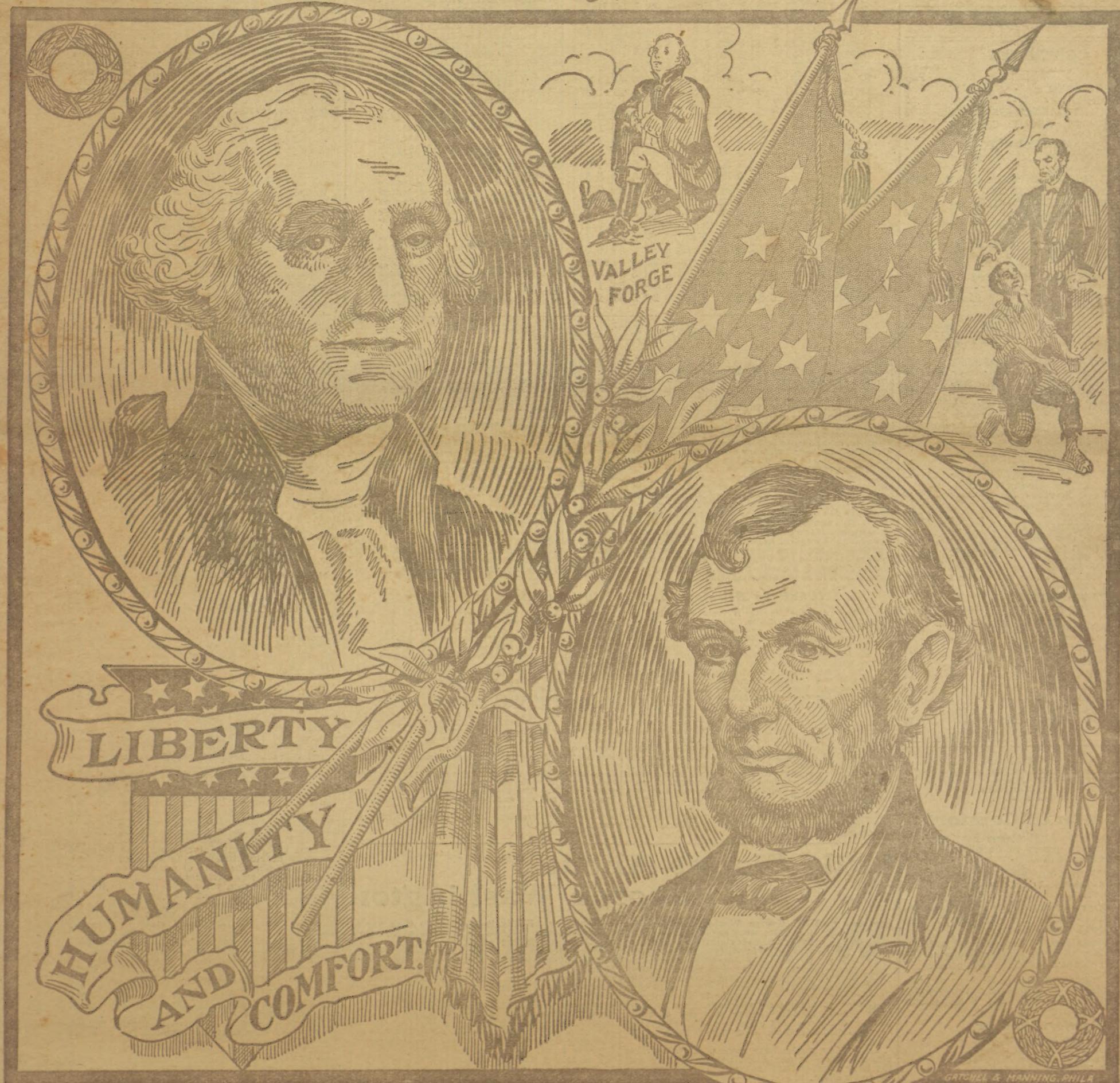
*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

Vol. XXI

February, 1909.

No. 4



GATCHILL & MANNING, PHILA.

Published at Augusta, Maine.

COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
Million and a Quarter Homes.

In which are combined and consolidated
UNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, and THE NATIONAL
FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

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February, 1909

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February

Dear little month, while all the m^{rs}
Take thirty days or more,
With twenty-eight or twenty-nine,
You fill your modest score.

Crumbs of Comfort

Good breeding is benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in the daily occurrences of life.

The earth on which we stand is but the vestibule to glorious mansions to which a moving crowd is forever passing.

The superior mind finds itself equally at odds with the evils of society and with the projects that are offered to relieve them.

Error is sometimes so nearly allied to truth that it blends with it as imperceptibly as the colors of the rainbow fade into each other.

Skeptics are generally ready to believe anything, provided it is sufficiently improbable; it is at matters of fact that such people stumble.

Comfort Whisper

BY MRS. J. G. ALEXANDER.

Here's a word for dear old COMFORT,
Dear old Comfort, good and true;
Finds its way to each sad heart
Helps to comfort me and you.

I must sign for this old standby,
It will cheer my lonely home,
Friend of happy days long vanished
When I enjoyed it not alone.

Come old friend and visit ever
Once a month and bring me cheer,
I am glad to know you're coming
Monthly through the coming year.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE STORY "CHARLIE'S FORTUNE" will be published in March COMFORT. This interesting story in the Oliver Optic which has been running for some months past will be brought to a close next month. Owing to the large volume of Washington-Lincoln matter given in this issue, we were obliged to defer printing the final installment until next month.

Current Topics

Professor Abbott Lawrence Lowell has been chosen to succeed Charles William Eliot, President of Harvard University.

Mme. Nellie Melba, who recently sailed from New York, will sing in Naples February 13, for the benefit of the Italian earthquake sufferers.

A scientist in the Pasteur Institute, Paris, has recently discovered that burning sugar develops acetylene hydrogen, one of the most powerful antiseptic gases known.

The Queen of Italy has endeared herself not only to her own country, but to the whole world for her personal assistance and aid in relieving the suffering of her stricken people.

Criminologists and alienists throughout the country are interested in the experimental work of Dr. Henry Upson of Cleveland, Ohio, who believes that criminal instincts, as well as many nervous disorders and even insanity are caused in numerous instances by defective teeth.

COMFORT'S Calendar for February

Moon's Phases.	Eastern Time.			Central Time.			Mountain Time.			Pacific Time.		
	D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.
FULL MOON	5	3	25Morn.	5	2	25Morn.	5	1	25Morn.	5	0	25Morn.
LAST QUARTER . . .	13	7	47Morn.	13	6	47Morn.	13	5	47Morn.	13	4	47Morn.
NEW MOON	20	5	52Morn.	20	4	52Morn.	20	3	52Morn.	20	2	52Morn.
FIRST QUARTER . . .	26	9	49Even.	26	8	49Even.	26	7	49Even.	26	6	49Even.

Mo. of Month	Day of Week	Light and Dark Moon's Phases	Places	Calendar—N. States, Lat. 42°+			Calendar—S. States, Lat. 33°+			WEATHER FORECAST FOR FEBRUARY.		
				SUN. Rises.	SUN. Sets.	Moon Sets.	SUN. Rises.	SUN. Sets.	Moon Sets.	1st to 3rd—MILD PERIOD.	open weather for the season in southwest and central sections. Cold and frosty in northwest, the Lake region and States of the Ohio River Valley. Damp and cool in south Atlantic and east Gulf States.	
1 Mo	Mo	□		7	15	5 14	4 41	6 54	5 33	4 12	4th to 8th—STORM WAVE.	Thunderstorms in Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma. Heavy snows and blockades in the Rocky Mountain regions of Idaho, Montana, Wyoming and Colorado. Stiff gales and high seas along Gulf and south Atlantic coast waters.
2 Tu	Tu	□		7	14	5 15	5 39	6 54	5 34	5 8	9th to 13th—COLD WAVE.	Cold weather for February at most points west and southwest. Blizzard storms over States of the Missouri River valley, with snow and sleet as far south as Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee and northern Georgia.
3 We	We	□		7	13	5 17	6 28	6 53	5 35	5 5	14th to 18th—MILD PERIOD.	Rising temperature in western, central and eastern sections. Much slush and mud in western and south central portions. Temperature 68 degrees at Little Rock, 65 at Nashville and 62 at Indianapolis.
4 Th	Th	□		7	12	5 18	rises	6 52	5 36	rises	19th to 23rd—RAIN WAVE.	Temperature 68 degrees at Little Rock, 65 at Nashville and 62 at Indianapolis.
5 Fri	Fri	□		7	10	5 19	5 30	6 51	5 37	5 53	24th to 28th—COLD WAVE.	Temperature 68 degrees at Little Rock, 65 at Nashville and 62 at Indianapolis.
6 Sat	Sat	□		7	9	5 20	6 31	6 50	5 38	6 49	February 1 to 3—MILD PERIOD.	Temperature 68 degrees at Little Rock, 65 at Nashville and 62 at Indianapolis.
7 Sun	Sun	□		7	8	5 22	7 33	6 50	5 39	7 45	open weather for the season in southwest and central sections. Cold and frosty in northwest, the Lake region and States of the Ohio River Valley. Damp and cool in south Atlantic and east Gulf States.	
8 Mo	Mo	□		7	7	5 23	8 34	6 49	5 40	8 40	4th to 8th—STORM WAVE.	Thunderstorms in Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma. Heavy snows and blockades in the Rocky Mountain regions of Idaho, Montana, Wyoming and Colorado. Stiff gales and high seas along Gulf and south Atlantic coast waters.
9 Tu	Tu	□		7	6	5 24	9 33	6 49	5 41	9 33	9th to 13th—COLD WAVE.	Cold weather for February at most points west and southwest. Blizzard storms over States of the Missouri River valley, with snow and sleet as far south as Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee and northern Georgia.
10 We	We	□		7	4	5 25	10 34	6 48	5 42	10 28	14th to 18th—MILD PERIOD.	Rising temperature in western, central and eastern sections. Much slush and mud in western and south central portions. Temperature 68 degrees at Little Rock, 65 at Nashville and 62 at Indianapolis.
11 Th	Th	□		7	3	5 27	11 39	6 47	5 43	11 27	19th to 23rd—RAIN WAVE.	Temperature 68 degrees at Little Rock, 65 at Nashville and 62 at Indianapolis.
12 Fri	Fri	□		7	2	5 28	morn.	6 46	5 44	morn.	24th to 28th—COLD WAVE.	Temperature 68 degrees at Little Rock, 65 at Nashville and 62 at Indianapolis.
13 Sat	Sat	□		7	0	5 29	0 45	6 45	5 44	0 25	February 1 to 3—MILD PERIOD.	Temperature 68 degrees at Little Rock, 65 at Nashville and 62 at Indianapolis.
14 Sun	Sun	□		6	58	5 31	1 51	6 44	5 45	1 27	open weather for the season in southwest and central sections. Cold and frosty in northwest, the Lake region and States of the Ohio River Valley. Damp and cool in south Atlantic and east Gulf States.	
15 Mo	Mo	□		6	57	5 32	3 0	6 43	5 46	2 31	4th to 8th—STORM WAVE.	Thunderstorms in Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma. Heavy snows and blockades in the Rocky Mountain regions of Idaho, Montana, Wyoming and Colorado. Stiff gales and high seas along Gulf and south Atlantic coast waters.
16 Tu	Tu	□		6	56	5 33	4	6 42	5 47	3 5	9th to 13th—COLD WAVE.	Cold weather for February at most points west and southwest. Blizzard storms over States of the Missouri River valley, with snow and sleet as far south as Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee and northern Georgia.
17 We	We	□		6	55	5 35	5 10	6 41	5 48	4 38	14th to 18th—MILD PERIOD.	Rising temperature in western, central and eastern sections. Much slush and mud in western and south central portions. Temperature 68 degrees at Little Rock, 65 at Nashville and 62 at Indianapolis.
18 Th	Th	□		6	54	5 36	6 4	6 39	5 48	5 35	19th to 23rd—RAIN WAVE.	Temperature 68 degrees at Little Rock, 65 at Nashville and 62 at Indianapolis.
19 Fri	Fri	□		6	53	5 37	0 50	6 38	5 49	6 26	24th to 28th—COLD WAVE.	Temperature 68 degrees at Little Rock, 65 at Nashville and 62 at Indianapolis.
20 Sat	Sat	□										

Priceless Historic Souvenirs of Washington and Lincoln

Recently Discovered in a Private Collection and Brought to Public Attention Exclusively by COMFORT



Authentic History of the Famous Pen

Copyright, 1908, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher.

ISAAC B. REED of the famous old firm of Reed and Johnson, Horse and Carriage Auctioneers, located a generation ago on Nassau Street, opposite the old New York Post Office, is the proud possessor of some rare souvenirs, which are closely entwined with our national history, from Colonial times to the days of the Civil War.

Through a strange fatality—or remarkable coincidence as you may prefer to call it—Mr. Reed is so inseparably connected with the story of these souvenirs that we are compelled to accept him as a part of the collection.

His ancestors came over with Miles Standish and he is a lineal descendant of Uzal Knapp, the last survivor of Washington's old body-guard, who, as the inscription on his monument at Newburg tells us departed this life in 1856, at the ripe old age of 103 years.

Mr. Reed is a relative of the late Hon. Thomas B. Reed, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, but the story with its rare relics portrays rather the great men of the past generations and brings out those reflected side-lights and delicate touches of shade which illustrate in a charming way the characteristic traits of our great men.

Mr. Reed was an intimate friend of General John A. Dix, and at the outbreak of the war secured through Gen. Dix an introduction to Salmon P. Chase, with whom he negotiated the printing of the United States Bonds, by the National Bank Note Company of New York.

During the progress negotiations Mr. Chase expressed to Mr. Reed his belief that it would be difficult to market a National Loan, as he feared that it would be an unpopular one, and asked him plainly what he would do in the case if he were Secretary of the Treasury.

"I would merely give a little more interest," replied Mr. Reed. "You just give them seven and three tenths interest instead of seven and you will see the public scramble for them."

The idea of giving seven-thirty per cent. interest, so that accrued interest might be computed daily—seven-thirty being just twice three hundred and sixty-five,—struck Secretary Chase as being good and was therefore adopted and proved to be a great success. Some years after, during the last of the business relations which Mr. Reed had with the Government regarding the printing of bonds, Secretary Chase took him to President Lincoln and said:

"Mr. President, I wish to introduce to you 'The Father of the 7.30 Bonds,'" and he told Mr. Lincoln how the idea had been suggested by Mr. Reed.

Mr. Reed is a man well advanced in years but with a phenomenally retentive memory so that he recalls with wonderful minuteness all the details of the interview and the favorable impression made upon him by Lincoln's great personality and Chase's profound knowledge of finance. Upon Reed expressing a desire to visit the different Government Departments, President Lincoln wrote on a slip of paper: "Please extend to the bearer every courtesy in visiting the Government Departments, Lincoln." Saying, as he handed it: "Mr. Reed if there is anything more I can do for you, now is the time to ask for it."

"You have been very kind, Mr. President," replied Mr. Reed, "and there is no favor I can think of unless I might be so bold as to ask you to present me with the pen you signed that paper with."

Mr. Lincoln did not accept the suggestion kindly, nor did he dismiss it with a tactful pleasantries according to his characteristic way. He assumed a serious and hesitating air and said: "You cannot realize the nature of your request. That pen is a souvenir with quite a history, and was presented to me in such a way that I should not part with it. In his early days George Washington was a civil engineer and surveyor, and when he was elected President of the United States a Patriotic Woman's Association of Virginia presented him with a quaintly carved chest such as held surveyor's instruments. It was duly set forth and duly authenticated that the chest was made from the lid of the Captain of the Mayflower's desk. It was afterward remodeled and made into two wonderful pens which found their way back to that same patriotic association of Virginia, and strange as it may appear were presented to me on my inaugural, accompanied by an elaborately engrossed preamble and resolutions setting forth the historical value of the pens."

Mr. Reed says: "I was so overcome by the President's earnest manner, that I felt as if I had made an outrageous request and was so profuse in my apologies that Mr. Lincoln in turn became still more embarrassed and must have imagined that I was offended by his refusal, for he suddenly turned exclaiming: 'See here! You are an exceedingly nice young man and as The Father of the 7.30 Bonds you deserve one of those pens. Those patriotic ladies gave me one pen for black ink and one for red. You take the pen I wrote that paper with and I will keep the other, and if you will call again I will have copies made for you of all connected with its history."

"I was embarrassed and palmed by the turn of affairs and would gladly have withdrawn my request, but the great man was as happy as a boy over the solution of the difficulty, and pressed it in a way which permitted of no refusal."

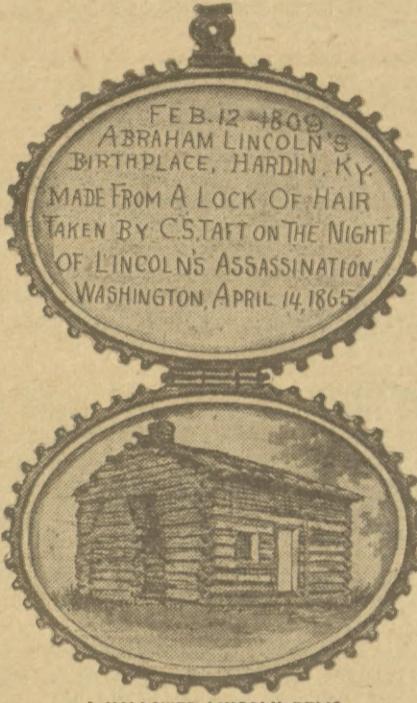
Sad Story of the Locket

Mr. Reed never had an opportunity of receiving the promised copies of the papers, although Secretary Hay said the same were made and he had vouches for the correctness of the story in all its details. But what has become of the other pen and where are the engrossed testimonials? The pass to the Government Departments in Lincoln's well-known handwriting shows the date April 11, 1865, and just three days after, while waiting for these copies, by a strange fatality Mr. Reed went to Ford's Theater with Dr. Sabin Taft and was not ten feet away from the President when he was assassinated. Dr. Taft was passed over the heads of the people to the President's box and Mr. Reed and Col. Shadrick (the proprietor of Willard's Hotel) assisted in carrying the dying President to another room. It was there that at the solicitation of Mrs. Lincoln, a few locks of hair were cut from Lincoln's head, some of which was presented by Dr. Taft to Mr. Reed, which was afterwards made into a famous picture of the Hardin Log Cabin by a talented hair artist of New York, and put into a locket as shown in our illustration. The story of the cutting and presenting of this hair is fully set forth in the War Records, by orders of Secretary of War Stanton.

It may seem like wide digression from the original history of the pen but to complete the story it becomes necessary to quote from some memoirs of Gen. U. S. Grant, which shall be given more fully at another time. President Grant purchased his famous horse "Butcher Boy" through Mr. Reed, who afterwards sold him at auction and when he turned the money over to the General he asked him to sign the receipt with the famous pen, which he did on

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN LIBERTY PEN

This wonderful historic pen presented to Lincoln on his first inauguration, made from a surveyor's chest presented to Washington on his first inauguration, which in turn was made from the desk of the captain of the Mayflower, spans the entire history of American liberty.



A HALLOWED LINCOLN RELIC

This locket contains a faithful picture of the humble birthplace and early home of Abraham Lincoln, wrought with wonderful skill from hair clipped from his head immediately after his assassination.



To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.
Dear Madam.

Executive Mansion
Washington, Nov 21, 1864

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to relieve you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully
A. Lincoln

AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM LINCOLN

The above is an exact reproduction (all except Lincoln's picture which we have added) of a letter of condolence which Lincoln wrote, all with his own hand, to the grief-stricken mother of five dead soldiers. We know no better example of the beautiful simplicity of his style, the purity of his diction, the delicacy and propriety of his manner of expressing his thoughts and ideals always noble and exalted.

It seems to us that this brief letter is simply perfect. There is not an unnecessary word in it; nor could it be improved by the change or addition of any word or words, and certainly the sentiment so beautifully expressed is tender, sympathetic, consoling, sublime beyond criticism. We know of nothing finer, not even Lincoln's famous Gettysburg dedication address which is universally rated as one of the most perfect gems of literary composition in the English language. You have to read it over a number of times to fully appreciate it, as it grows upon and becomes more impressive each time you read it.

As you will see, he was justly celebrated also for his fine penmanship. In those days there were no typewriters, and although he had a private secretary to attend to his correspondence, he managed to find time amid all his cares to write many letters with his own hand.

June 9, 1864. So the pen has been used by Washington, Lincoln and Grant. It may also be said that it has been used and admired by many of the crowned heads and noted people of the Old World.

Mr. Reed was a man of large means and carried his souvenirs with him on a seven years' tour of the world during which he kept a strict diary of his "treasures" as he always called them.

It is shown that Queen Victoria signed her name with the pen on May 27, 1873, Signor Crispi penned a sentiment, and we note that on July 9, 1873, Pope Pius IX invoked a blessing

upon these souvenirs of three great and good men.

Regarding the value and final disposition of these rare relics it may be said that as Mr. Reed has no children, he repeatedly refused to part with them at any price but thought of donating them to some public institution. Commodore Kane of the N. Y. Yacht Club offered one thousand dollars for the pen to present it to the Union League Club.

Darronne de Struve, wife of the Russian Ambassador at Washington, bought a pair of horses from Mr. Reed for one thousand and twenty dollars, and offered to double the amount if he would

part with the pen. When in London in 1870 Mr. Reed was waited upon by William Churchill of the British Museum who informed him that the directors had authorized him to offer three hundred pounds for the pen.

"Why, I have already refused a larger sum in my own country," replied Mr. Reed; whereupon Mr. Churchill said: "I was only authorized to offer three hundred pounds, but on my own responsibility I will make it three hundred and fifty pounds, and submit it for your consideration."

This wonderful pen is more closely associated with the struggle for liberty in America than was the famous old liberty bell of Independence Hall, whose solemn tones first proclaimed to the world the birth of a new nation. The pen in its former shape was present with the Pilgrim Fathers in 1620 when, with Plymouth rock as the corner stone, they laid the imperishable foundations of American liberty. A century and a quarter later it saw Washington draw the sword in the successful defense of liberty and independence and was with him when he established the Union under the Constitution. It was with Lincoln when he took his solemn oath to defend the Constitution and preserve the Union, and, as he said, Heaven recorded it. It remained with him until peace dawned on a reunited country.

Some True Lincoln Stories

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

A BIOGRAPHY of Abraham Lincoln, the beloved President, might easily be composed from the stories he told and it would set forth the character of the man more clearly than the words or any biography, for Lincoln's stories were his own personal reflections. All great men have stories told about them, but Lincoln was his own story-teller and he never told one without it had some application.

For example when he first became President it was well known that he slyly poked fun at his cabinet officers and others in authority under him by references to their assumptions of superior judgment over his own. Once Judge Baldwin of California wished to get a pass to go to his brother in Virginia, but Secretary Stanton and the general in command refused to let him have it. The Judge went to Mr. Lincoln.

"Go to see General Halleck," he said.

"No good," said the Judge.

"Then Stanton," said Mr. Lincoln.

"No good, either," said the Judge.

"Well, I'm sorry," said Mr. Lincoln, with a broad grin, "for I can't do anything. You see I have very little influence with this administration."

But somehow the Judge got to his brother in Virginia.

Some of the serious-minded people who think everything that is important must be treated with the utmost dignity and solemnity have criticized Mr. Lincoln's story-telling habit as something unworthy of a great man. But they do not know what they are talking about. The main thing with every object in life is to accomplish it. With the most of us, thank heaven, the accomplishment must be by fairly honorable means. Mr. Lincoln's stories were told to accomplish his purpose and that he succeeded so well in so many difficult situations is sufficient proof that the means he used were correct. It often happened that by telling a story with a moral to it he could convince a man who could not or would not listen to reason or see the point of a fair argument.

One of these serious minded men, a Congressman, called on Mr. Lincoln one day at the White House during the dark days of 1862, on an important matter. The President began by telling a story. The serious man objected, and said he didn't come there to listen to stories. Mr. Lincoln became serious himself.

"Sit down," he said to his visitor; "sit down. I respect you as a sincere and earnest man. You cannot be more anxious than I am, always, and I want to say to you that if it were not for the occasional vent I find in these stories, I should die."

Another story will show further how much he appreciated humor. In the Toledo Blade "Petroleum V. Nasby" was writing humorous political articles which pleased Mr. Lincoln so much that he said to a friend as he laid the newspaper aside, laughing: "I'm going to send for Nasby and if he can communicate his talent to me, I'll swap places with him."

We may readily believe that if the swap could have been effected it would have been a great relief to Mr. Lincoln.

Although the marriage of the plain and plebeian Lincoln to Mary Todd, the aristocratic Southern woman, was not at all times ideal, their married life was not worse than the average, and he thought a great deal of her. This was manifest on all occasions and notably so when he received word of his nomination for the presidency. He was at his home in Springfield, Ill., and when amid the shouts of his fellow citizens, the telegram was handed to him, he looked at it in silence, and putting it in his pocket he said: "There's a little woman down to our house who would like to hear this. I'll go down and tell her." And he left the noise and the shouting all for him and went with the news to the "little woman down to our house."

Disapproved of Women Wearing Hoops

Women were always strong in their influence over him, but only the good women. His first sweetheart, Anne Rutledge, was always a dear memory to him. At the White House he never could resist the pleadings of women who came to see him about their men folks in the army. Once a girl came to see her brother who was under sentence of death for desertion. She had no political pull or friends at Washington, but she persisted till she reached him. He heard her story and pardoned her brother. In speaking of it afterwards he said: "She didn't have any representatives or senators to help her, but she would not be prevented by any obstacles and she didn't wear hoops."

"Hoops" were the prevailing style at that time and those who remember what hideous things they were, will not be surprised that Mr. Lincoln was willing to do his utmost for any woman who didn't wear them.

He was the idol of the soldiers though his military training had been confined to but a short experience as Captain of a company fighting the Indians. Desertion was, as it always is with volunteer soldiers, the greatest evil, and it was necessary that death should be imposed at times, but whenever President Lincoln could pardon or commute a death sentence, he was sure to do so. So anxious was he in this respect that the doorkeepers at the White House had orders to admit, day or night, and before any other visitors, a messenger coming to save life. One old man, very anxious about his son, over whose head hung a suspended death sentence, came to the President to get a full release. "I can't do it," said Mr. Lincoln, looking stern and very firm. "We have to make an example of some one." Then to quiet the fears of the father: "But don't you worry; that boy shall never be shot if I can help it."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

A Few Words by the Editor

THIS month we celebrate the birthdays of our two great national heroes, Lincoln and Washington—names which bring a thrill of pride to every patriot's heart. Your editor does not intend to dwell at any length upon the records of these great and glorious men, as we have made this a special Lincoln and Washington number, and the subject has been dealt at length with elsewhere, but we do wish to impress upon our readers that never was it more necessary—now that so many dangers beset our beloved land and its institutions—(dangers from within, and not from without), to study the characters and virtues of these great men, so that we can learn from them, and make their noble and patriotic ideals the guiding stars of our own lives.

Think what a glorious country this would be if every heart pulsed with the same noble ideals that animated the hearts and stirred the breasts of Washington and Lincoln! These men had but one thought—love of country, and an unselfish devotion to the cause of duty. Each found his country confronted by great dangers and each nobly did his best to guide the ship of state o'er the seas that threatened to engulf it, into the calm waters of peace, honor, happiness and prosperity. Both battled for mighty principles, and even those who fought against them, now admit the righteousness of those principles and the nobility and grandeur of the great souls who upheld them.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and if we are to keep this Republic to the ideals of its founders, we must each breathe into our souls the lofty patriotism of those two great Americans whose birthdays we are now celebrating.

The dangers which now beset our beloved land are too well known to us all to need repetition, they are perils which must be met and overcome, so that government of the people by the people for the people, may not be undermined by the greed of the monopolists, and the overreaching and insidious powers of great combinations of capital in the hands of unscrupulous men, whose only religion is dollars, whose God is gold.

No strong man can ignore disease when it has taken root in his system without becoming its victim, and no nation can survive which permits the exploitation of its people by the uncurbed hand of corporate greed. Such exploitation must inevitably lead to the still further enriching of the rich, and the still greater impoverishing of the already poor. With wealth accumulating in the hands of the few and the masses fighting for a dollar which purchases scarcely half of what it did a few years ago, and the struggle for that dollar

daily growing keener and keener, strong hearts, steady hands, and cool brains will be needed to bring our ship of state back on an even keel of justice and square dealing for all. Let us quote again that warning couplet of Goldsmith's:

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

The sturdy hand of Theodore Roosevelt has checked the dishonest accumulation of wealth and taught the people that the moral fiber of the nation must not be allowed to fall into decay, but that every citizen in his dealings with his fellows must be square and honest, and in character as clean as the proverbial hound's tooth.

Let everyone of our readers take the lesson of the noble lives of Washington and Lincoln to heart. Breathe into your souls their lofty patriotism, copy their virtues, and keep their examples ever in mind, and you will be doing your individual share in keeping this great fabric of democracy, this glorious temple of liberty on a sure and indestructible foundation. Only in the strong hearts of a free and contented people can a nation find a sure foundation on which to work out its destiny of greatness and glory. Let Washington and Lincoln then be our watchwords, the noble names with which to inspire us to those lofty ideals of patriotism, which must sublimely thrill in every heart that is truly and worthily American.

WITH the advent of February and St Valentine's day we would like to remind our readers that the cheapest, and most acceptable valentine you can possibly send your sweetheart, relative,

friend or neighbor is a year's subscription to **COMFORT**. Those who have slender purses, and still wish to observe the day in a suitable way, can do so by giving a six-months' **COMFORT** subscription, to the idol of their hearts. We feel confident that if every love-lorn swain presents his Phillis with a year's subscription to this magazine, that he will reach her heart quicker, and at less expense to himself, than by the purchase of almost any other gift. Anyway we feel sure that our readers will take this suggestion in good part, for their own sakes even more than ours, for **COMFORT** has been the basis of more real and lasting friendships than any other medium, literally or otherwise, that has ever existed.

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." That old aphorism is known to you all, and how true it is. It is the human nature in **COMFORT** that touches the hearts of our readers, and draws them together in a feeling of kinship, and makes them all one big family.

A tale of distress and suffering fills a million hearts full

of melting pity, and brings tears of sympathy to the eyes of tens of thousands of our big family scattered broadcast over our majestic land. Distance does not decrease the sympathy, or lessen the sympathy. A tale of suffering in an eastern State arouses as much interest in far California or Oregon, as it does on the shores of New England. One tale of hardship and suffering causes a wave of sympathy to flow from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf to the Lakes.

There are people who think that man's brotherhood is an evanescent dream, that we are too self-centered, too selfish, too wrapped up in our own affairs, too concerned with our own troubles, to care much what becomes of our fellow men in that great world outside of the narrow sphere in which we live, move and have our being. Such people are pessimists, and know little of human nature, as we are privileged to know it. Thousands of letters that pass through our hands testify eloquently to the nobility of men and women, to their goodness of heart, their unselfishness, and their strong faith in that God who is the Father of us all. There are self-centered, sordid souls, who care for no one but themselves, but they are greatly in the minority. The average human is ever ready to rise above the sordid things of life and show the image of the Divine that is in him when his better nature is appealed to. A man who dives into the icy waters to save another being from drowning does not ask what he is going to get for risking his own life to save that of another. He goes straight to what may be his death without a single thought of reward, animated simply by the desire to save a human life, even if he loses his own in the attempt. Greater love hath no man than this, that he should lay down his life for his fellow man. When men are ready to die for their fellows no one need despair for the future of the human race.

In our sunshine work we see so much of the better side of human nature, so many loving, sympathetic hearts are exposed to our view, that we are naturally optimistic. All who come under the **COMFORT** influence, and get imbued with its spirit, soon become a part of our big family, and the family idea is the corner stone of civilization. The **COMFORT** family is a mighty one. Some day, we trust, it will include in its ranks almost the entire nation. If this is too rosy a dream, we are at least confident that the **COMFORT** ideal will be the national ideal. Service and brotherhood will link us all together in brotherly bonds that no power on earth will be able to sever. Get busy then and come into the **COMFORT** family. We are six millions strong, ever marching onward and upward.

Comfort's Editor.

Washington and Lincoln

Their Characters and Achievements Compared

STRANGE as it may seem, no just estimate of the ability or character of a great man can ever be formed until after his death, when his deeds are seen in their true perspective and his policies and motives can be judged with impartiality uninfluenced by the extravagant eulogies of interested friends or the acrimonious attacks of bitter enemies—for every living man has enemies, and the greater he is the greater and more numerous his enemies. Washington and Lincoln were no exceptions in this respect, but in their magnanimity they disregarded or overlooked personal enmity and abuse and rose superior to it.

Now, that a generation has passed since Lincoln's death and three since Washington died, the verdict of mankind accords with the judgment of impartial history in placing them among the very greatest, ablest, wisest and best men that ever lived.

In many important respects there is a remarkable similarity between Washington and Lincoln.

In the first place the South has the everlasting glory of having produced both of them, for Washington was a Virginian and although Lincoln resided in Illinois when elected President, he and his father and mother were born in Kentucky.

Both were tall, muscular, athletic, powerful men; Lincoln six feet four inches high and so lean as to convey an impression of awkwardness; Washington, though nearly as tall and carrying no superfluous flesh, was finely proportioned and with his courtly manners and dignified grace of carriage presented a grand and commanding figure and a distinguished air in harmony with his character and befitting the high position which he held.

Neither had great educational opportunities. Lincoln almost none; but both profited to the utmost by such as they had. Lincoln, because of extreme poverty and living on the frontier of civilization where there were almost no schools, attended less than a year all told, and at very poor schools, and in his youth had very few books, although he read and reread every one that he could buy, beg or borrow; but by devoting every spare moment through life to study he acquired such command of English that he was able to express his thoughts in such beautiful and forcible language as to make his speeches models of convincing eloquence and his writings gems of literature.

Washington, as the younger son of a well-to-do, we might say, wealthy Virginia planter, attended such schools as there were, though not very good, in his vicinity until he was about sixteen years old with the intention of completing his education in England, as his older brother had done, and as was then the custom among the sons of the wealthy planters of the South which, contrary to the practice of New England, had not done much in the way of establishing colleges or other institutions of higher learning. But the early death of his father, soon followed by the lingering sickness and death of his eldest brother, threw onto George Washington, when a mere boy, the management of his father's plantation and the settlement of his brother's estate, and put an unlively end to his education. Nevertheless, while making no attempt at oratory, Washington was a forcible and convincing speaker and a writer of recognized ability.

Both had unbounded moral and physical courage.

Both were men of iron will, uncompromising integrity, indomitable persistency capable of any sacrifice and of braving any danger in the support of a cause which they believed just, and as they loved their country beyond all else, they possessed in the highest degree all the attributes which make a patriot.

Both were cool, level-headed, common-sense men of wonderfully sound judgment in all things, intellectual giants capable of grasping and solving the greatest governmental problems with an intuitive knowledge of the right, and with them were unselfish and magnanimous, and these qualities made them statesmen of the highest order.

Both had an unerring instinct for correctly sizing up the characters and abilities of other men, and the power of inspiring in the people unbounded confidence in themselves, and these qualities made them successful leaders. All these high qualities combined fitted them for the great parts which they acted in the world's history.

Both loved peace and detested war, but convinced of the necessity they carried on war, as everything else which they undertook, with the utmost vigor and determination for the establishment of lasting peace. And here the likeness ends, with the trifling though curious exception that both practiced surveying as young men.

Why was Washington called "The father of his country?" Perhaps you would say, because through a seven years' war he led the army to final victory which established the independence of the

Lincoln's Admiration of Washington

The Martyr President thus spoke of Washington in the course of an address: "Washington is the mightiest name on earth—long since the mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation."

"On that name an eulogy is expected. It cannot be."

"To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible."

"Let none attempt it."

"In solemn awe pronounce the name, and, in its naked, deathless splendor, leave it shining on."

United States. That would seem to be glory enough for one man, but it is only a small part of what he did to earn him that title.

Through the years of his early manhood he distinguished himself as a skillful and gallant officer in the terrible French and Indian wars. He was a prominent member of the first Continental Congress. He skillfully organized and ably commanded the Continental army through the war. But the government was weak and poor; there was no President and no constitution in those days; the States were jealous of each other and their representatives in Congress could not agree; the army not only was not paid, but was not properly fed, clothed, equipped or armed, and naturally was dissatisfied and often mutinous and desertions were frequent and numerous, and it was difficult to obtain recruits. The officers were jealous of each other and insubordinate. While fighting the superior forces of the British, he had to patch up the quarrels of his generals, to reconcile the difficulties between the States, to arouse Congress to action, to appeal to the patriotism of the people for soldiers and supplies for his army, to watch the enemy in front and keep an eye on traitors in his own army and in the rear. When distrust and discouragement were rife in the army and in the nation nothing but his personal influence kept the army together and held up what little government there was through the confidence which he inspired and by his personal appeals, and in these darkest days of strife when he was carrying this load too great for mortal man certain of his officers formed a plot with certain members of Congress to take from him the command of the army, but he ignored it as well as the personal abuse of jealous enemies in high places who should have been giving him their support. But the plot failed and by his force of character alone he triumphed over all enemies, overcame all difficulties and led the nation and army to victory. It seems miraculous that he succeeded against such fearful odds.

He was a man of very modest and retiring disposition, who disliked to hold and never sought public office. Distrusting his own ability and qualification, it was with reluctance and only from a high sense of duty that he accepted the many responsible offices which successively were thrust upon him. He much preferred the quiet of private life, the personal management of his large estates, the society of his many friends, and with his dogs and gun to hunt the game with which the forests and streams then abounded; but it was for him he should have little time for the enjoyment of these pleasures, for the most of his life at his country's call was devoted to her service. Washington was in no sense a politician; he had no ambition for fame or power, but both came to him unsought because his pre-eminent fitness was universally recognized. He resigned the supreme command of the army as soon as possible after peace was established, and retired to private life, as he hoped, for good; but this was not to be permitted, for the newly formed government was not a success, and Virginia sent him as a delegate to the convention which made the constitution of the United States, and he unwillingly accepted a unanimous election as President and more unwillingly a second term, and positively refused a third term. No doubt he could have made himself King had he wished to do so, because at the close of the Revolutionary war and before the formation of the constitution the people, and especially the army, had lost confidence in Congress and in the weak and chaotic federal government which was to go to pieces rapidly, so that many and even prominent men felt that the only escape from anarchy was by the establishment of a monarchy with Washington as King. But when, just before he resigned his command of the army, they proposed to make him King, he expressed himself as pained to think that such ideas existed, and begged that if they had any regard for their country or respect for him they would banish such thoughts from their minds. How many men from his day to this would not have felt flattered, at least, by such an offer?

After the war was over he helped to make the constitution, used his powerful influence to induce the unwilling and still jealous and distrustful states to adopt it, and as the first President established the government on a firm foundation and with prophetic wisdom mapped out its future course.

No wonder that on his retirement to private life after refusing a kingly crown he became enthroned in the hearts not only of his countrymen but of all liberty-loving mankind, and that the name of Washington is and ever will be "first in war and first in peace."

Lincoln had an unbounded admiration for Washington. Of the few books which Lincoln owned as a boy the Life of Washington was the one he prized most highly, and undoubtedly this had much to do with forming his character and shaping his ambition, for, like Washington, Lincoln was ambitious of attaining power and fame in a proper manner and for high purposes, sincere in his opinions and conscious of his persuasive power, he loved to talk to the people in private conversation or in public address.

Unlike Washington, with confidence in his own ability, he enjoyed public life, and delighted in the excitement of political contests.

Circumstances compelled him, like Washington, to assume the performance of duties beyond the sphere of his official position and to carry a superhuman burden of responsibility, for as Washington while holding only the office of general was obliged not only to command the army but also in a large measure to assist in running the government, so Lincoln as President was compelled not only to run the government but also, in consequence of the incompetency of some of his generals, to a considerable extent to plan military campaigns and give orders for the handling of the armies in the field. Each was engaged in a desperate struggle and had to invoke his personal influence with the people in support of the cause for which he was contending.

Lincoln, unlike Washington, relieved the severe strain of official duty by jokes and stories which had a moral or illustrated forcibly some point at issue.

In mental or moral force it is difficult to say whether either was stronger than the other; but surely Lincoln had one weak point, for while he had no difficulty in handling men he was not so successful in dealing with women. He never was afraid to meet any meeting ladies and betrayed a lack of courage and resolution in his courtship of the lady whom he finally married. After he had become engaged to her he doubted whether his affection was sufficient to tell her so and break the engagement, but on his announcing his purpose she burst into tears which so touched Lincoln's tender heart that he took her in his arms and kissed her, and so he was worsted in this encounter. Later on their wedding day was set, great preparations were made for the wedding; the minister was there and the bridegroom and bride arrayed in her wedding gown and veil, and they waited and waited until they had to give it up because the bridegroom failed to appear. Lincoln's courage had failed him at the last moment and he had run away, but he soon returned and made amends by marrying her a little later. Of course this was long before he ever dreamed of becoming President, but Mrs. Lincoln even before she ever met her future husband confidently predicted that she was destined to marry a man who would be President. But this is a digression.

White Lincoln was steadfast in his determination to preserve the Union at all hazards and at any cost, the passions and hatreds engendered by the war found no lodgment in his kind heart, and it is an incalculable misfortune to the country as a whole and especially to the South, which needed a powerful friend after the close of the war, that he did not survive, like Washington, to heal the wounds of the nation and exert his mighty influence to protect the South from the outrages of the reconstruction period which resulted in more bitter animosity than the war itself. The North and Lincoln lived, might have been reached before he closed his second term of office.

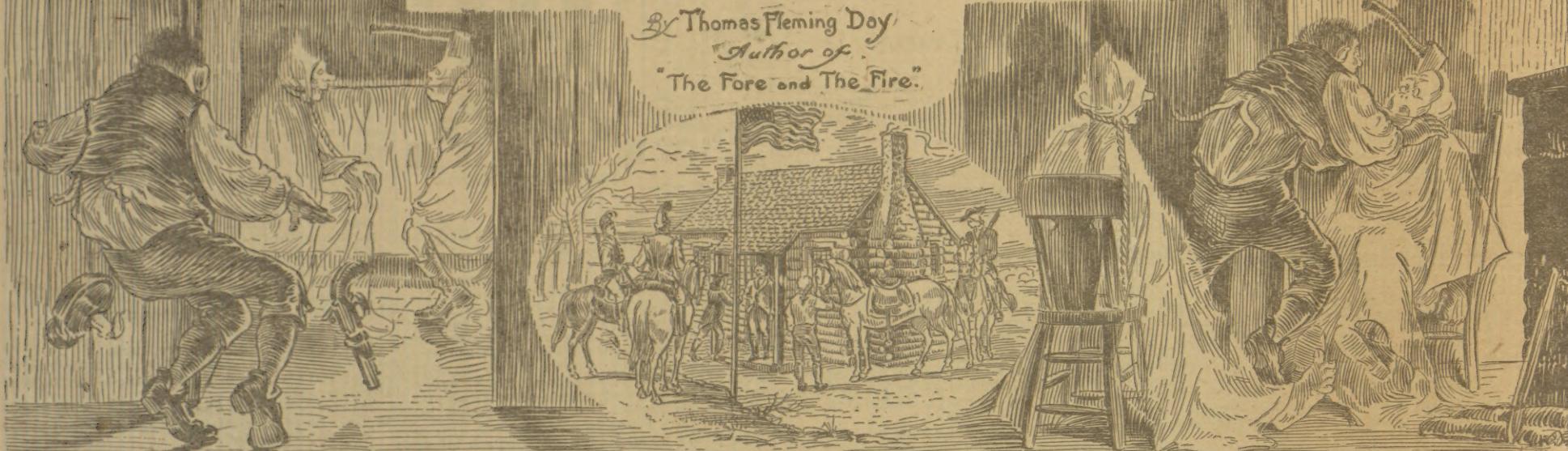
But the whole nation now, the South as reverently as the North, unites in cherishing and doing honor to the memory of Abraham Lincoln as it always has to the name of George Washington.

This month the President and President-elect assisted by the Governors of several of the Southern states will commemorate the centennial anniversary of Lincoln's birth by laying the cornerstone of a monument to his memory on the old Lincoln farm in Kentucky on which he was born and which has been purchased for a park by funds raised by public subscription. Well may the South pride herself in having given Washington and Lincoln to the nation.

THE RIVAL SPOOKS

IN AN OLD GENERAL WASHINGTON HOUSE

By Thomas Fleming Day
Author of
"The Fore and The Fire."



STARTLED AND HORRIFIED PEDDLE DREW BACK AND CANDLE AND PISTOL DROPPED FROM HIS HANDS.

SOME years ago, how many I don't exactly remember, there stood on the banks of East Chester creek, near New York City, an old house, said to be one of the many in which General Washington slept when he was around hearabouts fighting the British. As he slept in every house that was built when he campaigned in this country it was scarcely a distinction and brought no revenue to the owner, who badly needed help of all kinds, for a more miserable, half-starved loafer never dug a clam or hooked a flounder. Skiff Jake, as he was called, from the vehicle in which he constantly lived and journeyed, inherited the house and a bad reputation from his father, who was reputed to have been a horse thief and drunkard, two distinctions that barred him from even such society as Westchester county of those days boasted. After a long life clamping and fishing, Skiff Jake passed away, but not in a natural manner; he was found one morning by an inquisitive neighbor hanging to a hook in the kitchen of his residence, and was cut down and boxed and buried at the public expense. His real property was taken over by another fisherman named Bob Baker, who loved both work and rum, but loving the latter best he only flirted with the first to procure the last. This Baker in a fit of industry brought on by his unexpectedly becoming a householder, somewhat repaired the ancient mansion both inside and out.

The house had been in its day, that is when Skiff Jake's grandfather built it, a good appearing, roomy abode, that faced a lane running from the main road to the salt meadows, its back windows looking over St. Paul's churchyard. Never, even in its gala day when Washington and his Continentals had been chased up the road by the Hessians and had made a stand at the turn just long enough to send a few of the German devils to other and warmer quarters, did it boast a coat of color. This absence of pigment seemed to have saddened Bob Baker, for he no sooner came into possession of the property than he began to color the house, both inside and out, a deep, startling red. One night in a spirited frolic of this nature some person to the jury unknown, either in play or malice, introduced the edge of an axe in the top of his skull, and Bob, after interesting the coroner and a dozen of his fellow citizens for a few hours, was laid away somewhere near the remains of his predecessor in the property.

After this for about six months the place lay vacant until one day a negro family moved in;

they moved out faster the next morning. So on, regularly, at intervals of six months or so, families moved in and moved out. Two nights was the longest any of them stood it. The reasons for not liking the abode were all of the same kind, differently expressed according to the extent of the tenant's vocabulary, imagination, and actual experience. But they all agreed upon one point, that the house was haunted, and that in the loudest and liveliest manner.

After a while a man named Fay bought the place at a tax sale to get the piece of salt meadow that belonged to it, and he was about to tear down and destroy the old shack, when a stranger arrived on the scene and after listening to the tales of horror offered to buy the house and garden, which he did for the sum of \$50, hand paid. After making a few necessary repairs such as renewing the roof, window panes and doors, he moved in his family and furniture, and going to bed settled himself for a sound and reviving sleep.

The name of the person who purchased the haunted house, and despite the advice and warnings of his neighbors, took possession of it as a place of abode, was Peter Peddle. Peter was not a native, and nobody to this day can tell whence he came. All that was known was that he arrived one afternoon in a small sloop accompanied by his family and belongings like a settler from another world, and that he had money, a strong right arm, and was not afraid of work—three of the best letters of introduction a man can have. It was often times hinted that neither the wife nor the furniture legally belonged to Mr. Peddle, and that somewhere in the afar a man mourned the loss of both, but as East Chester has always been noted for its malicious and unlimited gossip, the story may be laid at the door of one of the old ladies of either sex belonging to that village without danger of reviving history.

After an hour or so of sleep, Peter was awakened by a terrible uproar; a smashing and crashing of lumber, mixed with volleys of horrible language coming up-stairs, and having its source in what Peddle rightly guessed to be the kitchen. Grabbing a horse pistol and candle Peter descended the stairs and threw open the kitchen door. Keeping his body outside he thrust his head in and looked around. Seated on either side of the fireplace were two awful creatures glaring at each other—one with a halter round his neck and the other with an axe sticking out on the top of his head. They were no other than the spooks of the former occupants—

Skiff Jake and Bob Baker. Startled and horrified Peddle drew back, and candle and pistol dropped from his hands. Peter was a brave man, he had shown that by running away with another man's wife, but it takes more than bravery to face one ghost, let alone two. The fall of the candle must have disturbed the spooks into action, for, as if struck by a goad, they sprang up, seizing each his chair, began a fierce assault at the same time giving vent to a cloud of the most horrible yells and curses. The sight of his only two kitchen chairs being used as warclubs, and forgetting his fright in his anxiety to save his property, Peddle sprang at the spooks and making between the ghosts hurried them apart. Then seizing Skiff by the neck he rammed him down in the chair and turning went through the same operation with Bob's ghost.

"Durn yer hides," shouted Peddle, "what der yer mean by bustin' them chairs o' mine?" Neither spook replied; both gazing at Peter in amazement. "I ought to lamm you a good one, both of ye, gol darn yer fer makin' this here racket. What in blazes ails ye, anyway?"

"He's hauntn' my house," says Skiff's spook, with a snivel.

"Tain't his house," says Bob's spook, "it's mine."

"Well, it 'pears to me," says Peddle, "it 'taint neither of yourn; it's mine."

"Ter live in," says Skiff's ghost, "but not ter hauntn'."

"Well, I guess ef I'm goin' to live here there ain't goin' to be no hauntn', leastwise not of the particular noisy brand you two do put up to furnish. Sit back there, darn ye," said Peddle, as the spooks suddenly made a move to fly at each other's throats again. "Ef one of ye raises off his seat I'll soak him." So saying, and there being no more chairs, Peddle drew up the table between the two and seating himself on the edge, said: "Now, then, pile up your claims an' I'll judge which one of ye I'll kick out of doors fust."

"I died fust," says Skiff's spook, "right here in this here kitchen."

"Yer didn't die," interrupts Bob's ghost, "yer surcided."

"Shut up," says Peddle, giving Bob's spook a cuff, "or I'll fine ye for contempt o' court. Go ahead neighbor," motioning Skiff's ghost to continue.

"Then I cum back to haunt this room what seen my tragic end, an' done it proper an' alone for two years cum nex' Christmas."

"Well, what next," says Peddle.

"Then that there red-headed, wood-sawing sun-

of-a-gun goes and gets his head split open to be murdered, an' he comes here an' tries to take my job of hauntn' away from me."

"How's that, prisoner at the bar?" asks Peddle, giving Bob's spook a touch of boot toe.

"It's a lie," yells the spook, and with that, up they both started to fly at each other, when Peddle drove a boot heel into each stomach and down they went again.

"Set down," shouts Peddle; "set down; don't move no more 'till I tell yers to. Now, then, you on my right, pipe up your story."

"I ain't no surcider, like him," says Bob's ghost. "I was murdered proper, an' ef yer don't believe it, just look at the axe in my head." And the spook turned round so Peddle could see the weapon that had put an end to Mr. Baker's carnal career.

"Well, that don't give you no weather board on him, does it?" asked Peter.

"Sartainly it does."

"Oh, I see," says Peddle. "Been murdered makes you high hook in this here hauntn' business."

"That's what," says Bob's spook.

"It don't," says the other.

"You're a liar," yells Bob's spook, and, jumping up, clinches with Skiff's, and over they go, rolling about the floor, cursing and shouting until Peddle pulls them apart and forces them back into their seats.

"Now, then," says Peddle, "I am a-going to lay down the law in this here case, and you've both of ye got to abide by it or else there'll be shifting of berths for both of ye. Now, I ain't a mean man an' never pulled in my latch string on nobody an' I ain't a-going to on yours fellers, but I want decent behavior in my house, an' I'm goin' to get it. Now, neighbor, you with the rope, you can come here an' set by the fire three days in the week Mondays, Wednesdays an' Fridays, an' you, neighbor, can have the place the other three. But you've got to be quiet and leave the furniture be. Just try this here old-fashioned silent hauntn' for while an' see if yer don't enjoy it."

"An' now," continued Mr. Peddle, "being as I am sleep an' wantin' to return to my couch, I'll just see ye both to the door and give ye a good by." And, so saying, Peter walked the spooks to the door and balancing them for a moment on the threshold until he got his aim and distance, kicked them successively out into the night.

"This been a ghost," said Peddle, with a yawn as he closed the door, "ain't altogether what it is talked up to be, I guess."

HAND AND HEART A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR

By James L. Bowen

IT was a scene of joy and jovial festivity. Mirth and happiness prevailed, and care and sorrow were for the time being banished from the faces and hearts of those present. War had thrown its fiery hand over the country, and, as tonight they gathered in merry conclave, they remembered many a comrade who was away, at his country's call, and some who had already fallen on the battle-field.

Most of the company, in pairs, trios and groups, were sauntering leisurely up and down the saloon, while a few were seated, still more earnestly drinking in the scene before them. Among the latter were two ladies, seated a little apart from all others, conversing in quiet tones.

"Lucy, what a splendid couple Sarah Deane and Andrew Colton are, especially tonight! Did you ever see two persons better adapted by nature for each other than they?"

Thus questioned Annie Murton of her friend, Lucy Andrews, as they sat watching the happy company.

"I never did, truly," replied Lucy. "What a beautiful picture they would make, just as they stand at this moment. You could not select another such in this room."

"Indeed you could not. They seem to have been fitted by nature for each other."

"It is so," replied Lucy. "Yet it seems so bad, or at least it is so much to be regretted—"

And she paused, half confused, while a look of regret settled in her dark, reflective eyes.

"What is so bad?" queried Annie. "You are not jealous, I hope?"

"Annie, dear, you well know I would not accept of Mr. Colton's hand were he to offer it to me. And yet, if I could prevent this, I would. Only think! Washington's birthday they are to be married!"

"And what if they are, Lu? I am sure I see nothing wrong in all that. I wish them much joy."

"And for that very reason, Annie, I would not see them united; for it is plain to my mind they can never be happy together as husband and wife."

"I do not see why they should be so unhappy, dear. I am sure he loves her, and besides, you know he is quite wealthy; and he is just the kind of man to make any woman happy. Why is it, dear, you entertain such an idea?"

"What you have said is all true, very true; but did you ever think—did you ever have any proof that Sarah loved him as she should to become his wife?"

"Why, of course. If she did not love him, she would not marry him. She has no one to control her hand except her own free will!"

"Very true. But I must tell you in confidence, Annie, what she told me less than a week ago. She was speaking of her lover, and she said that if it were not for his wealth, Andy Colton would sue for her hand in vain. But, she said, he is rich, and I can live like a lady, and I am afraid such a chance would not occur again. She said this in all sincerity; so you know now why she marries him."

"I would never have thought that of Sarah Deane!" slowly murmured Annie.

"Nor should I have believed it, had I not heard it from her own lips," continued Lucy. "I en-

deavored to remonstrate with her but she repulsed me almost angrily, and I closed the subject, seeing I could say nothing to change her mind. Now, do you blame me for not wishing to have such a marriage take place?"

"Not in the least. But is it not possible Andrew suspects the insincerity of—"

"Never! His soul is too noble to suspect how unworthy she is of his love. His heart would break did he know the truth. And I think it will soon be broken when he finds how heartless she is, and that she can never make his home happy."

"Well, I am sure I am sorry for Andrew. But it is possible she may learn to love him, and yet make him happy. We will see!"

At this moment the music struck up, the word was given, the sets were rapidly forming on the floor. As the partners of Lucy and her companion approached to claim their hands, Lucy quickly replied:

"It is just possible, but I shudder to think how very improbable it is. Sooner or later the jar will come, and oh! what a terrible awakening that will be to poor Andrew."

Very soon they were in the midst of the dance. Andrew Colton was happy that evening. He knew not how heartless was the beautiful girl he held so closely—knew not that while she had pledged herself so soon to become his own, her heart still slumbered unawakened in her bosom, and was slowly and surely becoming hardened to all the pure, genial impulses of true love.

The bridal day came at last. The appointed hour arrived, and before the light had faded away, he pressed his bride to his breast, and fondly murmured:

"My darling, now you are truly, wholly my own!"

One month afterward Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Colton returned from a bridal visit to friends in Boston, and Sarah entered upon her simple duties as mistress of the home she had so coveted. How onerous to her were the slightest tasks to render happy her husband. He was still the same—affectionate; but how much had she changed. Yes, even in one short month had her assumed love been laid by, and in its place scarcely the ties of friendship were regarded.

The struggle to obtain the fortune she had sought had been very skillfully conducted, and disregarded outward appearances.

Winter, with its snowy mantle, passed away, leaving the bare, desolate earth to the rejuvenating influences of spring, with balmy breath and fragrant flowers. The chilled earth had gladdened beneath returning suns, and assumed her most pleasant and flowery garb, while these again had given place to summer's more mature hue.

It was July. The country was aroused. President Lincoln had issued his call for three hun-

dred thousand volunteers for the service of the Union cause in the field. Volunteers were flocking in at an unparalleled rate. Workshop, farm and counting-room were deserted, and thousands of hitherto quiet, peaceable citizens became daily transformed into embryo soldiers.

Andrew Colton heard the call. He knew his country needed his service, and he also knew that home was not the holy, sanctified place he had supposed it would be. Six months had been all sufficient to show him this, and to assure him that the woman he called by the holy name of wife had never loved him. Too late, had come the discovery, but not too late to wreck forever his happiness. He walked the earth a different man; no longer did bright day-dreams of life and future as well as present pleasures obtrude at all times upon his mental vision. Had home been happy to him—he had a fond wife smiled upon and cheered him, in proportion to his own endeavors to make her happy—Andrew would never have dreamed of going from home to enter upon a life of peril and suffering. But it was not so, and as he felt the need his country had of his strong arm and fearless heart, he enrolled his name as one of his country's defenders. Previous to the departure of the regiment he was voted first lieutenant, which he accepted, and received a commission.

Tenderly he bade his wife good by. No tear dimmed her eye, no choking heart-grief for him she should see not again for so long—perhaps never. She was not sorry he was gone, neither was she glad; and when sometimes the thought occurred to her mind that she might never see him more, she stifled it with the thought that she would be a gay young widow, with an unencumbered twenty thousand.

"Lieutenant Colton, you will deploy your company as skirmishers, and relieve Captain Munford's company now on skirmish line."

It was the battle of Fredericksburg. Andrew's captain had been detached, and he was in command of his company on that memorable occasion. The river had been crossed, and one day's fighting had been done before his regiment had been ordered to the front. Now, under the cover of darkness, their line had been formed, and as they were lying on their arms, in readiness to renew the sanguinary strife on the morrow, the adjutant approached Lieutenant Colton with the order above given.

"Attention, company!" was the quick, quiet order, and in a moment every man was upon his feet, musket in hand.

It required but a few moments to acquaint the men with the duty required of them, to point out the line of direction, and then came the order.

"Company as skirmishers, on the right file, take intervals, march!"

Quickly and surely, without confusion the men separated, moved forward and deployed, and a noble skirmish line went moving up to the front. Quietly each man halted in his place, and the relieved dirt and powder-begrimmed men whose places they supplied cautiously moved back to the main lines. All was quiet along the lines of the enemy, and silent and watchful they remained in their places till morning light broke over the scene.

Scarcely had the gray morning broken over the scene of yesterday's bloody carnage, when the long lines behind were formed in order of battle, and the order quickly came to advance the skirmishers.

Drawing his sword, Lieutenant Colton sprang to his position, and his order, promptly given rang out in bugle tones along the line.

"Skirmishers forward! guide center, march!"

It was his last order. Scarcely had his command commenced to move forward, when a burst of fire, and shower of bullets from the enemy, showed they were not unobserved. One of the line fell, mortally wounded, and Lieutenant Colton sprang to his side. Scarcely had he bent over the unfortunate man when another volley was fired, and the unfortunate officer staggered backward, then fell prostrate beside the wounded man before him. With a quick gasp he clasped his hand to his side and attempted to rise.

He struggled to his feet and attempted to walk, but before he had taken three steps he sank down, while the life-blood flowed from the wound in his side. He turned his eyes toward his gallant command, and he saw them moving steadily onward under the command of the second lieutenant. The foe were slowly retreating before them, while casting his eyes to the rear, he saw the heavy lines of the Federal troops moving quickly up. In a very few minutes they passed him, and as they did so he feebly cheered them on.

Scarcely had they passed when his eyes commenced to grow dull and dim. He knew that his time had come, and earthly scenes were forever closing from his sight. He looked forward to the dense clouds of smoke, where friend and foe were engaged in fierce combat, and he saw his companions were still pressing on. He turned his eyes sincerely upward, and asked for their success, and then turned slowly, and with difficulty, toward his late companion in misfortune. He saw that he had already ceased to breathe.

"Poor fellow



Comfort Sisters Corner

Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dear readers, will you please, one and all remember to write your name and address so plainly that letters which are sent to the address given will not be returned, as is frequently the case.

Mrs. L. C. Hetrick, Cove, Md., will you kindly send a card giving your correct address to Mrs. James M. King, Box 115, Wilbraham, Mass., as she wrote you at above address and the letter was returned.

Minnie Beckwith, 85 Kent St., Grand Rapids, Mich., will you also write Mrs. W. H. Logan, Greenville, R. D. 48, Pa., immediately; she has written you twice and had letters returned and is anxious to hear from you.

In answering the various requests kindly send communication direct to the parties instead of to me to be forwarded.

Requests for old COMFORTS or other papers cannot be published in these columns, but if sent to the publishers inclosing a stamp, a reply will be insured and the papers supplied if possible.

A sister who withholds her name, sends a letter containing much of interest. Her first suggestion is that we pass a rule that no one shall write only of their heart's sorrow for the good of others and also themselves. I second the motion. Let us all trip as lightly over our troubles as possible, and tell of the bright as well as the dark days. Being a mother for twenty-five years she continues, saying, I have taught my children the value of health, and the care of it as a prime duty, the joy of labor, to have charity and a heart full of thankfulness for all blessings, thus have we been happy, though some days were dark and drear, and I have been many times repaid for all the care, simply by hearing my son's remark, "All I am or will be, I owe to mother."

Is it not worth living for, to hear your children rise up and call you blessed? Then she calls attention to the growing popularity and value of outdoor life and regular physical exercise. Air and sunshine promotes health. Dear busy housewives and invalids if you cannot get out every day at least spend half an hour, sitting by an open window. Dress warmly and close doors so there will be no draught and you will not catch cold.

For worn-out nerves and sleeplessness try these exercises which can be taken in bed. Breathe deeply and lying on the back with the elbows close to the sides, bear weight on them, lifting the chest as high as possible, reverse lying face down. Then on each side, raising the weight simply by the arms. Deep refreshing sleep will be sure to follow.

Mary E. Mallett, Lee, Maine, sends these few words, a tribute to one whose life was an example and inspiration to many:

On Sept. 25, '08, an aunt of mine, in her 91st year passed on, to broader, grander fields of labor in the eternal home of the soul. She was born in Dana, Mass., where at an early age, the habit of industry was formed, by braiding straw.

Always a student, and lover of nature for years, she found the joy of true living, forgetting self in doing for others and to the last planning her work in advance with as much interest as in her prime.

If all of those who loved and received gifts of Grannie Burr, should stand up, the number would swell into the hundreds. Never strong, but by being most careful as to diet and becoming almost a vegetarian she lived a long and useful life. How true it is that often the stoutest hearts are in the frailest bodies, such another example is Uncle Charlie, who constantly radiates cheer and sunshine.

I will introduce a newcomer from Illinois, a teacher's wife and the mother of two children which she is bringing up to be helpful. Responsibility develops self reliance. Mrs. H. says:

I hope all the COMFORT mothers believe in teaching their little ones to help. It is something that will never come amiss to them and may prove a great blessing, if ever, as frequently happens, they are left to do for themselves when older.

I am a great lover of flowers and always raise as many as I can find time to care for. I also enjoy reading and music. I am a member of the Christian church, broad minded, believing all the Father requires of us is our best and trust in Him. My sympathy goes out to all sufferers. As I am shut in considerable with hay fever and asthma, others unfortunate enough to be afflicted in the same way please write me, perhaps we can console each other. I would also be glad of tried remedies.

MRS. LORENA HARRELL, XENIA, R. D. 1, ILL.

Women living such isolated lives should surely be remembered by COMFORT sisters. I wonder how many of you will write this little pioneer from the eastern part of Colo. She says:

As I write, from my window I can only see the waving billows of buffalo grass which cover the treeless hills, and many lonely hours are spent, the stillness broken only by the call of the prairie chickens, Jack rabbits and other wild game. We are fourteen miles from Wray, the

county seat of Yuma Co., on a farm of three hundred and sixty-seven acres. I am twenty-nine years old, have one fatherless boy of five, and a blue-eyed girl of fifteen months by my second husband.

For croup I have found alum and sugar fine, grate the alum and add equal amount of sugar, give dry, dose according to age, for a child of four an amount the size of a bean, repeat in fifteen or twenty minutes, or until the child sweats.

THE INAUGURATION OF A PRESIDENT of the United States is one of the most imposing ceremonies in the world. March COMFORT tells all about it. Subscribe now; learn how it is done.

Rag carpet makers can save time and sewing by cutting slits in the end of each strip, then put the end of a strip through a slit and then the end of the second strip through the slit in same strip, draw down closely. Try this method and see how rapidly you get along.

Hoping some of the sisters will visit me by letter, Your COMFORT sister.

MRS. EUCIE O. LAY, Box 46, Laird, Colo.

Mrs. Florence S. Powell, Mt. Juliet, R. D. 2, Tenn., would also appreciate letters and a remedy for tetter on the hands.

Mrs. Clara Jefferies, Buckhannon, W. Va., is homesick as her husband is away all the week, letters and remedies for weak nerves asked for.

A daughter asks letters for her mother who has been ill since last April 27th. Address MRS. HANNAH BOEVE, Fairchild, R. D. 3, Wis.

A subscriber who has read these pages eleven years, writes an interesting letter, a part of which follows:

I can keep silent no longer, after reading our anniversary number from cover to cover. I am a happy wife and the mother of five boys, but like many another I have known sorrow, as our twin girls were called home, after being with us only a little while.

I have learned much from these pages and should like especially to hear from mothers on the training of children, we have such a responsibility to bring them up rightly. Maybe a few of my ideas may prove useful.

For one thing I have a large wash day apron made of white oil cloth, this goes almost around me and has a large bib in front, sleeves reaching from the wrist to the elbow of oil cloth, I also use in the summer when picking berries.

Castor oil is fine to apply to a burn, it will give almost instant relief.

When baby has a cold and cough boil down a handful of mullein leaves, strain, one cup of this tea to one cup of honey with a lump of alum the size of a bird's egg, and one half ounce of Tr. Lobelia, set on stove and boil till thick syrup, bottle and give one half teaspoonful as often as necessary, it is also good for croup.

Can anyone tell me how to prevent spiders from webbing in pantries?

MRS. M. A. HOLT, Heron, Miss.

Mrs. Hattie Whitted, Wabedo, Minn. Try either extract or oil of corn silk for inflammation of the bladder; it cured me completely.

ANNIE DUGAN, Orangeville, Ky.

Next a Homesteader from Okla. asks for a letter party Feb. 25, and also a true and tried

Lottie Briggs, will you kindly write Mrs. Roxie Sills, Fort Henry, Tenn., continuing the subject of your letter to this department?

Mrs. W. T. Horseman sends this information: Do the readers know that black ribbon can be made to look like new, by thoroughly steaming it over a teakettle and then pressing under a cloth. Velvet may also be renovated by steaming. Heat an iron, then stand on end, cover with a wet cloth and over this draw the velvet, pulling on the straight of it only, never bias, steam until all marks disappear.

A partial shut-in writes:

I am sitting on a pine log in a grove of white oaks and dogwood, the birds overhead are singing their farewells to 1908 and Thanksgiving is almost here. For miles I can see fields of corn and cane and the cotton is tall enough to hide a horse, excepting his head and mane, just a solid sheet of white glistening in the sunshine.

At night these woods ring with hunters' horns and the barking of dogs. I have never sampled baked opossum but have had lots of fine rabbit. I love birds and think it is cruel to shoot them for sport, anything in the infantile stage appeals to me, even a pig. If I were strong enough I would go to the Orphan Asylum at Jackson, Miss., and devote my life to the children; as it is, I am trying to prepare for a trained nurse, but I almost despair of accomplishing it, for I am not well or independent.

Mrs. Abbie Grant. Get up early and watch the sun rise, walk in the woods and study nature, read your Bible, pray and study, thus it was I found Christ and peace. All please write me, I will answer letters containing stamps.

MEEDA COOK, Gladwin, Miss.

DEAR MOTHERS:

Especially those who have had their children grow up and scatter, can sympathize with me.

My husband died several years ago. I was left with four children, three sons, one daughter, my sons went West this last spring and I certainly know what it means to be left alone, and the way seems very dark sometimes; but we are to believe that "God doeth all things well" and try and be cheerful with our lot. I do feel so sorry for the shut-ins. How we ought to appreciate good health, and our good homes, where we have plenty of this world's goods to make us comfortable and happy. We cannot always have roses strewn in our pathways, but how much better we could all make this world if we would all extend a helping hand, a kind word, or a pleasant smile.

Then just a year ago last August I lost my mother, and since her death I feel doubly lonely. She, also, had been left a widow when I was a small child, and of late years had been living with her children. She came to Indiana when this country was new, and helped to make homes for each of her four children. She lived to see them all doing well. Oh, how we miss her council and advice.

I should be pleased to hear from those residing in the West as I should like to learn something about the different localities. Will answer all letters addressed,

MRS. IDA L. PARKS, Jonesboro, Ind.

A seventeen-year-old sister who enjoys all kinds of fancy work says:



CROCHETED CAPE.

Sent in by Miss Alice Lower.

remedy for cancer. In closing she makes these suggestions:

Molasses added to stove polish will give a better polish and not burn off so readily. A table-spoonful of turpentine or ammonia added to a boiler of water will aid in bleaching.

MRS. LUCY NEWMAN, Elk City, Okla.

A sister asks a favor for a friend who is gradually dying from diabetes. Anyone knowing of any remedy for this disease kindly write Mrs. Daggett, Fish Rock, Mendocino Co., Cal. Letters of cheer and reading matter will also be appreciated.

To partly repay any kindness shown, Mrs. Daggett sends the following:

For tuberculosis of most any kind or for ordinary consumption, set an iron pot on the stove and put some tar into it and as the smoke or steam begins to rise inhale it until you nearly suffocate, repeat the operation several times each day and it will entirely cure the disease.

For whooping cough, mix turpentine and olive oil half and half and apply to the nose, throat, chest and back, giving about five or six drops internally every time a coughing spell comes on. It will cure in from ten days to two weeks.

I cured my two weeks' old baby that way when the children the doctor attended around here died of it. Two tablespoonfuls of the same mixture given internally every two hours will break up pneumonia in six hours, but it is not safe for a pregnant woman to take.

Juice of raw tomatoes is better than lemon juice for removing stains from the hands.

When bothered by flies if you will shut all the doors and windows but one small opening then burn a handful of cotton rags you will find all the flies gone.

MRS. B. C. BRAYTON, Fish Rock, Mendocino Co., Cal.

Mrs. G. E. Roff, Logan, R. I. 2, Kans. a young mother of twenty-three years is suffering from an operation which resulted from caring for her mother for eight months before her death. She asks to be remembered in your prayers and also by letter.

Such a devoted daughter surely deserves cheer.

Mrs. M. Wentworth, Sanford, Maine, also asks for remedies for diabetes.

A worker and devoted mother of ten children would like to hear from sisters who could give suggestions in regard to nervous prostration, good reading matter also solicited. Address

MRS. NANNIE C. WASH, Chilisburg, Va.

Mrs. R. Lee, Box 135, Skiatook, Okla., a young widow, whose husband died April 4, '08, asks for letters of sympathy.

Mrs. Fannie B. May, Sayre, Okla., would like to hear from the sisters of a harmless remedy for reducing one's weight.

We have taken COMFORT for over ten years and could not do without it.

Uncle Charlie is doing some noble work among the shut-ins.

Lottie Briggs please write often, your letter was so interesting. Now I will send a few hints and close.

Salt pork will be nearly as nice as fresh if served in sweet milk and water, equal parts. Your pie crust will not be soggy if brushed over with the white of an egg before fruit is put in. Half a cup of vinegar in the water will make an old fowl cook nearly as quickly as a young one, and does not injure the flavor in the least. A tough beef steak may be made eatable by mincing it pretty fine with a chopping knife and cooking quickly in a pot with a close cover to preserve the steam from escaping.

MARY EDWARDS, Shady Point, Okla.

DEAR SISTERS:

I want to ask a favor. Who can tell me of a cure for bed wetting? My boy of seven is troubled in this way.

For twenty years I have read COMFORT and have laughed myself sick at Uncle Charlie's drill replies.

I also love to read these letters. I have passed most of my life in Iowa and spent eight years in the furniture city, Grand Rapids, and should like to hear from any readers living there.

We now live on a farm and keep a small grocery store, so you can imagine how busy I am. Hoping the sisters will not overlook this and extending my thanks in advance for any assistance I remain,

MRS. GERTIE LAMBERT, Hadlock, Wis.

DEAR EDITOR AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I feel as though it would be an honor to see my name on your page. I live in Oklahoma, perhaps I can tell something about the country that would be interesting to some of the Northern sisters. Corn and cotton is our main crop in this part of the state. I think the cotton the most beautiful crop I ever saw growing, it is one vast flower garden, white and red blossoms, squares, bolls and open cotton all hanging on the same stalk at once. The cotton fields are a great curiosity to all, who, like myself, came here from the North, and give employment to big and little, old and young, when the crop is ready for picking.

At one time last year we had twenty-five in the field, ranging from children of six years old up to men and women of sixty. They make sacks to pick in from one to three yards long, with a strap over the shoulder and drag them along till they get as much cotton as they can handle, pull them up, empty their sacks and go back to picking again. The man owning the field generally takes a wagon with

scales on the end of the wagon tongue to hang the sacks on. Each picker is paid according to the number of pounds he picks, all the way from fifty cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents per hundred pounds. A good picker will average one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds a day, while some can pick five hundred pounds. When they get fifteen hundred pounds on the wagon it is hauled to the gin and baled,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)</p

A Fateful Wedding Eve or, The Pirate's Daughter

By Ida M. Black

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Moonlight everywhere, and Aunt Hope Hastings declares it's bright as day and there is no risk in a ten minutes' run to the village, and she asks Carlyn if she's afraid. She is not, but takes Duke for company. The sands are a little lonely. Fifteen minutes pass and Carlyn is not in sight. Aunt Hope calls again and again. She is startled by Jack Devere, who tells her that King Carl is off the coast and there is a chance to make a cool thousand if they catch him at his old trade. Carlyn, heedless of her danger, goes on her errand. A tall, powerful man places his hand on her shoulder, asking, "In the name of heaven, are you, girl?" In an instant Duke is at his throat. Carlyn hears the muffled oath and springs to defend Duke when she catches the stroke of the keen blade. She begins to be carried to Aunt Hope and swoons, and the latter asks, "What have I done?" He takes her to the caverns of the cliff. "This once, if never again can I hold on to my heart. I can press a father's kiss upon your unconscious lips and before God and my lonely heart call you my own."

Dame Trott throws open her parlor to Captain Jack Devere. Pat Burns declares he sees King Carl carrying off Carlyn Durham. If harm comes to the girl, neither God nor man shall save Burns from Devere's vengeance. Aunt Hope wonders has he come to claim his child? Captain Devere offers four thousand dollars for the capture of Carlyn Durham alive or dead. He springs forward—loses his footing, the earth opens beneath him, and he falls down. Regaining consciousness he finds himself the center of a group of men. He hears Pat Burns' voice. A keen dirk is raised. A strange spasm of pain darkens King Carl's countenance, and he orders Dallas to take the prisoner into the inner cavern. His life is the forfeit of their laws. Jack appeals in the name of God and man that their law may reach the villain who has Carlyn Durham in his power. Jack Dallas enters. The men swear Devere shall never leave the place alive. King Carl has reason to hate the name of Devere, and he exacts an oath from his prisoner that he will never reveal aught he sees or hears, and as he deals with Carlyn Durham's loving heart, so may heaven deal with him.

Carlyn regains consciousness and the old hermit bids her sleep and give a soothing drink. She sleeps in safety, and a bearded man bends over and kisses her with the purity of a father's farewell.

Squire Devere calls for his niece, Hortense. He hears from Jack. He has a fall and is at Dame Trott's delirious from his sickness. Hortense goes to him, and falling on her knees prays for his life. Jack's lips move and he whispers, "Poor little Carlyn. Is she safe?"

Aunt Hope tells Carlyn of the curse upon the hut of Jonas Devere, and his worming himself in with the Durhams. She means the Dunhams, of Mrs. Dunham being timid when he was near, and Master Carroll's dislike for him, and of Mrs. Dunham too old and feeble to be left alone. Aunt Hope, as a young girl, goes to Oakdale to be company for the aged woman. She questions Mrs. Dunham what are in the great boxes, and she begs her not to ask—they are her husband's. Time goes on, and the woman is slowly dying and looking for a sail that never comes. She whispers a word in Aunt Hope's ear, and she knows where the strange foreign things come from. Master Carroll brings his father to his dying wife. The end comes. Aunt Hope goes to the man's call. It is not in his power to render the last rites. Devere awaits him in the hut on the cliff and the pirate goes out to his death. Dying he prays the hut may stand in the face of winds and wave until the vengeance of God and man falls on the villain who betrays him.

CHAPTER VII.

CARLYN'S VOW.

AWEEK had passed. The alarm attendant upon the rumor that the dreaded pirates were again on the cliffs, had subsided. King Carl, and all the supernatural terrors that invested him, had faded into the unsubstantial outlines of romance. It was even doubted whether the rakish little vessel that keen observers had noticed off the point, were not a mirage created by excited fancy.

The two witnesses that could have thrown light upon the subject chose to remain silent. Jack Devere, bound by his oath of secrecy to the pirate, could not reveal even to those nearest to him, the particulars of his awful peril and almost miraculous escape; while Carlyn, restrained by Aunt Hope's stern admonitions and mysterious warnings, shrank with strange reluctance from any allusion to her meeting with the pirate chief.

The slight wound left by his steel on her arm had entirely healed; only the scar remained, serving as an ever present reminder of her night of terror. The pale cheek had regained its rosy freshness, the soft eye its usual light; and Carlyn, shielded by Aunt Hope's grim watchfulness, went on unquestioned, in her usual way.

Like some dower that had lingered, pale and scentless, through a clouded spring, the young girl seemed to have suddenly burst into the bloom of womanhood. The dream-world in which she lived had been swept aside, and her awakening heart began to timidly question her own emotions.

She must not give Jack Devere a thought, her aunt had said. He was wild and reckless and thought herself far beneath him. Yet he had risked his life in seeking her, as Pat Burns had told her the first time he had seen her, telling her that even now he was lying at the point of death for her sake.

And Carlyn's heart had followed him. All through this weary week, she had felt a strange, weary throbbing through that heart, as if it pulsed responsively to the fever-beat of him who lay in Dame Trott's darkened chamber, struggling back into life. If she could but see him, speak to him, even only ask after him. But some new timidity silenced her when his name would have passed her lips.

The little lover who had guided her faltering steps over the cliff, whose boyish devotion had such an element of high-toned chivalry; the roughish youth whose loud voice and wild merriment had grown hushed and sobered at her coming; the reckless man whose flashing eye and glowing cheek had made her heart flutter like a frightened bird, all these dreams and memories of the past were blended into one sad, anxious reality—Captain Devere, who lay ill, perhaps dying for her sake, at the village inn.

She had heard nothing for three days of him, and a nervous anxiety made her cheeks glow with a hectic flush. "You're lookin' feverish, Carlyn," said Aunt Hope, "you'd best take a run over the hills and stop at Deacon Hemperly's, and see if he is going to market tomorrow. I have a dozen or two of eggs that I hain't no use for, and he might as well turn em' into a shilling ez not."

"Dame Trott said that she would take our eggs if we had more than we need," said Carlyn, hesitatingly, "it's nearer than the market town."

"Dame Trott it's get none of my eggs if she has to wait until her ducks crow," answered Aunt Hope, sharply. "I'll not have you gossiping around a village barroom, with all the loafers staring at your face, if I never sell an egg."

"I will go wherever you please, aunt, I will be glad of a walk over the hills, so pack up your eggs," said Carlyn, with a pleasant smile.

She drew a little fleecy worsted shawl about her shoulders, and a hood over her curls, and with the crisp breeze blowing in her face, sped lightly over the hills.

On the slope of the cliff that overhung the farm toward which her steps were directed stood

a little old-fashioned church, which was built in colonial times by English worshippers, and had been abandoned for the larger and more popular meeting-house in Milton village. Lifting the latch of the gate, she stepped into the churchyard, and drawn by some new-born impulse of devotion, stood beside her mother's grave.

The simple marble headstone was overgrown with moss and stained by the grass that grew in rank luxuriance around. Carlyn wiped away the blot from the inscription, and read,

"Carlyn,
Beloved wife of Carroll Durham,
Aged 20 yrs."

There was no other name on the marble, no companion mound to the little hillock that marked where the young wife slept. Carlyn knew that a strange mystery enshrouded her father's fate—a mystery that could never be unraveled until the sea gave up its dead. Aunt Hope seldom spoke of the past, but the orphaned girl had gleaned from her, at intervals the outlines of a history which her vivid imagination had rounded into a shadowy completeness. She knew that her father was a man of higher culture and attainments than those with whom her lot was cast. The books that had come down to her, with his dashing autograph upon the fly-leaf; the letters written from abroad to his young wife, tender and devoted in tone, it is true, but with a certain dignity noticeable in them, sketchbook, full of bold outlines that the artist had lacked the patience and perseverance to fill, all told the story of different aims, higher pursuits and more cultured tastes than belonged to the simple inmates of Cliff Cottage.

And he had gone away and broken her mother's heart!

This sweeping conclusion, which Aunt Hope never deigned to interpret always stirred Carlyn's young heart into childish sentiment.

In her earlier days, when she was wise in fairy lore, her father figured in her waking dreams as the Prince Wonderful, who, after having been bound for many years by some wicked spell, would return, with chariot and winged steeds, to confute Aunt Hope's slanders, and

with a sob, "so lonely and friendless! there is none in all the world to love or pity me."

"Pity!" he echoed, "child, what need have such as you of pity? Who has dared to make you feel the need of pity? Look up at me. Do not fear to let me read the secrets of your heart, speak to me as if I were the parent that you have lost, the father that you have never known. Tell me, poor little blossom, have you learned to love?"

The old man's tones were gentle and tender but Carlyn shrank from the searching gaze of his piercing eyes, the eyes that seemed to read her very soul. She buried her face in her hands, and trembled and blushed but was silent.

"Tell me," continued the hermit, "is your love happy? Is there aught that stands between you and your lover? If there is, it shall be removed. Yes, if walls of steel stood between you, they should be removed!"

"No, no," interrupted Carlyn, frightened at his eagerness, "you do not understand, I have no lover, I want nothing. Let me go, kind old man! I thank you for all your kindness and protection. You saved my life and I am grateful, very grateful—but—"

She tried to draw her hand from his grasp, but he detained her.

"Poor little dove, how it flutters! Ah, child, my sight is keen enough to see the arrow that you would hide. But, may, do not shrink so, we will say no more about it. Only promise me before you go, here standing over your mother's grave, that if you need help or protection, if you need a father's counsel, or a friend's aid, you will come to me—to the old hermit, who is more powerful than he may seem, to assist you. See!" he said as he led her to the church, and parting the moss, showed her an aperture in the walls. "One little written word, dropped in there, will bring me to your aid. Will you promise to seek it, Carlyn? Child, child," he whispered hoarsely, "I knew your mother—I loved her! For her sake, as well as for your own, I would be your friend. Will you accept the pledge? Will you promise to call on the old man when you need a father's aid?"

"I promise!" faltered Carlyn, who, terrified



"WHO HAS GIVEN YOU THE RIGHT TO INSULT ME BY SUCH WORDS, ABRAM HEMPERLY?"

bear off his little girl in triumph to his kingdom of bonbons and bliss!

As fancy matured, the fairy prince sank into an earthly nobleman, who, banished from his own country, had wood and wedded a simple cottage maid, and suddenly summoned from her side by some inexplicable change of circumstances, which he was not permitted to reveal, mourned for her, with gloomy fidelity, amid all his restored honors, and never would be consoled until the auspicious day when his loved one would be restored in the person of a lovely daughter, of whose existence he had been altogether unaware.

But of late the ideal father had been the object of a wistful yearning unknown before. Aunt Hope, cold, hard, and stern, condemned alike father and lover, hence their interests seemed allied in Carlyn's rebellious heart. Ah, if she only had the wise guidance, the protecting love of a father.

She lay her head upon the cold marble stone, and the unbidden tears trickled down her bright young cheek.

Unconscious of any observer, she started with a start as a deep voice whispered close to her ear:

"My child, my poor little child, I cannot bear to see this grief! Why do you weep?"

Carlyn, turning around, saw the tall form, the silvery beard, and the strange, piercing eyes of the hermit of the cliff! Why had he sought her again?

"Tis your mother's grave," the hermit went on, his voice trembling as he spoke, "and a mother's grave is sacred ground. But surely you do not weep for one so long at rest—for one whom you could scarcely have known? Come—he drew her gently to a block of granite near—sit down, and tell me your grief, poor little orphaned one, perhaps the old man can comfort and help you."

As Carlyn looked up in his face, the same fearless trust that she had before felt was awakened in her heart. "I am so lonely," she answered,

at the emotion displayed by her companion, was eager to escape from him. "I promise, on my word, on my oath."

"It is enough," he replied, more quietly. "I know that you will not forget." Then dropping the little hand he had held clasped in his own, he turned abruptly from her and entered the church.

She gazed after him for a moment with a sort of fascinated awe, then grasping her shawl closer about her, she fled from the spot that seemed invested with supernatural terrors. As she passed the open door of the ruined church she saw that it was empty—the mysterious hermit had disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

The Hemperly farm was only a few steps beyond the churchyard. As she approached it she was hailed by Abram Hemperly, the deacon's son. He was a tall, gaunt, New Englander, with short, sandy hair and homely features yet there was an honest light in the clear blue eyes, an honest smile upon the bearded lips, and such staunch resolve about the rugged brow and the square cut chin, that one felt intuitively, despite his rude manner and ruder speech, that a noble man was there!

"You're in a dreary hurry this evening, Carlyn. Can't you stop a minute and say how d'ye do? You look monstrous pretty this evening. I swear to man if I haven't a notion to kiss you now and hyar."

"You had better not," said Carlyn, flashing up defiantly. "I'm on an errand to your father and have no time to listen to nonsense."

"Nonsense!" echoed Abram, ruefully. "That ain't no nonsense about it, Carlyn. If you'd only give a feller a perlite word now and then, 'twould be suthin' to hold on to. Pat Collins was around last evening and told us about Jack Devere's attempt to rescue you the other night. I—I didn't know ez you had given him the right to look after your comings and goings, Carlyn?"

Poor Carlyn, this was too much for even her

gentle nature. The soft eyes flashed, as she turned upon her unfortunate tormentor, and sharply:

"Who has given you the right to insult me by such words, Abram Hemperly?"

"Now don't get wrathful, Carlyn. I haven't got no right, an' I don't care so much, ez long ez Jack Devere didn't hev no right nuther. I ain't much on looks, an' I ain't much on talk, but I am a powerful lot on feeling. If you'd only give me a little hope, er, it was no tucker than an oat straw, I'd grip it like a drowning man, for I have somehow hefted my heart set on you since it could be set on anything, and love hez been a growing and a creeping and a stretching all around, till I can't grub it out nohow. That's the farm and the house, and father and mother glad enough to hev you. An'—an' I wouldn't be much in your way, Carlyn, that is if ye didn't want me; an' there would always be a pair of good strong arms to protect you. Ye are dreful unprotected up on the cliffs and—"

"Hush, Abram, you grieve me more than I can tell," cried Carlyn, "I cannot listen to you, I cannot love you as you wish."

"I ain't asking for love," was the simple answer. "I am only asking you to be my wife, Carlyn."

"But I cannot be your wife without loving you, Abram."

"Why not?" was the sturdy rejoinder. "EZ long as I am willing to take the risk, I don't see that law or gospel hez anything to say agin it."

"But—but you don't understand, Abram, it can never be—never!"

"It can never be—never!" he echoed, sadly. "I understand you. There's someone else that takes the—loaf, when I only ask for the crumbs. Let him look to himself, then that's all," said Abram, fiercely, "for if he dares to cast a shadow of sorrow on your path, though it is none of my business, I'll make it my work to protect you."

And stamping on the ground, as if in impatience at the emotion he had betrayed, Abram turned away, as his mother advanced to meet Carlyn.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HERMIT'S WARNING.

The silken curtains of Jack Devere's windows were closely drawn; a bright fire leaped and danced in the polished grate; and the room was fragrant with the spicy breath of the exotics that was arranged with an exquisite taste in the Parian vases on the table. In the great armchair reclined the heir of Devere Manor, whose spirits and strength were just beginning to rally from the fever that had prostrated them.

He looked pale and wasted but there was a sparkle of the old fire in his dark eyes, and an echo of the old merriment in his weak voice; and his cousin felt, with a thrill of joy, that the worst was over—the unnatural quiet, that had been his most alarming symptom, had passed away. He was of the earth earthy again.

"You look pale this morning, Hortense," said the young man, tenderly, "and it is no wonder, you have made yourself a perfect slave, this past week. Between an old tyrant and a young one, you have not drawn a breath in peace. Go lie down and rest yourself, I am just as comfortable as I can be. Go! that's a dear girl, and rest a while, won't you?"

"I am not tired, indeed, Jack," Hortense answered, "not at all tired. I thought you wanted me to read to you."

"I did a while ago; but I have changed my mind. I don't want you to do anything, unless it is to talk to me. How's the uncle this evening? I was so weak when they brought me home this evening that I did not get a square look at him, but it struck me that he seemed a little more shaky than usual. It might have been the excitement of my recovery that unnerved him. He was performing a regular St. Vitus' jig on the porch below."

"His nerves are very much shattered of late," replied Hortense, sadly. "He seems to have had a fright of some kind."

"He was disappointed at the result of our search on the cliff," continued Jack. "He seems to bear some bitter grudge against this dreaded King Carl, his bitter threats made my blood curdle. It is well for all hands that the pirate got away. There has nothing else happened to stir him up!"

Hortense did not answer immediately. How could she tell him that their uncle had heard of his desperate championship of Carlyn Durham, and resented it more bitterly than she had ever known him to resent his favorite's acts before? How could she tell him that his uncle had told her that she had been destined by him, from the first moment of their meeting, for his nephew's bride—that nephew who had never betrayed any lover's ardor, any lover's tenderness—who had shown himself simply as the frank, affectionate brother who accepted the sisterly devotion as his right.

Hortense knew her uncle. In spite of the gratitudo that closed her eyes to his cowardice and selfishness, she knew that his petty tyranny would ruthlessly crush all that dared to oppose it, that his cruel cunning would stop at no means of torture that he believed would drive his unwilling victims into submission to his will.

It was a difficult subject to approach. "I saw that pretty little girl yesterday evening, Jack," she said at length, forgetful that his last question was unanswered.

"What little girl?" he asked, unconsciously. "You know that little girls are my abomination just now. That red-headed sprite at Dame Trott's settled the whole species as a sort of a delicious nightmare. I can feel those sticky little paws caressing me yet."

"This little girl will scarcely come under the red-haired category," replied Hortense, smiling. "I speak of Carlyn Durham. I met her last night, just below the church, and she asked after you very kindly. She seems a gentle, timid little creature, somewhat above her station in life."



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CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

CUDDLEDOON" as the Scotch say, and let us have a cozy chat. This is the month in which our two greatest national heroes were born, Washington and Lincoln. Mr. Gannett has asked me to speak of them in my talk with you this month. There is much I could say of both, but to be candid I'd rather not mention them, for when I contemplate those two majestic figures towering mountain high above common humanity, I am lost in wonder and admiration, and my tongue refuses to speak, and my pen to move; for how can I compare them with little statesmen and grafting politicians of the present day?

One thing I'd like to say is: That I don't think our nation, great as it is, has proved worthy of such men. I believe also, that if Washington were alive today, and saw how we have strayed from the path of honor he mapped out for us, he would apologize to Great Britain for ever having drawn sword against her, and I feel confident he would wish to make her take this country back again under her rule. Now yell Traitor! Not a bit. Let me admit that I am thoroughly satisfied with the industrial achievements and national progress of this nation, but honestly now, you must agree with me that politically we are almost, if not entirely, an utter failure. Washington thought that by driving out the British he had rid our country of its only oppressor, and he had a right to believe it. But Britain's enmity and oppression was child's play compared to the enmity and tyranny of the money power that has since sprung up and is now enslaving this nation. Our British enemies wore red coats, and came out in the open to shoot, or be shot down like men. The danger to the republic is now from within. Our enemies today wear no coat of red, nor do they fight with sword or other manly weapon, nor in the open. They call themselves American citizens, instead of America's enemies, and fight with money bags and check books in secret. These men are to be found close to the nation's heart, in our Senate, our House of Representatives, supposedly there to represent you, but in reality to represent corrupt, corporate interests that are unlawfully exploiting the people as the wolf exploits the sheep.

We find the public enemy in the form of the unlawful trusts impregnably entrenched behind their billions of ill-gotten wealth filched by criminal practices from the hard-earned dollars of the people. We find them insolent, arrogant, defying the law, a law unto themselves, and by means of their immense and almost irresistible money power making the laws and administering them in their own interests. They have bought state legislatures and city governments outright; their influence is only too apparent in the U. S. Senate, and they have even dared to reach up and soil the hitherto clean ermine of our judiciary by demanding and enforcing the appointment of judges named by them to sit in judgment on the trial of causes between them and the people.

Europe long ago rid herself of the robber barons who with their armed followers used to ride through the country and prey upon her people and their ruined castles on the hilltops still ornamenting her scenery are pointed out to American tourists as interesting relics of a semi-barbarous oppression that is gone forever, but when these same tourists return to free (?) America they find their fellow citizens compelled to pay oppressive tribute to the robber barons of the oil, the coal, the beef, the sugar, the tobacco trust and other trusts too numerous to mention, who snobbishly imitating foreign aristocracy live in princely palaces guarded by Pinkertons, and while demanding a high protective tariff to cut off foreign competition in their lines of products give their daughters with royal dowries to be the wives, and restore the ruined fortunes of dissolute and degenerate scions of the effete nobility of Europe.

Equally unscrupulous, the power for evil exercised by these modern Barons of Commerce and Napoleons of High Finance is infinitely greater than that of the cut-throat nobility of yore. Not only do they arbitrarily raise prices to the consumer, but like the beef trust and the tobacco trust, they cut down the price which they pay to the producer whenever they see fit to do so. The American people are rapidly approaching a condition of practical slavery to the trusts.

This systematic robbery is bad enough, but that in fact is the least part of the evil. With their enormous annual profits these robber barons are buying up and rapidly acquiring control of our steam and electric railroads, our gas and electric light works, our water supply companies and other public service works. But even that is not the worst feature of their growing power and depravity. They are using their money to debase our national ideals, to lower the popular standard of honesty and decency, and are corrupting our youth and blurring the consciences of the rising generation by giving to fraud, perjury and bribery on a large scale a false glamor and an air of respectability. By hypocritical prayers and prominent activity in the church they alone for devouring widows' houses; by ostentatious contributions to public charities they fool and quiet some people; by large gifts to the church they have lulled their opposition and hushed the ananemas of the pulpit, and by the endowment of colleges they are influencing the education of the rising generation to a false and debased standard of honesty, integrity and public duty.

Through every walk of life, political, municipal and corporate, we see the loathsome figure of graft brazenly displaying its unholy head. The whole nation is worshipping the golden calf, and is being crucified in turn on a cross of similar material. Plutocracy has displaced democracy.

The press is largely muzzled or speaks for the multimillionaires who control it. COMFORT is not muzzled and so it dares to speak the truth and give the word of warning to the people. The grand old American eagle has mounted into a Standard Oil Trust can, and the stars on Old Glory are being converted into dollar signs, and soon we shall have to sing:

The star Spangled Banner continues to wave
O'er the land of the trust and the home of the
slave.

Please do not misunderstand me. It is not wealth or corporations that I am attacking. Corporations, if properly conducted and legally organized for legitimate purposes under suitable laws for the protection of individual rights and public interests, are not only beneficial to the community but are indispensable to our present advanced civilization. So also the right to possess honestly acquired wealth is not only a mighty and inalienable right but it is such a mighty incentive to productive labor, temperance, obedience to law and numberless other virtues

that without it the existence of civilization is hardly imaginable. Mind you that I say *honestly acquired* wealth, because any system of laws which permits the holding of dishonestly acquired wealth must inevitably lead to anarchy. If Washington and Lincoln could come out of their graves today, they would either sweep through Congress, scouring certain misrepresentatives of the people, and ridding it of lobbyists, and corporation lackeys as Christ cleaned the Temple of money changers, or return to their graves broken hearted. Perchance, though, Lincoln would hear the cry of the children and women in the sweat shops, and wage a war for the freedom of the white slaves. Perchance Washington would buckle on his sword and fight the monopolists, and the entrenched hosts of privilege and corruption, and give us a country once more patriotically based on simple Amer-



HERMAN N. HELMS, Seymour, Wis.

can ideals, a country without criminal trusts, a country ruled by the people for the people, and not for trusts by trusts. One hour of Lincoln or Washington, and we should have a government savings bank in every post-office in the land, and a government owned telegraph ticking in the same office, where messages at a cent a word could be sent all over the land, and a parcels post, which we are not allowed to have today, because the Express Companies have a pull in Congress, and the people have none. All these improvements denied to America, monarchical Europe has enjoyed for half a century. When a monarchy can do better f. its people than a republic, isn't it about time that we wake up and opened our eyes, and looked around for another Lincoln, or prayed for anot' Washington to make us free once more.

Every year we laud our national heroes—but what good does that do? They're dead, and don't hear us, and care nothing for our flattery. Washington and Lincoln lived and died, not to win cheap applause from the galleries of posterity, but that we might use their lives as beacon lights to keep the ship of state from drifting on the rocks of destruction. The prophets and saints did not all live in Bible days. Washington and Lincoln are our prophets and saints, just as Jeremiah, Daniel and Isaiah were the prophets of Israel of old.

Let us then use the lives of these great men to hearten us in the struggle for better and purer government, Federal, State, and Municipal. Let us use their lives to promote real patriotism, the patriotism that makes for upright living and national righteousness, and not the blatherskite grafters to the polls on election day, and hand him our vote for a dollar and a drink of whiskey. Let us use the lives of Washington and Lincoln as the mariner uses his compass, so that we may steer our barks o'er the ocean of life straight to that harbor, where we as individuals, and as a nation, can win the approval of the Almighty God in whose image we were created.

President Roosevelt, the greatest, truest, noblest American since Lincoln, has been fighting single-handed and alone the people's battle against the criminal trusts for the last seven years, but because of the delays and technicalities of the law and the opposition of certain powerful interests in and out of Congress progress has necessarily been slow, but results in the right direction have been accomplished, which reflect the brightest cr. It on his administration. The people have stood by him and they must continue to do so.

We most sincerely hope and pray that his successor in office will take up this most important work where he lays it down and push it with equal vigor and determination, in spite of all opposition to a successful issue, and if he makes the effort we bespeak for him the hearty support and cooperation of the people.

Valentine's day will soon be here. Toby is drawing some beautiful valentines to send to Billy the Goat, and Billy the Goat is preparing to hand a bunch to Toby that will give him bronchitis of the tail for the next six months. I presume you have all a valentine up your sleeve to hand to me. Needless to say I hope it will be a new member for the C. L. O. C. The C. L. O. C. is certainly becoming a great organization. It would be a greater organization still, and have treble the members it has now, if you older folks would come in and join us. So many of you who have passed the thirty mark are under the impression that the C. L. O. C. is a kid organization, and only for young folks and children. This is a sad error, and it hurts you, and hurts us. COMFORT's League of Cousins is for the whole COMFORT family, and young, middle aged, and old should all come into our ranks. It is probable that the picture at the head of this page, in which children alone appear, gives you the impression that this is a juvenile outfit solely. Now get on the third rail, and wake up. Whenever you renew your subscriptions, whether you are one minute or one hundred years old, add your little five cents, and we will send you our certificate of membership, and the handsomest club button you ever saw or ever will see, and you will be a member of the best and grandest

organization on earth. On our club button appear these words: "Love, Mercy, Virtue, Brotherhood." That surely should draw you to us, for young and old can march under a banner inscribed with such a motto. Only about one in ten of the COMFORT family belong to the League, and I want everyone of you to come in to it. All COMFORT's readers peruse this page, and know what its objects are, and I want to see a million and a quarter members in this League, instead of thirty thousand odd. Now do come and join us. If all COMFORT's readers would become members of the C. L. O. C. Mr. Gannett would have to hand over two hundred and fifty wheel chairs to me to distribute, and he would be only too glad to do it.

I want to tender my heartfelt thanks to all of you who have written such beautiful letters of sympathy to me, since Mr. Gannett put you wise to certain facts in my life, that I never intended you to know. I wish I could reply to the writers of these blessed letters individually. In some cases I have, but I have neither the strength nor the time to devote the whole of my life to letter writing. I work for my living like the rest of you, and I toll from eight o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night, unceasingly, the whole year round. Sickness only interferes with my schedule of toll. You should bear in mind that the COMFORT family has six millions of members. It is more than a family, it is a nation, and though I can write you all collectively, it is impossible for me to write you individually.

1909 remember is to be our banner year. Help me all you can in the good work we are trying to do. Form COMFORT clubs in the village and towns in which you live. Write to Ernest Hartwell, Clovis, Cal., and he will tell you how he formed his club, and the wonderful work it is doing.

As regards my valentine, you can send me five subscriptions to COMFORT, and I will send you a volume of Uncle Charlie's Poems, autographed, always, by my own hand, and not somebody else's. This will make the best valentine you can possibly give. With each book is presented a fine half tone picture of Uncle Charlie dictating to Maria. So many of you have written and asked me for the true story of my life. You will find the best part of it in this book. You can have your books in either a beautiful shade of lilac or brilliant scarlet, silk ribbed cloth, the finest ever.

Don't forget that we have elegant League buttons, made of bronze. They look like eighteen carat gold. These articles come in various designs, lockets, buttons, stick pins, etc. They are beautiful and artistic, and only cost ten cents to League members. Those who are not members of the C. L. O. C. can obtain them by joining our organization. Send thirty cents and you will get your certificate of membership, a bronze membership button, and COMFORT for one year. If you want to join us and have the ordinary button, and this is exceedingly handsome, send twenty-five cents. Do not write and say: "Father subscribed to COMFORT six months ago, so I am sending you a nickel, and want to become a League member." Nickels don't go. Twenty-five cents must positively accompany all applications for membership. If father wants to hand you a button, or you want to hand father the paper that is up to you, and is none of our business. Fix that between you, but don't wait till six months after father and mother have subscribed, and think you can float in on a five cent basis. We have no room for people with five cent souls and nickel minds in this League.

CUMMINGS, KANS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my card and button all right and think them fine. I have been much interested in your funny letters and have had many good hearty laughs about them. I am a very small boy, four years old, five feet ten inches in height, weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds, have brown hair, blue eyes and always have a smile for everyone, especially for the pretty girls. I go to school and have a good little teacher. I like to hunt, fish and skate as well as anyone. I have been trapping some this fall. I caught a large opossum yesterday morning and had to shoot him five times, and then stick him with my knife before I could get him out of my traps.

I live in the little town of Pardie, Kans., the nearest post-office is Cummings. We have a R. D. through here. My father has been sick for over four years and has not been able to do anything. He has bronchitis and asthma. Whenever the weather is bad papa has to stay in the house and he gets so lonesome. I have two brothers, two sisters and a mother. I remain your loving nephew,

ARTHUR JONES (No. 24,122).

ARTHUR, I am very much shocked at something in your letter, I guess you know what it is. You mention that you caught a large opossum in a trap and you had to shoot him five times, and then stick him with a knife. After this open confession of cruelty, I think you ought to resign from the League. When you became a member of the C. L. O. C. you solemnly promised to be kind to dumb animals. I would like to ask you how you would like to be in that trap, with one of your limbs maimed and torn by hideous cruel steel, and then have had that opossum come along and shoot you five times and then jab and stab you with a knife.



ANNABEL MOTT (19), Lindale, Ohio.

You have an idea that the opossum has no feelings, and does not suffer. This is where you are wrong. I think trapping is cruel and barbarous anyway. If an animal is to be killed, be merciful and kill it with one shot. You must be a pretty poor shot, and pretty poor sportsman, to use five bullets to kill a single animal that is within a few inches of the muzzle of your gun. Did it ever occur to you boys, and you men too for that matter, of the awful torture animals endure when they are caught in a trap, and have to wait for hours, and sometimes days, before they are put out of their misery. So barbarously has mankind treated the animal world, that it would serve us right if God Almighty took every dumb beast from off the globe, and left cruel man alone by himself. You boys who are ever ready to throw stones at every animal and bird you see, and are ever ready to whip every horse you chance to drive, and mete out torture to such unfortunate dumb brutes as come within the range of your savagery, how would you like to wake up some morning, and find the barnyard empty, the cows, horses, sheep, hogs, cats, dogs, chickens, ducks and all the birds of the air gone? You would shudder at the ghastly silence, you would tremble and wonder what had hap-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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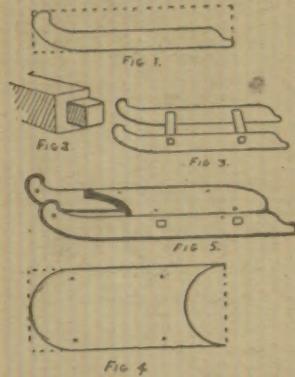
A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

FEBRUARY, the short mid-winter month of many holidays is here. The boys in the North are coasting and skating and making snowballs; the Southern lads are going barefoot and playing ball. This is a great and glorious country of ours. It is a world in itself. Boys, do you realize that we depend on you to keep our country great and our national honor stainless? Take example from the noble Washington and immortal Lincoln, who were born in February and make your life a credit to your country.

Plan for a Sled

The sled described here is of the sturdy type that will stand any amount of hard knocks. It is pre-eminently a boy's sled, good for coasting, hitching bobs, and belly butting.

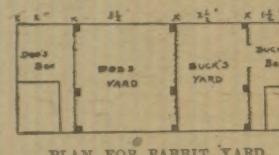


IT WILL STAND HARD KNOCKS.

of the sled as in Fig. 4, is then sawed out and four small holes, spaced as shown are bored to receive the fastening screws. Four two inch screws are used and should be driven so that their heads are slightly lower than the surface of the sled top. To finish, the sled should be sanded and painted a bright red. If you are handy with the brush you can stripe it prettily and paint your name on the side.

For Mr. and Mrs. Bunny

The drawings herewith represent a neat, commodious and easily constructed rabbit yard. A close study of the drawings and plan at the top is really all the information a bright lad should need but to make doubly sure that my nephews, one and all will understand I will explain it as far as space permits. The frame to which the netting is fastened is two by two inches. The little squares in the top cut represent the upright posts. Cut those first and then connect them with your long strips. Nail them together securely with three inch finishing nails. The boxes at each end of the yard are exactly similar. Their average height is eighteen inches, width thirty-two inches, length thirty-six inches. Be sure and give the roof a slope of two inches so it will shed the rain quickly. The cover is hinged on at the high end and locked at the lower end with a padlock. A hutch built after this plan can be cleaned and aired very easily and has the ad-

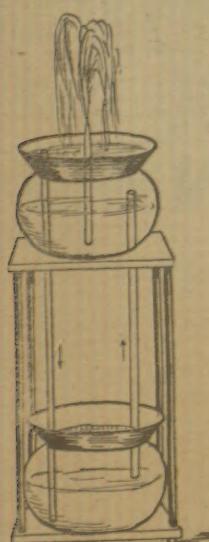


PLAN FOR RABBIT YARD.

ditional feature of being readily moved from place to place. Refer to the illustrations as you proceed with the work and all will be plain. Write to Uncle John about this or anything else you like.

Automatic Fountain

Here is a wonderful scientific fountain that can be made by any boy who has a taste for mechanics. Even if you do not want to construct one a careful study of the principles involved will repay you a thousand fold. Note carefully the length and position of each tube and the level of the water in the several basins. To use it the tube which forms the jet is taken out and through the opening thus formed the upper globe is nearly filled with water. The jet tube is then replaced and some water poured into the basin. This water in the basin, acting by its own weight flows into the lower globe through the tube on the left as indicated by the arrow. This flow of water into the lower globe forces out a part of the air in it, which ascending by the tube on the right, accumulates in the upper globe. The pressure of the water in the upper globe with the added air pressure forces a part of the water up through the jet tube. If made exactly as pictured here the fountain will play for hours without refilling. I would like to receive a letter from all COMFORT nephews interested in science.



AUTOMATIC FOUNTAIN.

Card Trick

The player stands with all the audience in front of him and after permitting as many as wish to shuffle the deck, to do so, he places the cards face down on the table and picking up one at a time he holds them with the spots to the spectators, and though he is looking at the back of the card he calmly names it. "How in the world do you do that?" they cry. Some think he sees through the card, others that he sees the

reflection in a mirror or window, but when the performer is placed in the darkest corner of the room he can still name every card he picks up by simply looking at the back. The trick is to hold the card curved to about the shape of a half circle and on one of the top corners you can see the number and small spot representing the value of the card. Try it.

A New Style Windmill

It is claimed that a windmill built after the pattern of the small model shown here will be much more powerful than the ordinary kind. It is composed of four little sailboats mounted and pivoted in a very simple manner. The body of each boat in this case is whittled out of a solid block. You need not hollow it out but be sure and give the sides and bottom the regular boat shape as that helps it materially to cut through the air. The sails made of small pieces of muslin are placed on each as shown in Fig. 2. A shallow notch is cut in the bottom of each boat to receive the flat stick upon which it is to be mounted. The mounting consists of an upright axle in a spool, and two crosspieces as shown in Fig. 1.

I hope every COMFORT nephew will try this plan and then write me a nice letter about their success with it and if it's possible to make improvements.

About Japanese Boys

Did you American school boys who think yourselves so wise ever know that every Japanese student over twelve years of age can speak the English language? Well, they can, even though they do live at the other end of the world and still retain many of their ancient and savage customs. Each child in Japan must begin school attendance at the age of six and continue until he reaches his fourteenth year. For the first four years the only languages he studies are his own and the Chinese but after that he is compelled to study English. It can therefore be said that every Japanese graduate of a common school can speak and write English.

More Problems

Last month's problems created intense interest and much difference of opinion. If you get truly and truly tangled up write to Uncle John and he will fix you up right. Be sure and get next number of COMFORT to see if your answers to the questions given below are correct.

1.—The top of a church steeple is 268 feet above the ground. Three fourths of the height of the steeple above the church plus 12 feet is equal to the height of the church. Find the height of the church.

2.—A man has two farms together worth \$20,491. The first farm is worth five sixths as much as the second plus \$1,560. What is the value of each?

3.—A man divides 100 marbles among three boys. Every time he gives A 5, he gives B 3, and C 2. How many do each receive?

The correct answers to last month's questions are herewith printed.

1.—Horse cost \$200. 2.—441 boys. 3.—40 per cent. loss.

Picture Puzzles of February

It is said that although February is the shortest month of the year more feet days and anniversaries occur in it than any other month. The pictures here represent days of national importance. I think they are familiar to all. See if you can make them out, and then write the answers plainly. Correct answers will appear in the Boys' Corner next month. In the mean time if your subscription is run out now is the time to renew so you will not miss the answers and other great features of the great March number. DATES OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE Get your friends to subscribe and enjoy this department with you.



The answers to last month's match puzzle are: First, take away matches number 1, 5, 4 and 9; second, take away matches number 1, 5, 10, 14, 19, 4, 9, 13, 18, 22; third, take away matches 6, 10, 11, 15, 8, 12, 13, 17.

Be sure and try all those tricks and puzzles and make one or more of the dandy articles described here. You never know what you can do until you try and if you should happen to get puzzled write to me and I will explain everything more minutely. In next month's Corner will appear a host of how to make sketches and the best puzzle you ever saw. Good by and good wishes to you all.

UNCLE JOHN.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

peed. Then you would read this big sign on the barnyard gate: "All animal life has gone from the world to return no more, banished forever, owing to the cruelty of tyrant man, and tyrant boys especially." Let me tell you this: that a world without our dumb friends, the horses and cattle, the poultry and the birds, would not be worth living in, and if it were not for the birds you could not live in it anyway, as the insects would eat up every vestige of the crops that you would raise. Arthur Jones, before you shoot or stab another opossum or torture any other dumb animal, remember God Almighty sees what you are doing, and I doubt if the most merciful God could ever forgive you for the torture you must have inflicted on that poor defenseless animal. Remember all of you this beautiful verse of Colridge's, memorize it, and repeat it to yourself every time you contemplate ill treating a dumb creature.

"He liveth best who loveth best
All creatures great and small,
For the dear Lord who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

MONROE, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am poor, a widow, with two children, one four years old is blind, the other fourteen years old, a boy, is our support. He cannot make much and I am suffering with consumption, not able to work, and with his wages I cannot get medicine or nourishing

food. The doctors say I could be cured if I had proper treatment, and I want to ask you if you know of a place I could go for treatment free, or at least at moderate cost. My friends and relatives might possibly pay for me if it did not cost too much.

Our state has a certain amount of money set aside to provide such a place but it will be too late for me, I am afraid. Time is very precious in a case like this, and I realize the danger of delay. I feel, somehow, that you will take enough interest in my case to advise me. And when you do I will be very grateful, more so than I can tell. Oh! you can't know the despair one feels in my condition, no money and no one to care whether you live or die!

Dear Uncle Charlie I shall look anxiously for a reply to this.

Very sincerely,

MRS. A. G. TENNANT.

That is a sad letter, a letter that tugs at my heart strings terribly. Here is another case, where a good woman's life is to be sacrificed, and children left motherless for the want of a few wretched, contemptible, loathsome bits of green paper, all covered with microbes and disease germs, that we call dollars. What Mrs. Tennant needs to get well is this! A glass of milk every hour, and not less than six or eight eggs beaten up in milk daily. She needs to sleep in the open air, and have a mind free from care or worry, and only perform such light tasks as will keep her mind occupied tasks that call for no drain upon her vitality. The nourishment she needs should not cost more than fifty cents a day. Sleeping in a tent or in the woods, or having one's bed in the window costs nothing, except a little effort and a little courage, and plenty of blankets. Sunshine, fresh air, abundance of nourishment and freedom from worry will cure all but the worst cases of consumption. Making long trips to Colorado often does more harm than good. Home sickness is almost as bad as consumption, and the thought of living far from home among strangers is a depressing terror that won't down. There are institutions for consumptives, but it is exceedingly hard to get into them. There is always a lot of red tape, in most cases seven dollars a week is the lowest charge, and the atmosphere is very depressing. Never go to an institution if you can help it. What Mrs. Tennant wants is plenty of nourishment. Here is another case for you cowboys and others, who spend your dimes for villainous fire water, called whiskey? Cut out one drink a week, and send a dime to Mrs. Tennant for a quart of milk. Girls cut out your candy, and send the money to Mrs. Tennant for milk and eggs. The best way to help shut-ins is to get interested in one case, and stick to that case. Suppose twenty-one of our million readers sent Mrs. Tennant ten cents a week for a year regularly and unfailingly, that would provide all the milk she needs. Some of the rest of you might supply the eggs. Now I have pointed a way for you to help this poor soul. Put yourself in her place, and for God's sake don't let her die for the want of a few quarts of milk (an article that often runs to waste in many of your homes), and a few dozen eggs. Mrs. Tennant, from her letter, I gather is a woman of education and refinement. Any way she is a human creature, your sister, so for pity's sake don't let her perish.

CORRY, PA.

WELL UNCLE CHARLIE:
As I am writing, one of our young men neighbors is going down town to take a Sunday drink. His older brother is just ahead of him, with all the booze he can carry. What a time they will have when they get back home! Home, as we call such a place a home! How would all the cousins like a home that contained three or four drunks every day? I say stick the profit in the saloon business, then there is no saloon-keeper in the land will sell liquor. The saloon-keeper likes the business only because there is a seven-cent profit in a ten-cent drink. If the government owned the saloons, there would be only about one tenth as many as there are now. Saloons would then furnish pure drinks at cost of production. Saloons

How to Become a Ventriloquist

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY FRED T. DARVILL.

Copyright, 1909, by Fred T. Darvill.

Perserverance and practice will enable one, with written lessons, to become a Ventriloquist. There are two kinds "near" and "distant". The near is used in connection with figures, and the distant in imitating sounds from a distance. To acquire the two sounds the methods are quite different. In the Echo practice the object is to obtain a sudden and complete change from the ventriloquial to the natural voice. Commence saying "Ah" with your ordinary voice, repeating the same ventriloquially, taking care to range the sound at distant pitch.

To enable one to master the foregoing lessons your subscription should begin with the December number.

LESSON 4.

IT is easy to acquire the echo practice but to properly master it is a long task. Even when you think you have thoroughly mastered the sudden change from ventriloquism to natural voice you will most likely find — always when you least expect it — that you are using a ventriloquial delivery when you ought to be speaking naturally, and vice versa. Do not get disheartened and throw up your ventriloquial exercises in despair. The difficulty is a common one and is encountered by every beginner, no matter how capable and clever he is. You must accustom your vocal organs to the sudden change from ventriloquism to natural. When ever you find that you are going wrong drop ventriloquial speech for a time and practice the drone. Remember, the longer you practice on the drone the easier will be your task when dialogue is used. The echo practice is the first stage in acquiring the distant pitch. Begin with the word "Hallo". You will find it impossible to aspirate the "h" in making the ventriloquial reply. Never mind. Drop the "h" and call back ventriloquially "Allo". Now you wish to make the voice sound from above as though coming from the roof. Very well, throw the voice slightly forward in the mouth making it strike against the top of the hard palate. It will cause a tickling sensation across the roof of the mouth. After two or three attempts you will be surprised how easily the "above" pitch will come. To bring the voice gradually level strike the sound further back on the roof of the mouth.

At this stage you will make the interesting discovery that you can sound five distinct notes in bringing your voice from above to level. First, the isolated overhead sound which modulates till the ventriloquial voice is brought quite level. You familiarize yourself with these notes — by practicing a scale exercise with the drone, using each vowel in rotation, but beginning with "Ah".

Now, instead of making "Ah" sound clearly from the back of the throat, we reverberate the sound in the hollow behind the teeth, then against the top back and finally the back of the mouth. This gives us the scale. After mastering the use of one vowel along the scale practice on the others in rotation. Then, when you have succeeded in obtaining the five notes on each vowel you may practice with speech. If you have followed my previous instructions you will find no difficulty in rehearsing a short dialogue like the following. We will suppose there is a man on the roof whom we wish to address. Let us call him Jack. We have got to bring down a ladder and land him safely on the ground. We begin by calling his name.

Ventriloquist (calling) — "Jack! Jack!"
Jack (answering above) — "What's up?"

Ven. — "I want you. I want you."

Jack (second note) — "I'm coming."

Ven. — "You'll find a ladder against the wall. I say, you'll find a ladder. Do you hear?"

Jack (third note) — "All right, old man; don't you worry yourself."

Ven. — "Come along then; look sharp!"

Jack (fourth note) — "I'm nearly down."

Ven. — "Eh, but you're a long time."

Jack (voice level) — "You ain't got no patience. I'm down now."

Practice the foregoing dialogue till you are able to repeat it easily. It is always well to be more talkative in your natural voice as it heightens the effect when you change the delivery to ventriloquism.

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A St. Valentine's Party

By Katherine Booth

THE month of February gives us Valentine's Day to which I know all the Comfort girls are looking forward. I suppose you have decided to give a party of some kind and I wonder if you would not like a few suggestions from me as to what constitutes a really truly St. Valentine's party.

Of course we want to decorate the rooms so they will suggest the day and we can do this by getting a quantity of red cardboard and cutting out of it numerous large and small hearts. With these we must decorate the rooms, tacking them everywhere.

If you can buy red paper roses or better still, know how to make them make up rose wreaths and hang them here and there. Get your brother to make you a tiny bow and arrow for each guest. This he can easily do, taking parts of a barrel hoop for the bows, and of course whittling out the arrows from a piece of solid wood. The bows can be made to look exceedingly pretty by winding red ribbon around them until the wood is entirely concealed. The bowstrings can be made of red baby ribbon. As the arrows must be red, dip them in dye.

You want to send something quite original in the way of an invitation, so I think it would be a good idea to take a number of small red cardboard hearts and write on one side:



and on the other side of the heart write this:

"I'm going to have a party
I'd like you to be there,
There will be swarms both
Young and old
And damsels, fat and fair.
And each doth yearn for
Valentines—
Yes, some would like a score!
So if, perchance
You've aught to bring
A bag's inside the door."

These unique cards of invitation can be delivered by some small boy about four or five days before St. Valentine's so as to give the boys and girls time to buy their Valentines—and do a little fixing up for the party.

On the night of the entertainment rig up a mail box out of red cardboard and write on it "St. Valentine's Mail Box." Put this in the hall and as your friends come in have them drop their Valentines into the box. After you have helped them off with their wraps, place one of the tiny ribbon wrapped bows over each of the men's shoulders and pin the tiny arrow on the lapel of the coat. The girls must each pin a red heart on the front of the dress.

When the young people are all gathered in the parlor, then the real gayety of the evening commences. You can have a most uproarious time over the following game. Pin a large sheet on the wall at one end of the room and in its center place a large red heart with a tiny white paper center. Lead one of the guests to the other end of the room, directly opposite the heart; now blindfold and give to him or her a small red heart tied to a short red ribbon in the end of which is a pin. The fun of this game consists in watching the blindfolded one stagger uncertainly across the room and pin his ribbon upon what he thinks is the white center of the heart. Usually it is several yards away from the heart. Each guest in succession is blindfolded, given a red heart and told to pin his heart—if he can—on the white center. When everyone has been blindfolded, a prize is given to the one who pinned his ribbon nearest the center of the heart. A good prize is a pretty heart-shaped box filled with homemade candy. The one who got furthest away from the white center is given a consolation prize of a peppermint candy heart broken in half. This game will make everyone laugh loud and long and that is what you want.

I think the next thing to have would be fortune telling. Have some room in the house in absolute darkness except for two lighted red candles. If you are not able to secure red candles, wrap red tissue paper around them. In the darkest corner of this dimly lighted room, place two chairs facing each other, on one of which will sit a wicked old witch. Get the brightest girl you know to take this part, wrap around her a long black cane and over her head put a shawl. Her hair must all be down and over her face is drawn a thick veil so no one can tell who she is. Of course a witch is supposed to be very old so she will tremble and shake and be very much bent. Have your friends go in one at a time and shut the door as this makes it very mysterious. Lots of fun can be had out of this fortune telling and many a sly remark can be made. Be sure and tell only happy fortunes.

After the fortune telling is over, bring St. Valentine's Mail Box to the center of the parlor and distribute the Valentines. Previous to the arrival of the guests, you should put in

it would be appropriate to play hearts for a little while?

By this time I know you are all hungry so we must hurry and choose partners. This you do by means of lettered candy hearts. In one basket put a number of halves of a question candy, such as "May I see you?"—Do you love?"—Do you want to be?" etc., etc. In the other basket put the corresponding halves, as "These friends?"—me?"—engaged to me?" The girls take the candy from one basket and the boys from the other, then try to match the halves. Whoever has the other half of the candy is your dinner partner. Now you all go into the dining-room where you find glasses of pink lemonade, heart-shaped sandwiches, little heart-shaped individual cakes and pink ice cream. After dinner comes a few country dances and then it is time to go home.

Don't you think you can have a jolly time St. Valentine's night?

The Price of Loyalty

The Story of a Blockade Runner & President Lincoln's Clemency

By Mildred Houston Hemingway

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WHO in these days knows anything definite about blockade running? Who appreciates the fearful dangers of this business? Yet there were many engaged in it during the Civil War, and they were not all of the freebooters by any manner of means. Men of every calling and profession tried to run in their little products upon which their very lives depended, and even the women and children were not spared. The history of blockade running is filled with harrowing incidents, and yet perhaps my old friend Colonel William T. Valentine gave me the best insight into the inner history of it when I went to see the old Southerner the other afternoon. He is a delightful character, seventy years old, the editor of a breezy little daily, and one of the truest and most patriotic Americans the country knows. I asked him if he could tell me anything about blockade running.

The Colonel chuckled as he passed his fingers along his beard:

"Yes," he said in his mellow Southern drawl, "I reckon I do know considerable about blockade running." I was delighted for he could tell such stories of times around the great war.

"Yes, I certainly do know something. Reckon I don't much favor a blockade runner, do I?" and he turned his mild, pale blue eyes upon me, while a twinkle sparkled in them.

"No you do not," I admitted, for a milder specimen of a courtly old Southern gentleman never existed than the Colonel.

"Well, my brothers and I did a little of it, as a good many did. Though, of course we had no grudge against the government. We boys couldn't you know, because our daddy died as it were for the Union. You remember how I told you about his coming in the house from the store when Fort Sumter was fired upon, and saying:

"'Emmie, the end has come. They've fired on the flag,' and then dropping like one dead at my mother's feet. Yes it was pretty hard, especially for Ma. We caught it from both sides. We boys simply couldn't fight against the flag our father loved well enough to die for, and we naturally couldn't fight against our kinsfolks and friends," and the kind-hearted old Colonel breathed a sigh.

"The Union forces burned the house, and the Confederates confiscated all the stock in the store, and later burned that. Ma had to go fleeing about with daddy, who was just like a little child, only more trouble, for two years before he finally died, and we boys—", and again came the chuckle to drive away the sadness lingering in the drooping mouth, which was

shaved clean.

"Well, we spent more time in the Dismal Swamp, half of North Carolina is swamp, you know honey, or was then, before they had all these plans about draining the land the Good Lord gave to the people for a natural hunting ground than we wanted to, for though it's an ideal place for hunting, it certainly ain't just the best place for regular lodging.

"We boys all were conscripted, and more than once we had a great time in avoiding service, for as I said we were bound to respect the flag our daddy loved, and yet we couldn't go against kinsfolks, and then too Ma was just about as bitter a Secession as you'd come across. Still Ma was a great woman, she certainly was. I reckon there aren't many like her now, though you do favor her a little, perhaps that's why I like to talk to you," and the old Colonel smiled in that genial way which began with the eyes and spread to the drooping mouth. It was the highest compliment he could pay a woman, and I appreciated it.

"Now, with the house burned, the stock gone, and so little for Ma to live on, we boys not being able to earn anything so to speak, not that we were laboring men. Oh no, Fred and Luke were lawyers, and Jim was just his mother's baby and kept with her for he was fortunately too young for conscription. We just had to do something to get enough money, and so one day we four older ones foregathered in that old swamp, which was dim even at noontime. There under the tall cypress trees, with the gray moss swinging in the wind, we sat on tree stumps out of the wet as much as possible and discussed matters. Fred was one of these slow fellows. I guess you've heard of all he did before he was taken off when only thirty-five. My but the effects of that swamp life lingered long. Well, as I was saying, Fred kept presenting matters to the jury, Jim and me, while Luke would interrupt from time to time with that brilliant oratory that made him a United States Senator before he was much more than old enough to be elected, but none managed to think of anything. I kept a whittling, and wishing I knew something practical, for honestly all I could think about was the opening of the general exhortation in the church services.

"At last Jim heaved himself, he was an awful big fellow and the financier of the whole crowd. You remember the immense sum he failed for just before he died in 1880? Well, he asks in his drawing way:

"Why don't we all do something with that salt out of it and we all sat staring at him, for we had clean forgotten it. Our daddy had

bought some land down on the coast, a barren strip of beach, that would grow nothing but some scrub oaks and sand birds. Here he had established a little salt plant, and all the salt he handled, and he did a right smart business in it in a wholesale way, was furnished by it.

"It ain't been working now," Luke fired up for as he was recognized to be the smart one of the family he didn't hanker after others getting ahead of him.

"It will be if we work it," Jim retorted, and you would certainly have laughed to have seen us stare, for none of us had ever done a day's work in our lives. However, Jim was in earnest, and kept talking on until it grew so dark we couldn't see each other, and when we adjourned to a little higher ground to light a smoky fire, I got plum into a cobra snake which is perfectly harmless and right pretty too with its curious markings, not that I saw if it was too dark, and yes I felt uncomfortable and wished I was safe home—and all this was a nightmare, and I awoke some of my Ma's beaten biscuits and greaves with middies.

"That little talk, however, resulted in us venturing down to this salt plant, going down the

bay in an old-fashioned smack we borrowed from one of the fishermen without asking permission. The Yanks had just passed through the town, and he blamed them for the theft, but we returned it after we were through, and gave him a whole load of salt for rental, and he was mighty tickled.

"However, I am wandering good and plenty, and so I must get back to my story," and the kind, old eyes with their merry twinkle seemed to look backward to the time when he was a handsome young clerk.

"Of course the salt plant was some damaged, but we fixed it up, and I developed a taste for

IMPOSING PAGEANT of a presidential inauguration fully described and pictured in March COMFORT. Subscribe NOW BEFORE THE PRICE ADVANCES.

mechanics I have never been able to overcome. When we had it all in order, an idea came to me, and I asked suddenly:

"How are we to market this? The blockade has been made extra strong."

"Jim looked at me a moment, then replied with a tightening of his lips:

"'We'll make the blockade' and I gasped. Not

because I thought there was any harm in it, for I didn't, and to tell the truth I'm afraid my

moral nature shows a mighty big hole somewhere, for I never have made myself think we did any harm, but on account of the danger.

The other boys just laughed at me, and so I gave in, and listened to Jim's plan. It was a mighty big thing, but it did work fine, and we knew we could count on Ma, for we brought her into it. Now this was the plan. We were to load this old boat as heavy as it would stand, and then one of us was to go along to manage it, and Ma was to take Tom and go in claiming he was her little sick boy she was trying to get through the blockade for medical advice. Sounds pretty simple doesn't it? Well our mother was a wonderful lady, she was and my, but she had the grit. Yes sir, I mean Madam, she did it, not once, but many times. We scuttled into every blockaded port on the Southern coast. Ma making the same excuse every time. Tom got to be right adept he did in groaning and taking on something awful. In the dead of night, when we'd make our run. Soon we had men waiting to take off the salt at the least watched points, and it was worth its weight in silver. Some of it did actually sell for its weight in silver coin, for the South suffered much for lack of it.

"Dangerous? Yes it was, but we were used to danger. When one has had his house burned over his head, has seen his father's stock stolen and his big store building burned, when he has lived among the snakes and wild creatures of the swamp for months he don't mind a little danger, and as for Ma, well we were her sons, and got our love of adventure from her, bless her, and the Colonel's face grew strangely soft.

"There was one time when there was enough danger to suit anyone. We were creeping in to the Charleston harbor, under cover of a heavy fog. Ma was crunched in the stern, while I was at the wheel, striving to steer straight, for we had put in a wheel in place of the old-time rudder, this was when we were still using that old sailing vessel. We were bound for an old, deserted wharf, where one of our men was waiting for the salt. Ma bent over Tommy, and I tried to see ahead. It was dangerous enough, for the gun boats were everywhere. Suddenly the fog lifted, just like the curtain in a play house, and we found we were right alongside a tremendous man-of-war. Honey if your heart ever has jumped up and stuck in your throat, you all will know just how I felt. Tommy was just too scared to even moan.

"Behind that fog a full moon had been shining all the time, and when the fog lifted, she shone down upon us. I thought I had never seen so light and clear. The lookout on the man-of-war saw us instantly, and gave the alarm. Ma sprang to the wheel and I tacked as I never had before. Tommy showed he was no infant by the way he helped, and that old sailing vessel showed her heels in the prettiest kind of a way.

With the lifting of the fog a breeze had sprung up just in time and we scuttled away before the men on the war ship knew what we were doing.

"Stop, or we'll fire, range out, but we knew better than to stop, we shot ahead.

"Of course, I knew they never understood that

there was a woman on board, but they actually

began shooting after us, but even that didn't

stop us. Ma was a large woman and she bent her whole weight to the wheel while I kept tacking, for it needed fine work to get out, for the hateful noise roused other boats, and the bullets, for they didn't bring the shells into play, began to fall thick and fast about us. Suddenly Ma gave a short, shrill cry but never lost her hold on the wheel. I could see the crimson come out on her arm where she was shot, for her sleeves were rolled up to give her freedom, and I said something between my teeth not particularly in good earnest but Ma never flinched.

"It seemed as though it was all over for us except the dying, when—well that blessed old fog dropped again just as though the tragedy was over, and it was time for the curtain to fall, and in an instant we were utterly alone in the world. Providence was with us that night, it certainly was, for we came through all right, and delivered out salt two days later a little further north.

"Did Ma stop? Well child you don't know

Ma. Of course she didn't stop. Ma wasn't made

of the kind of stuff that goes to women these

days. Ma was a heroine, and I took off my hat to Ma," and the dear old Colonel raised his hat with a courtly bow.

"Soon though, Tom grew too big, and we had

to have someone else, and that's where Annamay

came in. She was just a mite of a girl, not five

feet, although she was nineteen, just two years

younger than I. She'd go along and be the sick

little girl, and with her curls about her face, she looked about ten. The last run we made was in March, 1865, and Ma and Annamay did it up fine. We had returned the old boat long before, and had gotten a pretty good one now, and we were planning to get one still bigger, when Annamay spoiled it all by smiling, and showing her teeth which weren't those of a little girl, but a

grown woman. They arrested our two women

folks, and held them until after peace was declared. I was running the boat at that time, and I was arrested. It was a pretty serious time for us, and I don't know what would have happened if the good President hadn't signed our pardon on the last day of his life. That finished me.

When I heard of his death, I took a vow then

and there that I'd live up to the principles my

daddy died for, and prove that I hadn't been

liberated in vain. I reckon I'm just about as

good a member of President Lincoln's party as

far as real feelings goes, as you can find, and

even Ma admitted there could be some good in

a Northern man. As for Annamay, well you

know her mighty well," and again came that

huckle.

"It isn't your wife?" I asked for as he always called her "sweetheart" I did not know her first name.

"Of course it is. She's been a powerful lot

of help to me every way. When I left the

factory and went into newspaper life, she understood,

and she's done the best writing I've ever had in

my paper, so you see I was made by my blockade

running, than merely the weight of the salt in

silver, didn't I?" and remembering the dainty

little wife, and his own happy, contented face,

I can say "yes" with all my heart.

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Beautifying on a Milk Diet

WHY not be pretty, why not be well, when drinking milk every day, for a month or two will surely bring about that result? Milk is a great beautifier, rounding the figure, making the hands and arms soft, dimpled and white, developing the bust and neck beyond your wildest desires. On a Milk Diet your eyes will grow strong and bright and your lips red as twin roses. Isn't this worth striving for, especially when the striving isn't going to be an especially hard kind of striving?

Of course when you are on a Milk Diet, it is essential that you should give up candles, indigestible puddings and fried cakes for breakfast, in fact fried food of any kind. Coffee and tea, pickles, cake, rich gravies and the delectable pie must also be put away while you are becoming beautiful on a Milk Diet. Does this seem as if I were asking too much? I think not because in the last fourteen months I have found COMFORT girls, both young and old, extremely sensible. They all want to improve when improvement is needed, and so I think they will be glad to read about this special diet.

There are two ways of taking a Milk Diet, one way you give up eating entirely and live on milk also. The other way you eat one meal a day and the rest of the time take milk. The first is the better way to take the treatment, I think, as your progress is much more rapid.

On an entire milk diet you should gain anywhere from three to six pounds a week and this is good solid, healthy flesh. The average bust development on an entire milk diet is from one half to one inch a week.

Milk is the most easily digested of animal foods. It contains all the ingredients needed for the nourishment of the body, as it furnishes the materials which build the body up and keep it in good repair and also those which supply it with fuel to keep it warm and furnish the animal machine with the power needed to do its work. Milk taken alone makes a better balanced food for mankind than meat, because it contains the different kinds of nutritive ingredients or nutrients, in proportions more nearly adapted to supply the wants of the body than is the case with the nutrients of meat. It may surprise you to learn that by test tube analysis one quart of milk is equal in nutrition to three fourths of a pound of beefsteak.

Now that you know all about the scientific part of milk, I'll start in to give you a milk treatment on paper.

The girl who starts on a Milk Diet, must begin it as soon as she gets up in the morning, by taking a glass of milk every half hour through the day until she has taken her five or six quarts, as the case may be.

An important thing to remember my dears is that the milk must be sipped very slowly if you want to get the best results from the diet. Bear in mind that milk is a food just as much as beefsteak or ham and eggs are and "chew" your milk just as you would chew a piece of bread. Most people take a glass of milk down at one gulp and then go around complaining that milk makes them bilious. Is it any wonder? Suppose you swallowed a quarter of a pound of ham without chewing it don't you think you would hear from it? Milk needs to be held in the mouth until it has become thoroughly mixed with saliva, thus rendering it easy of digestion. If presented to the stomach in its raw state it will form into hard lumps or curds and cause much discomfort.

It may seem next to impossible to take five or six quarts of milk a day but keep right on though your stomach feels full to bursting. The more milk you insist on your stomach taking the more it can take.

The five or six quarts of milk a day treatment is intended for those who are willing to give up eating in order to get well rapidly. The people who find this treatment undesirable or inconvenient, will do well to start on a partial Milk Diet. You begin with a glass of milk the first thing in the morning (no breakfast, you understand) and take a glassful every half hour during the day until you have taken four quarts. If you begin at eight o'clock you should finish your four quarts by three thirty o'clock. This gives you probably three hours in which to get up a good appetite for dinner.

Quite a few of COMFORT girls are employed away from home and so will have to have a special milk treatment given to them. I would advise one quart of milk and some salted crackers for breakfast and a quart of milk for lunch (have a bottle left at the office every day by the dairyman). In the evening, an hour after dinner, begin drinking milk. As you are not restricted to drinking only at the half hours you can easily take a quart before going to bed and possibly two quarts.

The Milk Crisis

Whenever you are troubled with nausea, girls, take courage because this means that your much abused stomach and other digestive organs are getting into a healthy condition and are throwing off the accumulated poisons that they have been too weak to throw off before.

When this crisis begins, stop your milk for a few hours and then begin with a very small quantity. If this agrees with you, increase the quantity every half or three quarters of an hour until you are back to a full glassful.

Which ever you take, continue it until you have accomplished what you wish and then stop when you want to go on taking it—as I do.

There seems to exist quite a little confusion in the mind of "my girls" as to whether I mean sweet milk, boiled milk or buttermilk, when speaking about this Milk Diet. Let me emphasize the fact that it is sweet milk and that it must not be boiled or warmed, as that destroys the nourishing properties. I do not approve of flavoring it with sugar as some have suggested. I advocate a diet of pure milk, without any additions.

The COMFORT girls who live in the country will have no difficulty in getting delicious fresh milk night and morning, but those of us who live in towns and cities, will have to content ourselves with dairy milk. This is what I drink and I flourish on it.

If you are troubled with constipation, you will find that the more milk you take the less trouble you will have with this so-called "constipation", which interpreted, means that the bowels are so shrunken and withered, that a movement becomes difficult. This Milk Diet if persisted in for a while will almost always cure chronic cases of constipation.

If you only take a quart or two of milk each day its action may be binding and I would then advise a mild cathartic. Six prunes soaked in warm water over night and taken the first thing next morning will help you without upsetting your stomach. Drink the prune water and eat the prunes. Another good thing to take for constipation while on a limited milk diet is a half cupful of dry bran each evening, being careful to chew it well.

This Milk Diet I am so enthusiastic about is very efficacious, in cases of nervous prostration, eczema, anemia, insomnia, gout, rheumatism, chronic constipation, diabetes, dyspepsia and intestinal indigestion. In fact all chronic diseases yield to this rational method of treating disease by rebuilding the body, with but one exception.

CAUTION. People afflicted with heart trouble should avoid this treatment unless under the care of a trained nurse, as the Milk Diet increases the quantity of blood and a feeble heart should not be subjected to the strain. This, however, only applies to severe organic heart trouble.

The diet is a boon to people with weak lungs.

If taken before the third stage of this disease has been reached. If you are gaining new pure

blood every day you cannot die of consumption.

If your torn down tissues are being constantly repaired, so that the wasting away has to stop, you cannot die of consumption. Drink milk and be cured.

Take this Milk Diet and become a brand new girl with health and beauty! ! !

Questions and Answers

BY KATHERINE BOOTH.

DEAR UNKNOWN FRIEND:

Do you remember one time you told us to go to our room and take a quiet survey of ourselves, which I did and the result was that I was rather disappointed at myself but by carefully following your advice, today I am more than pleased. I wish I could tell you how thankful I feel towards you. My hair which is dark brown, almost black only when the sun changes it to a golden brown, has grown longer, glossier and falls in loose deep waves and is not nearly as hard to do up neatly as it was. Milk Diet has filled up the hollow places, none of us desire. My arms are plump and no longer marred by superfluous hair. Drinking hot water and taking long walks in the beautiful summer morning, and these golden October days have cleared my complexion, brightened my dark blue eyes and brought the roses of health to my cheeks. These may not seem much to anyone else but to me they may mean a great deal.

Kansas Daisy.—Thank you for your sweet letter. It is pleasant to know that I have helped you so much. To plump hands dampen with warm olive oil and massage with a rotary movement.

A Subscriber.—Thick lips can sometimes be reduced by rubbing with the following: Melt an ounce of good cold cream and add a gram each of pulverized tannin and alkanet chips. Let macerate for five hours then strain through cheesecloth. Have your druggist put this up. The reduction of flesh, will, of course, effect the whole body but not to such a degree that the feet will be reduced so that you can wear a shoe two sizes smaller as your neighbor would like.

Miss E. B., Mrs. M. O. E. and others interested in fat reduction.—There are many ways of reducing fat. I am going to give you a special diet to reduce flesh. It reduces slowly but surely and is not injurious. It is this: Give up eating altogether and live on one and one half to two quarts of milk each day. This is sufficient to keep you nourished but gives no chance for flesh formation. You can eat salted crackers with the milk but nothing more. You will lose from three to four pounds a week on this diet. You cannot reduce your bones.

Mrs. H. S. C., Williamsport.—See reply to Miss E. B. for flesh reduction. As you are troubled with pimples and blackheads avoid rich foods, gravies, candies, etc. Eat fresh vegetables and fruit. Take two glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal. The best thing for you is a sulphur steam bath. Fill a copper vessel with bathing water, put a narrow strip of tin across the bowl on which is a hot saucer containing sulphur. Cover the head with a large towel so the steam cannot escape, hold head over basin, steaming the face thoroughly. Do this three times a week. For blackheads wash the face at night. Cover completely with soap jelly and let remain for ten minutes. Wash off with warm water and massage with skin food. Do this every night until blackheads disappear.

Miss F. W. and others interested in Vaucalre Red for bust development.—Forty grams of simple syrup, ten grams of lactophosphate of lime, ten grams of tincture of fennel, ten grams extract of gallega. Be sure the druggist uses the freshest materials. I see no reason why you cannot obtain the materials at your drug-store. Massaging the bust gently each night with coco butter will also increase bust.

Mrs. M. O. C.—Reduce abdomen and hips by standing erect with arms stretched out straight in front of you. Now bend, keeping knees perfectly rigid, until your finger tips touch floor. Repeat exercise fifteen minutes night and morning. You won't be able to touch the floor the first time but in time you will. See answer to Miss E. B. and others in this column.

Nina.—Massage arms with warm olive oil to plump.

Peaches and Cream.—I do not advise a girl of fifteen attending places of amusement alone with men. There should be some older woman with them. For complexion see Mrs. H. S. C., Williamsport in this column.

Elizabeth H. W. and others interested in getting a good growth of hair.—Wash the hair every three weeks with Castile soap, rinsing it very thoroughly first with hot water and after the soap is all washed out rinse with cold water. At night rub vaseline into the scalp, massaging it gently by placing the tips of the fingers upon each side of the head, pressing firmly and moving the scalp up and down rapidly. Go all over the head this way until the head is all in a glow.

Gray hair: Sulphate of iron, one dram; sulphur, one half dram; tincture of jaborandi, one ounce; extract of rosemary, four drams; rectified spirits, one ounce; glycerine, one ounce; elderflower water one pint. Apply daily until color is restored.

Anxious Lunette and others interested in the Milk Diet.—You can increase your weight and remove stomach troubles by living mostly on milk. Take three to four quarts a day, a glassful at a time, beginning in the morning as soon as you rise, eating your dinner at night. I advise you not drinking either tea or coffee. After a short time you will see a great improvement and wishes to take the milk, try at first one pint, one glass in the morning, one in the middle of the afternoon. After a few days take four glasses, one in the morning, one in the middle of forenoon and middle of afternoon and one at bedtime. This I think you might safely take.

Princess, Mrs. W. and others interested in removing scars and freckles and enlarged pores.—As Princess is seeing the good effects of the Gowland's Lotion on her enlarged pores and the scars all except one scar, I advise keeping up the treatment. Probably this scar is much deeper and requires a longer time.

Formula for Gowland's Lotion: Jordan almonds (blanched) one ounce; bitter almonds, three drams; distilled water, one pint; bichloride of mercury (coarse powder) fifteen grains. Never wet cloth at the mouth of the bottle as this causes the solution to decompose. Pour small quantity of liquid into a saucer and immediately cork the bottle. Apply twice a day letting it dry on the face for a few minutes, then wipe off with a soft cloth.

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Miss Pearl K.—To straighten out your hair switch, which you have gotten so tangled up in washing it: Put a great quantity of vaseline on, saturating it thoroughly and then lay on a flat surface and holding one hand firmly upon it comb at the ends a little at a time, gradually going higher. With patience you can get it combed out.

La Rouge and others who are too thin and who are always chilly.—What you need is a quantity of good red, warm blood and when this is coursing through your veins you will get plump and rosy. Try the Milk Diet. See reply to Anxious Lunette in this column.

Pauline.—If the spot the size of pin which is always red is the only blemish you have, forget it and do not fuss with it. You might do harm. This is nothing to worry about.

Washington and Lincoln.

HENRY C. WORK.
EDITED BY N. CLIFFORD PAGE.

Moderato poco animato.

1. Come, hap - py peo - ple! Oh come, let us tell The sto - ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin - coln; His - to - ry's pa - ges can nev - er ex - cel The
 2. Pa - rents to chil - dren shall tell with de-light The sto - ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin - coln; Free - born and freed - men to - geth - er re - cite The
 3. Tho' on the war - cloud re - cord - ed with steel The sto - ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin - coln; Peace, on - ly Peace, can com - plete - ly re - veal The

sto - ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin - coln. Down thro' the a - ges an an - them shall go, Bear - ing the hon - ors we glad - ly be - stow -
 sto - ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin - coln. Earth's wea - ry bond - men shall lis - ten with cheer, Ty - rants shall trem - ble, and trai - tors shall fear,
 sto - ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin - coln. Thanks to the Lord for the days we be - hold - Thanks for the un - sul - lied flag we un - fold!

Till ev - 'ry na - tion and lan - guage shall know The sto - ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin - coln: Who gave us in - de-pend - ence, On con - ti-nent and sea, Who
 When, in its full - ness of glo - ry, they hear The sto - ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin - coln:
 Thanks that to us, and in our time, was told The sto - ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin - coln:

mf CHORUS.

saved the glo - ri - ous Un - ion! And set a peo - ple free! This is the sto - ry, Oh hap - py are we, The sto - ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin - coln.

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(*My Country, 'Tis of Thee*)

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble tree,
The name I love;
I love thy rocks and hills,
Thy woods and tempests high;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light
Protect us by Thy might
Great God, our King

Just Before the Battle, Mother

Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view—
Comrades brave are round me lying,
Fell with that's of home and God;
For well they know that on the morrow,
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

CHORUS.

Farewell, mother, you may never, you may never,
mother
Press me to your breast again;
But O, you'll not forget me,
Mother, you will not forget me
If I'm number'd with the slain.

Oh, I long to see you, mother,
And the loving ones at home,
But I'll never leave our banner,
I'll in honor I can come.
Tell the traitors, all around you,
That their cruel words we know,
In ev'ry battle kill our soldiers,
By the help they give the foe.

CHORUS.

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight.
Now, may God protect us, mother,
As He ever does the right.
Hear, the "Battle cry of Freedom,"
How it swells upon the air.
Oh, yes, we'll rally round the standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there.

CHORUS.

The Star Spangled Banner

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
glimmering,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
perilous fight.

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
streaming?

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in
air,

Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there.

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the
deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering

steep,

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
beam

In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;

'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh long may it
wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand

Between their loved homes and wild war's desolation;

Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven rescued

land

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a

nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause is just,

And this be our motto,—"In God is our trust!"

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall

wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah, hurrah!

The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,

And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah, hurrah!

To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah, hurrah!

The village lads and lasses say,

With roses they will strew the way,

And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee,

Hurrah, hurrah!

We'll give the herd three times three,

Hurrah, hurrah!

The laurel wreath is ready now

To place upon his loyal brow,

And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,

Hurrah, hurrah!

Their choicest treasures then display,

Hurrah, hurrah!

And let each one perform some part,

To fill with joy the warrior's heart,

And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home.

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At the Mercy of Lincoln

Baby Bunting's Appeal

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY IDA M. BLACK

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"I LOVE you, and will be true to you until death!"

A pair of white arms went about the handsome army officer's neck, and his dark eyes gazed steadfastly into the blue ones that returned his loving glances.

It was a place for lovers—that far, far Southern clime—with the full moon bathing in its white sheen the handsome park which surrounded the stately mansion, where Richmond's first military ball was in full progress, and the young couple who had stolen away for a moment of "sweet silence" together, far from the "madding crowd" of brave officers and fair women.

Lionel Darrell had fallen desperately in love at first sight with Beatrice Fleming, who with her widowed mother and little sister, Baby Bunting, as she was called, had been visiting the wife of one of the officers. It was a true love match and they were perfectly suited to each other, for youth and love were theirs, and youth is strong and love is sweet.

The course of true love had run smoothly with them until Colonel Chadwick met Beatrice. His Southern blood was fired with the girl's dainty, bewitching beauty, and he had sworn to win her at any price.

He was the colonel of Lionel's regiment, and Lionel had good cause to know that he was a man of indomitable will, and that he never gave up anything until he had accomplished his purpose.

The sounds of approaching war were spreading over the land. Abraham Lincoln, that grand man, was holding the reins of government and the black race of oppressed slaves were looking forward to freedom. In war times quick advancements are made to those brave men who do and die for their country. Lionel Darrell was a brave man, and his one ambition was to win a laurel wreath of fame for Beatrice's sake, for he knew the high sense of hero worship she possessed.

The strains of the "Guards' Waltz" floated out on the air, which was filled with the odor of a million flowers. The young lovers were intoxicated with its fragrance, and repeated again and again their vows of eternal fidelity.

Colonel Chadwick had watched unseen the lovers and heard their protestations of love, and again swore that he would part them. He determined then and there to get rid of Beatrice's lover by fair means or foul.

The very next day the opportunity seemed to come for he received word from headquarters that a detachment should be sent at once to capture a nearby fort. It was an exceedingly dangerous expedition, and with malice in his heart, he commanded Lionel Darrell to be one of the detail, under his own leadership.

Colonel Chadwick, although seemingly brave and true to his country, was a spy, in the service of the Confederate army. How he had escaped detection was a marvel, due probably to his remarkable cunning and shrewdness. Lionel Darrell often felt that something was wrong, for his orders so often appeared unreasonable, and very seldom accomplished any good result.



HE KNOCKED HIM SQUARELY IN THE FACE.

All through that long and perilous ride Lionel's mind was filled with thoughts of Beatrice; the memory of her loving, soulful eyes inspired him until he was utterly oblivious of all danger, and, on reaching the fort, forgetting that he was under a superior officer, he scaled the heights, secured the colors, and returned unharmed, the shot and shell, his very recklessness almost paralyzing the movements of the enemy. His bravery inspired his comrades and they rushed eagerly to the fray and captured the fort, even against the wishes and plans of their commanding officer.

He was white with anger when Lionel, flushed with triumph, presented his trophies, and in his ungovernable rage, scarcely knowing what he did, he flung them to the ground, stamping on them in his madness.

He fell with a dull thud, and when his men gathered around to help him up they found that Colonel Chadwick was a corpse, and Lionel Darrell his murderer!

Before Lionel scarcely realized the extent of his calamity he was court-martialed and sentenced to be shot, with a respite of only thirty days.

When Beatrice Fleming heard the tragic news she was heart-broken, nothing could comfort her. Even Baby Bunting's kisses and efforts to cheer her were scarcely noticed, or if so, only made her weep the more. She thought that her lover, so brave, so handsome, so full of love and strength now, in so short a time was doomed to lie in a dishonored grave, almost drove her mad. She had loved him passionately, worshipping his bravery, her ideal had always been a military man, and now it seemed that everything was shattered. Not even his last brave deed would receive the recognition due it, shadowed by this terrible catastrophe.

Utterly depressed, scarcely noticing the outside world, she was startled one morning, after twenty days of the respite had passed, hearing Baby Bunting talking to her dolly, a dolly that had been her inseparable companion ever since Santa had brought it to her on her fifth birthday. She loved it dearly and would not be parted from it day or night.

"You're sorry, Dolly, aren't you, that poor Bee's Lionel is going to be shot? I'm so sorry, too. I wish you and I, Dolly, could go to see Mr. Abraham Lincoln and ask him to not leave the bad soldiers shoot him. I heard mamma say that he could stop them, if he would. I am sure he would if we could ask him, for Topsy told me how good and kind he was to all colored little children, how he keeps the bad men from taking them from their mammas, and I'm sure if he only knew how good my Lionel is and how it makes poor Bee cry, he wouldn't be his bad soldiers shoot him, would he, Dolly?"

The words were like an inspiration. Beatrice Fleming sprang up and clasped the child in her arms.

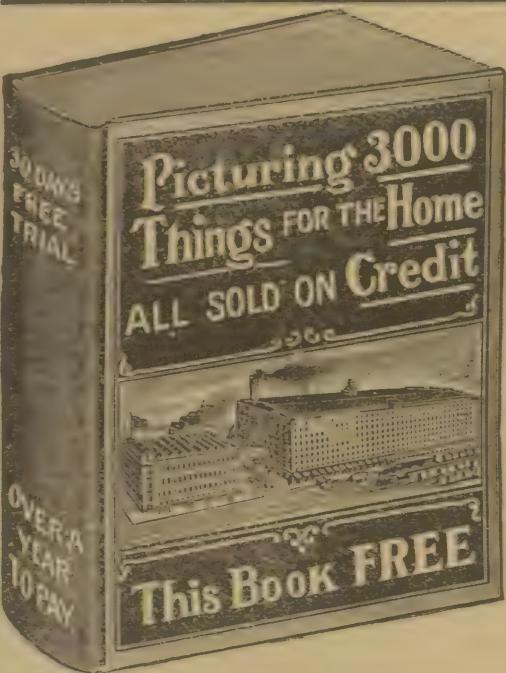
"Thank God, darling, you have given me a ray of hope. You and I will go to see the President. I feel, I know, that God will hear my prayer and how the way to reach his heart. I have heard that he is a man whose heart sympathizes with the troubles of his people, especially Lionel's case will call forth his mercy."

No more distress for Beatrice Fleming. With nervous energy she pleaded with her mother for permission to go with Baby Bunting, who, though full of success, reluctantly consented. Three years after the baby's fatal mistake, she and Beatrice were strolling out of Richmond, on their way to Washington.

It seemed, indeed, that God's hand was leading her, for all the seemingly unsurmountable difficulties melted away, as if by magic. A stranger in Washington, she succeeded in interesting the officials in her story so that they did all in their

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power to gain her an audience with the President, which was a difficult feat, as he had a nation's welfare on his hands, and was the most overworked man in all the land.

Two days after Beatrice's arrival in Washington, she stood before the man whose strength of character, indomitable will, and unceasing energy, had freed his country of its greatest blemish. At sight of his stern face, courage failed her and she burst into a passion of tears. Poor Baby Bunting, still carrying her precious Dolly, tried to comfort her, but Beatrice's nerves had been stretched to such a tension that they were beyond all control.

The President spoke to her in the kindest manner, begging her to try to control herself and to tell him her mission.

Making a desperate effort, she succeeded in controlling her voice and gave him a full account of the sad story.

"Killed his superior officer!" Lincoln slowly shook his head. "This is an unpardonable crime."

"Yes, but dear Mr. President, think of the provocation! Lionel's blood boiled so that he did not know what he was doing when he saw his country's colors, which he loved dearer than life, dishonored in the dust," cried Beatrice, heart-broken. "Lionel never meant to kill Colonel Chadwick, he hit him in the impulse of the moment. Oh, if you only knew how brave and noble he is, how dearly he has loved his country, how he has risked his life for it again and again, I am sure you would be merciful and revoke his sentence."

The President sadly shook his head.

"My dear, I am sorry for you, but just today General Butler telegraphed to me to not interfere with the court-martial of the army, as it destroyed the discipline. If I should free your lover it would set a precedent for other soldiers to treat their officers with disrespect. No, I am sorry, but it is impossible for me to grant your request."

Poor Baby Bunting had listened with open-eyed astonishment to this denial of her sister's agonized appeal, for she had been so sure that all that was necessary to free Lionel was to have the chance to ask the President for his release, and when she saw her, at its close, sink sobbing to the floor, she ran over to the President, holding out her dolly to him.

"Here, you may have Dolly, take her! I love her the very bestest in the world, but you may have her," she cried, in a sobbing voice, "if you will not let the bad soldiers shoot Bee's Lionel. I shall be awful lonely without her," with another sob, "I'll have to cry myself to sleep tonight, I know, and Dolly will cry for me, too. You'll be good to her please, Mr. President, and kiss her when she cries for me. Yes, take her, I'll give her to you, only make Sister Bee happy again."

Sobbingly the child placed the doll in the President's arms.

The grave face, with the kindly eyes, gazed at the pleading child, and something touched his father heart, for taking her in his arms, he kissed her, and placed the doll again in her arms.



"YOU'LL BE GOOD TO HER, PLEASE, MR. PRESIDENT AND KISS HER WHEN SHE CRIES."

"Yes, little sweetheart, we will make sister happy again. You hold Dolly for I am afraid she would not be happy with me; if she would cry for you after you went home, I would not know what to do with her, so I think I will not risk taking her. But you shall have the pardon for the lover of this dear sister, I can't help what Butler says, I can't refuse such a dear little pleader."

Then turning to his desk, he signed a pardon in full for Lionel Darrell, and handing it to the little maiden, said:

"Now, baby, give this to sister, and tell her that Abraham Lincoln never could resist a child who would give up her dearest treasure to make another happy."

Beatrice arose with a glad cry and throwing

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her arms around Baby Bunting, and Dolly too, clasped her to her breast, as she thanked with passionate sobs the greatest example of the Man of Heart that history has yet produced.

How different was their return to Richmond! It seemed like a new world. Never had the sky seemed so blue, nor the grass so green, nor the birds' songs so sweet. How proudly she handed the pardon to the governor, who told her that information had just reached him that proved Colonel Chadwick to be a traitor that richly deserved the fate that had befallen him.

When Lionel Darrell received the news of his pardon, he threw himself upon his knees and thanked God for his release, and vowed renewed allegiance to the cause of so kind-hearted a President.

When the troublous times were over and peace had once again descended, Colonel Darrell, for Lionel by his bravery had been advanced to the head of his regiment, returned to Richmond to claim his bride.

In the month of June when the whole world seemed running over with joy, amid the woodbine and the roses, Lionel led his bride to the altar. Baby Bunting, still carrying Dolly in her arms, only a gloriously radiant dolly in her bridesmaid finery, for Baby insisted that she must be a bridesmaid too, for as she said, "if it had not been for Dolly there could not have been any wedding at all," walked proudly ahead of the happy couple, scattering roses beneath their feet, radiantly happy that "Bee's Lionel" was home again.

As Lionel and Beatrice wandered happily through the interesting Capitol buildings, for they had chosen Washington as the best place in which to spend their honeymoon, Beatrice could not help recalling her last visit, which had so nearly ended disastrously, until Baby Bunting saved the day.

As Lionel and Beatrice wandered happily through the interesting Capitol buildings, for they had chosen Washington as the best place in which to spend their honeymoon, Beatrice could not help recalling her last visit, which had so nearly ended disastrously, until Baby Bunting saved the day.

"How did you learn so much?" Virgie inquired, with some surprise.

"The young gentleman himself came and told me a couple of days ago; he said he considered it his duty to inform me; but, let me tell you, when she learns the fact," Sir William answered, "all unsuspecting that her ladyship had learned the secret at the same time that he was informed of it.

"Does Lillian care for him?" Virgie asked.

"I am afraid she does," was the sober response.

"Poor child," sighed Virgie, regretfully, "and I am really sorry for Lady Linton's disappointment."

"Can you so readily forgive my sister, Virgie?"

"I believe I can, Will; I truly desire the spirit of forgiveness even for the great wrong that she has been guilty of; and, since nothing can ever again mar our trust in each other, I do not wish to cherish bitterness toward anyone. I am truly grieved for Lillian; she is not accountable for her mother's faults, and I have suffered too much in believing another had usurped my place in your heart, not to feel a deep sympathy for her in losing Rupert."

Sir William sighed.

He regretted Lillian's unhappiness too, for he was very fond of her. She was a bright, beautiful girl, and for years had been the light of his home; and he believed, away from her mother's influence, she would make a noble woman. Still it was a matter for rejoicing with him that the young man whom he loved as a son would soon become a son indeed.

Virgie's meeting with her father was quite touching. Her mother had never told her who he was, he had shrunk more and more from the ordeal as the time drew near when it must be revealed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

How Washington Was Saved or Peggy's Midnight Ride

Written for *Comfort* by I. M. B.

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IT was a cold and stormy night, such a blizzard was raging that one could scarcely see a foot ahead, consequently the streets were almost deserted. But the storm did not seem to prevent carriage after carriage rolling up to the stately Shippensburg Mansion, where a reception to the military was in full swing. The house was ablaze with a thousand candles, and within its walls was a scene of warmth and beauty.

All the wealth and beauty of the quaint City of Brothertown had gathered to do honor to the military officers who had made so many friends within its gates. All the bubs were out in full force, vying one with the other, in winning the admiration of the young officers. Fashion had lent all of its fancies to make the scene one of rare brilliancy, while the Continental uniforms of the dashing officers added warmth and color to the scene.

Conspicuous in all that number of brave and handsome officers, Colonel Herbert Graham was the cynosure of all eyes. None so tall nor as distinguished in appearance. His well-knit figure, his piercing black eyes, his clear, olive complexion, his brilliant conversational powers, and, best of all, his magnetism, had made him the lion of the evening.

As he walked through the drawing-rooms, apparently searching for someone, a cloud shadowed his handsome face.

"This is strange!" he murmured to himself, "Peggy surely sent me the signal she would meet me here. I cannot see anyone that resembles her in the least, still there is never any telling in what guise she will appear."

Just then there seemed to be a murmur in the crowd, and Herbert Graham looked in astonishment at the girl who was just entering the room and was being presented to her hostess.

"The Lady Isabel Duncan!" he heard his friend, Mrs. Whitney, who appeared to be her chaperon, say: "I took the liberty of bringing her with me tonight, she is the daughter of my dearest friend, and surprised me completely this afternoon by arriving from London, never even sending me word that she expected to come. I had never met Isabel before, and I shall take great pleasure in having her meet my friends."

He scarcely heard his hostess' polite words of welcome, so confused was his brain.

Was the girl insane? No one but Peggy would attempt such a hazardous game.

A thrill of admiration ran through the room. Of all the beautiful women there, this girl, with her queenly figure, her mass of shining red-gold hair, coiled like a coronet upon her head, her eyes of brown, that danced like diamonds at every passing thought, her pearl-like complexion, with the faintest rose peeping through, seemed little less than a queen, born to command and to be obeyed.

Colonel Graham could scarcely believe his eyes. It surely was Peggy, but how came this transformation?

As she moved through the rooms with her chaperon, all the officers begged for an introduction, and in a short time her dance card was filled.

Graham eagerly watched her, but did not go near her, until he saw her for a moment alone, with the exception of Mrs. Whitney, then walked up to where they were sitting.

"Oh, Colonel Graham," cried Mrs. Whitney, "I am so glad for you to meet Isabel, for I want the daughter of my old friend, Lady Duncan, to see what handsome and fascinating officers we Americans possess. Isabel, allow me to present to you Colonel Graham. The Lady Isabel Duncan, Colonel Graham."



PEGGY FLYING THROUGH THE STORM.

Herbert waited for one gleam of recognition. No, the eyes were as calm, and the voice as cool, as that of a perfect stranger.

I am very happy to meet Colonel Graham. I am sure everything in this charming Quaker City attracts me, even to the military," she murmured, in a voice, limp as music.

"I am glad the Lady Isabel is pleased with our city. May I have the honor of showing her through the conservatory?" asked Colonel Graham, eagerly.

Lady Isabel placed her daintily gloved hand on the arm of the Colonel, and they strolled slowly away from the crowded drawing-room.

"Well, Bert, now what do you think of my ability as an actress? Could your distinguished cousin have acquitted herself any more royally?" cried the Lady Isabel, as they entered a deserted nook in the conservatory, her eyes sparkling like diamonds, and grasping his hands in a convulsive clasp.

"Oh, Peggy, Peggy! You almost take away my breath. How did you ever do it? I always knew that you were the loveliest girl that I had ever seen, but tonight I am nearly dazzled with your brilliancy in this remarkable toilette. Where did you get it? And why this masquerade? I little thought when I used to describe to you my handsome English cousin that you would ever impersonate her. Come, darling, tell me, what does it all mean?"

It means, Bert, that you must pass the lines this very night. I have just heard that General Washington is to be attacked at White Marsh tomorrow at noon, and he must be warned to-night. Will you take the warning for me? I only heard the plot this morning and I tried in every manner to communicate with you, but could not, as I was told that you had gone out on some skirmishing duty. You had told me that you would attend the Shippensburg reception, so I laid my plans accordingly. You had told me so much about the Lady Isabel that I felt that I could easily assume her name, and I knew that Mrs. Whitney had never met her and did not know that you were related to her, so I could easily disprove her. My plans worked like magic. Behold your little Peggy, yesterday your hand lady's daughter, today transformed into a lady of nobility, met by a great amount of presumption and the loan of a friend's ball dress. Now, you understand, will you take the message? We have not a moment to lose."

"Peggy, you are a girl in a thousand!" cried the officer, in admiration. "But, my dear, no message can reach Washington tonight, it is stamping terribly, no man would attempt such a ride at night like this."

"No man!" Perhaps not, but a woman will! I shall take the warning to General Washington myself. An hour from now the Lady Isabel will have disappeared. I wonder what Mrs. Whitney will think when she can discover no traces of her."

"I am sure she will be on the back of Mrs. Firefly, galloping on to save General Washington and his brave soldiers, who are enduring all the hardships of this severe winter."

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AUGUSTA, MAINE, Nov. 19, 1908.

GENTLEMEN:—I tell my friends I would not part with the 1900 Washer for a thousand dollars. It works to perfection; washing my clothes as white and as clean as possible and doing my washing very easily and quickly. It happened the machine came one of the hottest days of the year, and as my wash woman was late that day I thought it was a nice time for me to give it a good trial. I was certainly very happily surprised to find how quickly and easily a large washing could be done without my getting so very tired. Thus I was able to do my washing, hang out my clothes and visit my friends out of the City all in the forenoon. At another time I arrived home at ten o'clock Monday morning and as the woman I had engaged to help me was ill at home, the 1900 Washer again came to my rescue and I was able to get the washing all done before noon. The more my servants use it the better they like it, and we could not keep house without the 1900 Washer. It has saved the price of the machine many times and there is no wear and tear on the clothes washed in this way.

I am voluntarily writing you this letter hoping the means of helping other housekeepers to overcome some of the difficulties and drudgery of wash day, for if they will only TRY the 1900 Washer I know they will always use it, as I find it works just as well washing small linens as it does for heavy wool blankets or bed spreads and table cloths. Hoping you will be able to place a 1900 Washer in every home in the land, I am,

(Signed) MRS. W. H. GANNETT.

Watch the Woman!

Do you think she is really working? Not a bit of it! Yet she is doing a big week's washing. The real work is done by the 1900 Gravity Washer, which makes most of its own motion. The thing that helps to make it go is under the tub.

If women knew what a wonderful help the 1900 Gravity Washer is, not one would be without it. It saves work and worry and doctors' bills. Takes away all the dread and drudgery of wash day. It saves soap, saves wear and tear on the clothes. Never breaks buttons or injures the most delicate fabrics. It certainly does beautiful work.

Send No Money!

The Washer Pays for Itself

We ask no cash in advance—no deposit—no notes. The trial is absolutely free. If you keep it, simply pay us a little each week or each month, out of what it saves for you.

If, after a full month's free trial, you decide not to keep it, simply notify us to send for it. We will take it back without a word of complaint. The trial will not cost you a penny and will not place you under the slightest obligation.

the sentinel that she was on her way to the store! She tried to concoct all sorts of excuses for being out so early in the morning, for it was now nearly four o'clock, and by the time she was stopped with:

"Who goes there?" she had such a plausible story that he allowed her to go on in safety.

With a heart as light as a feather, after this good piece of luck, she urged Firefly on. Faster and faster he flew. Up one hill, and down another, the bitter wind biting her face until she could scarcely stand it. Her hands were so frozen that she could scarcely hold the reins. The further on she rode, the deeper grew the snow, it had drifted in some places so that Firefly could scarcely make his way through. She threw her arms about him and begged him not to fall her.

"Only a little further, Firefly, and we will have saved the day! Just think Firefly, you and I can work for our country, even if we are not men and soldiers!"

Perhaps Firefly understood, for he seemed to make a new effort, and they fairly flew up the road that led to White Marsh.

The dawn was just breaking as Peggy rode into camp.

It was a very different looking Peggy from the Peggy that was the Queen of the Shippensburg reception, posing as the Lady Isabel. With hair unbound, from her wild ride, covered with snow and sleet, her nose almost frozen, red and swollen, tears streaming down her cheeks from the intense pain, and so exhausted from the strain that she could scarcely speak, she begged for an interview with General Washington.

With the luck that had followed her throughout her endeavor, General Washington commanded her to be brought to him immediately. With eager haste, Peggy soon acquainted him with the particulars she had so fortunately obtained. The general was overwhelmed with the magnitude of her bravery, and ordered that she should be given refreshments and a safe escort back to Frankfort, for she insisted on returning at once, so that her mother would not be alarmed by discovering her absence.

General Washington immediately gave orders

How to Wash Without Work

Write for Free Book about the Wonderful Washer that Almost Runs Itself!

This Washer has a whirling motion and moves up and down as it whirs. No paddles or machinery inside. Yet it takes the dirt out so quickly that a tubful is washed in six minutes! Washes anything, from rugs to daintiest laces. Does it better than is done by hand or with any other washer. And actually pays for itself.

Women who have used the Washboard all their lives just rub their eyes in amazement the first time they see a 1900 Washer at work. They exclaim—"Can it be true that it washes clothes clean in six minutes?" They take out the clothes when the six minutes are up, and sure enough they're white and clean, exactly as Mrs. Gannett says. You just ought to write and get one on Free Trial, so you can see for yourself.

Four Weeks' Washings Done FREE! Washers Shipped Everywhere on Trial

We pay the freight. We give you a genuine Free Trial. We don't ask for cash or notes. You get the Gravity Washer just by asking for it. An entire month's use of it (four weekly washings) FREE. This free trial will tell you more than we could in a page of this paper. How it saves backache and arm-ache and perspiring over a steaming tub, rubbing the skin off your fingers. Thousands of women are now using the 1900 Gravity Washer. They tried it first—at our risk. We simply sent the Washer and let it sell itself. Send for the beautiful free book, "Washing in 6 Minutes." This story of the 1900 Washer is of fascinating interest. You should read it. Address: The 1900 Washer Co., 1228 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y. Or, if you live in Canada, send to The Canadian 1900 Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

so that the camp was fully prepared for an attack, and when the British arrived they were able to repulse them with a great loss to the enemy, while if they had been unprepared the loss would have been terrific for the Americans.

Peggy rode home with joy in her heart, made her purchases at the Frankfort store and rode through the British lines unmolested. She did not forget to give Firefly an extra lump of sugar before turning him over to Pat. When May's father heard her story, he shouted "Hurrah! for Firefly and the bravest little girl that ever rode her!"

When the war was over, and General Washington inhabited the White House, Peggy Graham took her new husband to call on the President, and told him how she had tried to persuade Colonel Graham to betray his country for love of her. She confessed then and there, that his refusal for honor's sake had made her determined that if she ever married, he should be the man.

Colonel Graham took his bride across the seas, and proudly introduced her to the Lady Isabel Duncan. Many a laugh was given, as he repeated the story of that fateful masquerade, which was a means to an end in saving the life of the Father of his Country.

Something About the 1900 Washer

It is rather out of the custom for the Editor or Publisher to personally endorse any article advertised in *COMFORT*'s columns, but we want to call attention to the following letter from Mrs. W. H. Gannett, the wife of the Publisher of *COMFORT*, written to the 1900 Washer Company, Binghamton, N. Y. Mrs. Gannett felt so delighted and is so enthusiastic over her Washing Machine that she thought she must write to the manufacturers all about what a nice time she was having doing her own washing with this wonderful invention of theirs. As Mrs. Gannett was a farmer's daughter and has done many a washing with her own hands, she is well aware of the drudgery and hard work the poor overworked wife, mother or daughters have to get through their wash days each week, and she feels the 1900 Washer is one of the great inventions of the century.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, Nov. 19, 1908.

THE 1900 WASHER Co., Binghamton, N. Y. GENTLEMEN:—I tell my friends I would not part with the 1900 Washer for a thousand dollars. It works to perfection; washing my clothes as white and as clean as possible and doing my washing very easily and quickly. It happened the machine came one of the hottest days of the year, and as my wash woman was late that day I thought it was a nice time for me to give it a good trial. I was certainly very happily surprised to find how quickly and easily a large washing could be done without my getting so very tired. Thus I was able to do my washing, hang out my clothes and visit my friends out of the City all in the forenoon. At another time I arrived home at ten o'clock Monday morning and as the woman I had engaged to help me was ill at home, the 1900 Washer again came to my rescue and I was able to get the washing all done before noon. The more my servants use it the better they like it, and we could not keep house without the 1900 Washer. It has saved the price of the machine many times and there is no wear and tear on the clothes washed in this way.

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(Signed) MRS. W. H. GANNETT.

Did You Find It?

Well, if you didn't find it, never mind it. But if you did find it, TAKE CARE.

FIND WHAT?

Why, that pale yellow thing, you know. That buff Envelope Folder Subscription Blank.

If you found it last month wrapped inside your *JANUARY COMFORT*, it means business. It means that your subscription has expired, and that if you have not renewed your subscription, this February number is surely your last.

Hunt it up, fill it out, put in a quarter and send it now for a two year's renewal at our low rate good only for renewals by old subscribers, before the price goes up. If you received one and have lost it, use the following subscription coupon. Do it now or

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BUCKBEE'S BIG SEED CATALOGUE.

We wish that every reader of ours would send for a copy of Buckbee's Big Seed and Plant Guide for 1909. It is replete with good illustrations showing many vegetables and flowers in their true and natural colors. This book contains a vast fund of information of especial value to buyers of seeds, plants and bulbs. The Buckbee advertisement appears in this issue of *COMFORT*. Page 10. H. W. Buckbee, Farm 12, Rockford, Ill.

A Speckled Bird

BY MRS. AUGUSTA J. EVANS WILSON.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Egbert Maurice, a Confederate general, dies, leaving a wife and daughter, Marcia. At seventeen, Marcia meets Allison Kent, who has had a clandestine marriage.

Mrs. Maurice is called from Europe by the death of her overseer, Robert Mitchell, whose wife, Eliza, is sheltered by Mrs. Maurice. Loving Marcia, Eliza intercedes with a letter. It remained unanswered. Dr. Eggleston and Bishop Vivian plead for Marcia. The latter gives Mrs. Maurice a letter. Marcia is dying, and he asks the mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the word, "Come." Marcia Kent is brought home. Three days later she dies in her mother's arms, and Egbert Kent is given to the care of the foster-mother, Eliza.

Noel Herrriott visits Mrs. Maurice and brings papers announcing Judge Kent's marriage to his stepmother, Mrs. Nina Herrriott. Noel Herrriott will be friendly with Egbert. She only wants her father. Eliza is awakened from a sound sleep by Egbert, "Marcia." They enter the memorial chamber where Mrs. Maurice sits in the silence that death consecrates. Eliza guards Egbert. Two years later Mrs. Kent is suddenly killed. "Father" Temple, cousin to Judge Kent, invites Noel Herrriott to Calvary House. He inquires of Egbert and her religious tendencies. Noel advises him to let the child pick her own way to peace.

The rector of St. Hyacinth's is called away and Father Temple explains his presence. Leighton Dane, a boy soloist, held spellbound by Father Temple's magnetic voice, asks if he may leave the words he speaks. The boy passes two hyacinths to the Father, who reproaches him for touching sacred gifts. The boy admits he brings them for his mother.

A soloist and tenor follow. Egbert recognizes in a case but the soloist of St. Hyacinth's. His mother, Mrs. Nona Dane, has the glove counter at—Fourteenth Street.

Noel and Egbert drive to a department store. Egbert makes the desired purchase. It is part of the business to fit the gloves, but the woman's repellent bearing proclaims all intercourse is restricted to the business of the counter, and the wish to mention the chorister of St. Hyacinth's is extinguished. Noel learns Mrs. Dane's history. She is an avowed socialist of the extreme type.

A note is left and the menace to Judge Kent's peace of mind is discovered. Noel Herrriott offers to Egbert the unshared love of his life. She trusts and admires him but will marry no one. Noel Herrriott shows Father Temple drawings. He is deeply affected, and the hour of his humiliation comes when he tells the sad story of his life. Noel Herrriott calls to see Leighton Dane, and asks to take the boy to ride. His mother refuses all help. Egbert realizes her father's restlessness and her bitter disappointment comes when she learns from strangers his determination to resign his seafarorship.

Father Temple visits Mrs. Dane. He finds in her his long lost wife. She refuses all pleadings to aid her in the love of caring for his boy. The law frees her; she is not his wife. Leighton begs for his father, who recognizes no validity in divorce. Egbert's father watches impatiently for the announcement of her acceptance of Father Temple.

Egbert questions Noel why her father resigns the sea. Father Vernon baptizes his boy. He begs to be carried where the daisies grow. Suddenly the boy cries: "The gates of heaven! Mother, mother!" Beside the body of his dead boy Vernon again asks his wife's forgiveness. She cannot forget and requests to be alone with her dead.

The barrier between Judge Kent and his daughter strengthens with Egbert's assurance that Mr. Herrriott will not ask her the second time to marry him; she begs for the old place in her father's heart. Defiance he never forgives. Until she comes to an appreciation of his wishes, she can expect only the courtesies one cannot avoid. Egbert goes to walk. Herrriott finds her in the old Greco-Roman theater at Aix-les-Bains and he realizes an undisguised annoyance by his presence. Mrs. Mitchell asks Herrriott to explain the cause of Judge Kent's secretiveness. She cannot see Egbert break her heart over his selfishness.

In a street strike Mrs. Dane is seriously injured. Father Temple takes her to a hospital. Dying she forgives everything. Egbert and her father return to Nutwood, Mrs. Maurice's old home. Mr. Whitfield continues his stewardship. Judge Kent is called away. He refuses an explanation and Egbert fronts the world with calm defiance. She learns from a newspaper clipping the cause of her father's resignation.

Father Temple tries to dissuade Mr. Herrriott from his proposed Polar trip. Egbert receives and reads a letter from Mrs. St. Clair concerning Mr. Herrriott's future plans. Egbert hears footfalls, and her father's voice, "Egbert will be home soon." Herrriott is glad to talk in her absence. Judge Kent knows the deplorable matter to which he refers. Duncan Keith dying exacts an oath from Herrriott, that he take a box to his boy when he is twenty-one—the proof of his innocence is in it. Judge Kent knows it will disgrace him and break Egbert's heart. She listens numb with shame, she will secure it at any cost. She meets Noel and begs him not to leave her. If he goes it breaks her heart. If he must go will he take her with him. They can be married at night. They board the train. There is only one proof that will convince her she is first in his heart. Give to her the box of papers that will incriminate her father. He refuses and she admits her object in marrying. She cannot get possession of what she purchases. She has no papers and no wife. He requests the ring. Will she allow him to throw it away? He has no right to let it be. He places it back; it is the badge of her loyalty, not his. Nothing avails to abate the range of his disappointment.

Noel receives a telegram announcing Duncan Keith's death and her father's shame is shielded. Judge Kent receives a telegram requesting him to meet Egbert at Philadelphia. Mr. Herrriott takes Egbert to his old home, Amos Lee meets them at the door. Going to Noel's room, Egbert realizes for years he has been entirely hers. She begs for one word of forgiveness—he shall never be out of her life.

Egbert returns to her home. Her father avoids all mention of Herrriott, except to rail at the imbecility of Arctic explorers. Egbert receives a parcel from her husband and a note without any address. His words sting her. Mrs. Mitchell refuses to believe she wronged him. Egbert notices the frequency with which her father falls asleep. He is stricken with paralysis. Recovering a little he asks Egbert to remember that no other man ever had such a daughter and how precious she is. Judge Kent dies and Egbert carries his body to his native State in New England.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I HAVE LOVED HER SINCE SHE WAS TEN YEARS OLD."

ITS alliterative jingle had probably commanded Dairy Dingle to Marcia Maurice when she selected a name for the new home of the overseer, Robert Mitchell. Here he brought his bride from Nutwood, where she had lived since her father's death on the battle field. A Federal cavalry raid, intended specially for the looting of Y— and the destruction of its factories, had loitered too long at Willow Bend plantation, and finding Confederate squads in the pursuit, the Union troops were forced to retreat, after burning every building in sight except the cabins of the Negroes. General Maurice loved the rambling, airy, old-fashioned dairy home where he was born, and here he quickly began his family to spend Christmas, and make greeting holiday for his numerous states. After the raid only rock chimneys stood as mounds, masonry pillars, and a vestige of gardens, of trees, sheaves, or stables was visible. At a hard gait the fleeing troops passed an adjacent grist mill which supplied several plantations with meal, and praised by the master as "the best in the state." A pile of sawdust, the salt in a saltbox, extinguished the flames, and provided a sufficient wad to stuff the gunpowder. He sought the contributions to the gunpowder. Next the old red mill Mrs. Maurice built a house for her overseer, and after Dingle's marriage to her, and the adjoining fifty acres of old land to the young wife. It was a small, square, two-story house, with four rooms, broad low-pitched gables, and wide hall running through the middle. Within the rear gallery stood a large piano, the piano led to the kitchen and dining room. On the left, at a sudden dip of the land, and about a hundred yards distant, stood a long house, or stone dairy, a low structure, built over a small stream running from the head spring to the outfall of the creek, a few feet above, and falling into the creek, about the distance.

A few days after the raid, the center of the dairy land was covered with rock, and here, winter and summer, the milk bowls and butter jars stood in water rippling against their sides. While General Maurice lived, he kept only his Jersey herd at Nutwood, but at Willow Bend his

The Hero of Snake River
The Story of a Soldier Boy Who Failed to do Two Men's Duty

By Fred F. Fitch

Copyright, 1902, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

THROUGHOUT the long, hot day, the army in blue had swung along the dusty turnpike. Before sunup the advance guard had rested upon the cool, verdant bank of the Snake River. Since then thousands of blue-clad men had defied the torrid sun and choking dust; and now, in the grateful fading twilight, the ragged hills still vomited forth long files of sweating, swearing men.

But for the hum of voices, the evening silence was broken only by the rumbling of heavy caissons, the rattling of accoutrements, and the ponderous tread of the marching host, with an occasional call from a startled catbird, or the melancholy hoot of some vigilant owl, lurking in the fringe of woods along the river bank.

Although the shelter tents had risen, and their shadowy outlines, together with myriads of glimmering fires, told the late comers that the bivouac was at hand. The rear of the line, swinging into place, passed a file of infantry, headed in the opposite direction—the pickets going on duty. For, since early morning the river bank had been sentinelized. It was rumored that "Jeb" Stuart's corps lay across the stream, awaiting engagement with the Union army.

As the night lengthened the cloudless sky sparkled with blinking stars, the fires flickered and died, and deep silence fell upon the slumbering camp. Occasionally came a night-bird's call, or the echo of a desultory shot far in the rear. From the hills on either side of the rushing stream flashed signal lights, now rising and falling, now circling and twisting; spelling their messages of the night.

And along the wood-fringed river the pickets paced, conversing in low, guarded tones when they met, and lapsing into meditative silence when they turned. These men were of the Third Maine Infantry, one of the last regiments to arrive, and their personnel embraced men of every age, gray-beards marching shoulder to shoulder with beardless boys. But in each and everyone, old and young, throbbed the quick pulse of patriotism.

On the picket line this night tramped Jimmy Wood. He had lied unflinchingly, with never a tremor of his full red lips, or telltale quiver of heavy lashed lid, and so the enlistment record showed his age as eighteen years, instead of sixteen as it really was. But he was large for his age, and apparently strong. And thus far he had

The excitement of the day had caused Jimmy Wood to forget that he had not slept for nearly forty-eight hours, but now, in the tranquil twilight, his overstrained senses suddenly succumbed. He marched with the regiment back to camp, but he stepped out mechanically, already half asleep.

In the shelter of a friendly tent he suddenly collapsed, gun in hand and fully accoutred. There he slept, oblivious to everything, his taxed nerves drawing grateful relief from his heavy slumber. How long he slept he could not tell, but the stars were twinkling brightly and the moon was riding high when he struggled back to consciousness, under the stimulus of prolonged and persistent shaking.

"Jimmy." He recognized the tremulous voice of Arthur Dix, a boy like himself, whose immature years had marked him out as a chum from among the older men. Jimmy remembered now that the boy had looked wan and pale throughout the long, hot day, and wondered drowsily why he was not asleep with the rest.

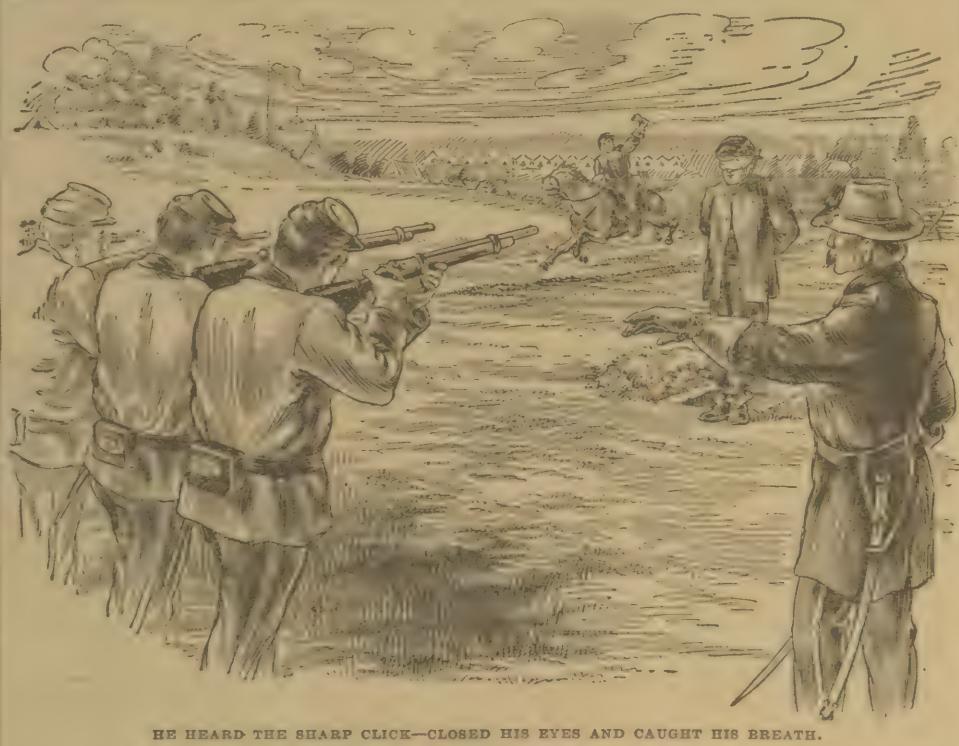
"Are you awake?" the boy asked brokenly. "Oh, Jimmy," he complained weakly, "I'm so sick, and I'm ordered on picket duty. Jimmy, I can't go. I can't," and he fell to sobbing.

Jimmy Wood, now fully awake, placed his arm affectionately about the weeping boy's shoulders. "There, Arthur," he said soothingly, "you go and turn in. I'll relieve you. It's all right. I've had a good sleep, and I'm all right again."

And as the squad came by he slipped quietly into place, and again took his position in the picket line on the bank of Snake River. He was now wide awake and alert. But as he paced the hours away, weariness again stole upon him. His overtaxed body cried insistently for rest, and once or twice he found himself nodding. To keep awake he tried various devices. He realized that if he would ward off the seductive drowsiness he must keep his mind alert, and with an effort he centered his wandering thoughts. Tenaciously he recalled the contents of his mother's last letter, which, rumpled and soiled, in his blouse pocket lay close to his heart.

She was so pained, she wrote, that he should have left home without saying good by. It was lonely now and she missed her dear boy very much. But since he had taken the step, she wanted him to do his full duty. He was young and could probably not accomplish much, but he must do what he could. If he came home to her unscathed, she said, she would be grateful to God for his safe return, but he must not shirk his duty, even at cost of his precious life.

On the picket line this night tramped Jimmy Wood. He had lied unflinchingly, with never a tremor of his full red lips, or telltale quiver of heavy lashed lid, and so the enlistment record showed his age as eighteen years, instead of sixteen as it really was. But he was large for his age, and apparently strong. And thus far he had



HE HEARD THE SHARP CLICK—CLOSED HIS EYES AND CAUGHT HIS BREATH.

borne the rigors and hardships of war with stoic and boyish indifference.

But the long, hot march had left its trace, and the warm, seductive Southern night, with the soft whisper of the trees and the soothing murmur of the stream, lulled his drowsy senses like some powerful narcotic. Several times he nodded. But each time his duty confronted him and brought him back to wakefulness. He knew well the need of keeping the picket line intact.

A bare three hundred yards of shallow water lay between the sleeping army and possible destruction. If, as was rumored, the opposite wooded shore sheltered Confederate troops, then the danger was manifold. A single misstep, and the rebel horde would pour in upon them. Again, to sleep on duty meant death. He shuddered at the grim thought. To die gloriously in battle was one thing; to be shot down ignominiously by his own comrades, was quite another.

His path lay close to the river's brink, and on his next return he laid down his gun, removed his coat, and rolling the sleeves of his heavy flannel shirt high above his elbows, plunged his arms into the cool water, afterward laying his heavy eyes and hot face. Thus refreshed, he again took up his gun and resumed his measured march up and down the river bank.

He now found it less difficult to keep awake, and once or twice his vigilant eyes caught a quick flash of light in the dense thicket across the stream. His senses quickened and drowsiness left him. Throughout the long, peaceful night there came no overt move, but toward morning, when the first streamers reddened the eastern sky, he caught fleeting flashes of butternut uniforms through the trees on the opposite bank.

"Private Wood, you are under arrest."

Then he awoke to full realization of his offense. He had slept on duty—and the penalty was death. His hand stole into the pocket of his blouse and closed upon his mother's letter.

Remorse and shame overwhelmed him and blinding tears filled his eyes. And as they led him relentlessly away, someone remarked pitifully:

"Poor kid."

* * * * *

The court-martial was in session, and about the headquarters' tent pitying men loafed, hoping against hope that the boy's youth would save him. Said Corporal Tucker dubiously:

"I'm afraid for the boy. There's been a lot of sniping lately, and the Colonel's furious. You know that someone bungled when the rebels slipped through on us at Sandy Crossing. The Colonel swore then that he'd make an example of the first one caught asleep on duty, and I'm afraid that the poor lad will be the one to suffer."

And when finally the tent flap was thrown sharply back, the waiting men read the verdict in the orderly's grave, set face.

"GUILTY!" The word spread through the anxious camp. Men cursed beneath their breath, and among the boy's comrades was many a glistening eye.

And Jimmy Wood, white-faced and heart-sick,

marching between two files of muskets, thought that he read in the averted faces about him aversion and sullen satisfaction. Poor boy, his conscience blinded him to the sympathy that lurked beneath the downcast glances of his comrades, and in their attitude he could see nothing but a reflection of his own soul-torturing accusations.

Once in the guard tent, he threw himself upon the ground in an agony of weeping. "Tomorrow at dawn" the adjutant had said. He was to die in the morning—not gloriously, in battle, with his face to the enemy, but like a dog. Cast down by his comrades. Already, in fancy, he saw

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the file of leveled muskets; saw himself facing them, blindfolded, with ears strained for the fatal word.

Poor little Jimmy Wood! No longer the valorous, light-hearted soldier; only a broken-hearted, frightened boy. He threw his hands before his eyes to shut out the terrible picture, and his agony culminated in one despairing heart-sick cry:

"Mother, dear mother, why did I leave you?"

And the bearded Sergeant on guard drew his hand swiftly across his eyes, and swore silently and deeply.

As the day drew on the boy became calmer, with a numb, hopeless indifference. He was facing death, and already he seemed apart from life. The world seemed to be slipping away from him. And through the long, terrible night he lay there on the bare earth, thinking, not of the ordeal awaiting him, but of the ignominy into which he had been so suddenly and unwittingly plunged.

And when they came for him, in the cold gray dawn, he breathed a silent prayer of thanksgiving that the long vigil was ended and the suspense would soon be over. He moved as in a dream, calm and deliberate, dominated by that terrible numbness. When they stood him at the head of the open grave, freshly dug, and bound his hands and bandaged his eyes, even then the apathy held him.

Through the tense silence he heard distinctly the low-voiced order and the rustle of preparation as the muzzles of many muskets were brought to bear. Then he heard the sharp click of many locks, and he closed his eyes and caught his breath quickly, awaiting the fatal word. Then, suddenly the bandage was stripped from his eyes, and a dim, faraway voice cried excitedly:

"A reprieve! Jimmy, a reprieve!"

Corporal Tucker caught the boy as he swayed forward and crumpled. He lifted him in his strong arms and laid him tenderly upon the ground.

"Thank God it came in time," he said fervently. * * * * *

In Washington at the White House, an anxious mother waited in an ante-room. Presently the President's secretary entered and crossed quickly to where she sat.

"It's all right, Mrs. Wood," he said kindly. "The dispatch reached him in time. He should be here tomorrow—if nothing happens," he qualified, hastening to add: "You see, in time of war the trains are not always on schedule time. He'll get here all right," he assured her, "and the President wishes to see him upon his arrival." He accompanied her to the door and ceremoniously bowed her out.

And accordingly

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

managers would not seek to get you drunk for the simple reason that there would be no profit in it for them, as there is now. Our crazy competitive system drives thousands of people into the saloon business, and thousands of others into the drink habit. While the government owning things would have the opposite effect.

The over work of mothers in factories and sweat shops is a very hot bed of drunkenness for generations to come.

That great and grand woman, Frances E. Willard, said—mark her words well: "I have said over and over again that poverty was caused by intemperance, now I say after twenty-one years of study and observation, that intemperance is caused by poverty."

Now uncle, as long as there is a profit in liquor, local option will not stop its sale. Take Georgia for instance, they have local option and Tennessee liquor firms are getting rich from the orders they receive from those local option counties. I say, let us stop the profit, then we will stop the liquor, as there will be no saloons when the profit is cut out. In this town we have a dozen or more saloons and our young men and young women are there drinking at the bar. Now if we take the profit out of the saloon, it would stop drinking; it would stop two thirds of the crimes that are committed, it would make better fathers, better mothers and above all, better citizens and when we have good citizens we have less liquor drinking going on about us. Now cousins, let's us vote down with profits, it's better than local option, as that does not keep out the liquor.

A. T. MCELROY.

Mac, there is much food for thought in your excellent letter, and I wish more would write such letters as yours. The liquor habit is a dire and awful curse, and any plan for either controlling, or abolishing it is well worthy of consideration. Personally I dislike to discuss the matter, for if you suggest any plan except that advocated by the prohibitionists, you might as well go and engage a seat in a graveyard at once. That noble and glorious man, the late Bishop Horatio Potter, dared to attempt to reform the saloons in New York, knowing that it was not in his power to abolish them, and knowing too full well, that as far as New York was concerned, they would not be abolished for a number of years at least. He tried to humanize the saloon, tried to abolish all its worst and most dangerous features. He tried to replace food with drink, hid the beer and whiskey out of sight, and put the coffee and soft drinks under the noses of the thirsty. The plan had already been tried in Europe with great success. It is the only plan that will ever sober up that nation of drunks, the British. Bishop Potter was a broad-minded man, one of the saints of the earth, but his plans and ideas were not approved of by the saloon abolitionists, and they simply fell on Bishop Potter, and literally tore him to pieces, because his methods were not their methods, and if I approve of your method, Mac, I would get torn to pieces until there was not enough of me left to cover a three-cent piece. Just as you say, the saloon-keeper is in the business for the profit he can make out of it. If he had to pay ten cents for a drink of whiskey, and sell it at ten cents, or go to jail if he charged any more for it, he would not be in the business very long. People usually only engage in such pursuits as bring them profit. There is not a saloon in the country that would keep open for the fun of it. As the saying is, people do not go into business for their health. When it comes to prohibiting things by law we need to be very careful. In Germany, the people drink their beer from the cradle to the grave, and would fight to the death rather than give it up. They don't want to get drunk on it. The majority don't drink it for the sake of the alcohol in it, they like it for its palatable qualities, and I presume there are millions of them who drink it all to themselves, and for that matter any particular good. The trouble is, however, that to every three or four who can drink a light beer moderately, there is one jackass who is weak by nature, and who is going to make a beast of himself and go to a drunkard's grave, ruining possibly half a dozen other lives in his downward

course. It is the ruin wrought by these drunks upon themselves and their families, that has brought about the prohibition movement, and made its members fight liquor as they would smallpox or any other deadly disease. Those who can drink moderately, and there are millions who can (this is where I will catch it) must and should be willing to give up the enjoyment they get from a bottle of beer at meal-times or an occasional glass of California wine, in order that their weaker brother may be saved from ruin. Personally, if I were a drinking man, which I am not and never was, I would gladly sacrifice anything, any pleasure, if it could save my brothers or sisters from temptation and ruin. Life is a stewardship, the dollars we have, the bodies we have, the talents we have, everything we possess, should never be regarded as entirely our own, but held for the general good of society. Service is the weekday, workday religion of the future, and service entails sacrifice. If drunkenness could only be abolished by the abolition of the liquor traffic then abolish it, for no nation can ever realize itself, in a Godlike ideal, when it is sober one end and drunk the other, any more than this nation can go on existing as it does at present, with tramps one end, and millionaires the other. (You remember Abraham Lincoln said that no nation that was half slave, and half free could continue to be a nation.) The only trouble about the prohibition principle is, that it is liable to be carried to such an extreme that there will be little personal liberty left. After rum has been abolished, there will be a movement to abolish tea and coffee, for there are already tea and coffee drunkards galore. I know a raw meat crank, who would like to arrest and imprison for life every man who ate cooked meat, and I know several vegetarian cranks, who would imprison, nay actually shoot down all those who ate meat of any kind. Whatever ideas we may have on either eating or drinking, never let them interfere or cloud our judgment or impair our fairness of vision and broadness of mind. Government abolition of the profit system on liquor would automatically abolish the business, then the government would not need to own the saloons, as no one would engage in an unprofitable business. Personally, I wish the government owned everything; railroads, mines, factories and everything else, then we could all have what we are all looking for, a government job, and there would be no more worry, no more poverty, and when you abolish poverty and worry, you abolish crime and make men care free, happy and contented, and mighty few of them would have any desire for liquor. Rich men and care-free men do dissipate and drink, but if the government were running everything, there would be no idle rich, neither tramps, nor millionaires. Poor humanity has never had a chance yet. As I have often said, we are but veneered savages at present. Man's genius will abolish practically all human ills, and make every man what he should be, thoroughly Godlike, for it was in the image of God that we were created, and when we have risen to higher and nobler things as we shall, we shall become Godlike again, and then there will be no need for prohibition laws, nor for whiskey either, for men will neither need the restraint of the one, nor the stimulation of the other.

LEONARD, R. D. 2, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:

Here comes another girl from the Sunny South. I am fourteen years old, am five feet three inches tall, weigh one hundred pounds, have light hair and blue eyes. I live three miles from Leonard, a thriving little town of one thousand and six hundred inhabitants. It is situated on the M. K. & T. R. R. We are very lonely at present. Our father is in Grandfield, Okla., buying cotton for the Okla. Gin Co. Perhaps some of the cousins have met him that live in the West.

Uncle Charlie do you like music? I do. I have a sister that can play the mandolin and I accompany her on the guitar. We have some nice music. I have a brother that is a fine bass singer, and a little brother six years old that can sing bass, alto and tenor. How many of the cousins like to go to Sunday school?

I do. I haven't missed a Sunday this year. We take the COMFORT and like it better than any paper we take.

Well, I will close, hoping you will print this for me. From your affectionate niece and cousin.

as I had a man yesterday to lay in the coal for me, and then too, I am laying for a man who owes me thirty-seven cents, and so after all you see, our chicken coop is a paying proposition from a poultry fancier's point of view. Billy the Goat is also under the impression that he comes under the head of poultry, as just at present he is laying for Toby. I trust that these few facts about the construction and management of my chicken coop, will be of interest to you and the cousins generally.

EARL

I feel sure it is beneficial to all of us cousins to be members of the League; it helps us to be better boys and girls in more ways than one. There are about twelve or fifteen girls in my class in Sunday school and I'm going to try to get everyone to join C. L. O. C. Uncle Charlie, I like to read the cousins' letters and your witty replies. I read your story of your life in the Jubilee number and I just laughed and yelled like one of our blanket-Indians, and then I read the true story of your life by Mr. Gannett, and I cried and felt so sorry. I thank you, dear Uncle Charlie, for your patience, your kindness, and your heartful sympathy for suffering humanity.

I am a blonde, five feet and two inches tall, weigh one hundred and thirteen pounds and am twenty-one years old. Most people judge me to be about sixteen. I like books and music, but can't play on any instrument. I have lived most of my life in Oklahoma and Texas, and had rather live in the western country than the eastern. I live at the capital of the panhandle section. The Osage are the wealthiest tribe of Indians in the world, and Pawhuska is the richest town in proportion to its size. The Indians are an interesting nationality and some time I will write a letter containing a full description of them.

I would like to correspond with any of the Montana, Wyoming, Arizona or New Mexico cousins and especially Montana, as I intend to go up there in the spring time.

Love to you and all the cousins. I am, your loving niece.

PEARL GILLILAND. (No. 25,859.)

Thank you, Pearl, for your kind remarks about myself. I am sorry you cannot play on any instrument, but remember, even if you cannot play on any instrument, you can always play on the floor. If you cannot play on the floor,

you might achieve distinction by playing on the roof, you can get some beautiful music from a tin roof if you swat it good and hard without intermission for a few weeks. There was one little incident in my early career that I forgot to tell you about in the November issue, so I will tell you now. I was once paying a piratical visit to a neighboring peach orchard. I had climbed up a tree and was busy collecting peaches when the farmer came up and said: "Ah, you little thief so you are the one who has been stealing my peaches, eh?" I said, "No Boss, I never stole a peach in my life." "Well," said the farmer, "what are you doing up that tree?" "Well Boss," said I, "it is like this. There was a wind storm just now, and it blew a lot of peaches off the tree, and I am up in the tree sticking them on again." Now I think that was a pretty neat explanation, and it tickled the old man so that he tore the tree up by the roots and handed it to me as a souvenir. You say it is a great thing to have imagination, and it is a greater thing still to have peaches. I will say, Pearl, if I ever should select a peach in Oklahoma, I should select you. The peaches growing on the human tree have all the other peaches skinned to a finish. Girl peaches bloom all the year round and the crop is never disappointing.

PLYMOUTH, NEB.

HELLO UNCLE CHARLIE:

I've been reading COMFORT since I was a small child. I am especially delighted with your corner. I am an Oklahoma girl, I have thought for sometime of writing you but have neglected as I thought your corner was for young folks only. (How foolish—Uncle Charlie.) I saw Mrs. W. W. Hunt's photo, so I thought I would write, too. I am a young married woman, with but very little experience in the line of household duties as I was the youngest of our family and very badly spoiled at that. I am full of fun, have lots of company, and go about lots, have a good time and have lots of friends. I am very youthful in my manner, nobody guesses me to be over eighteen, I have had quite a time learning to do and manage housework. I, or rather we, came to Nebraska after we were married one year, and that year I staid with mamma, so I knew no more than (CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

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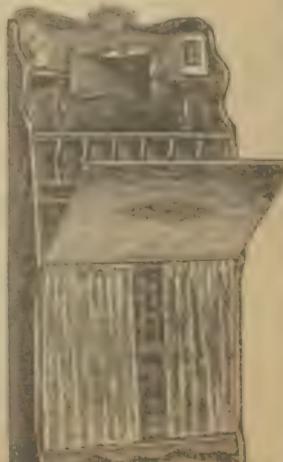
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The Conquered Victorious

A Romance of the Blue and Gray

By Constance Beatrice Willard

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THE note of a mocking bird broke the stillness of the magnolia-scented evening air. Then came a man's voice, low, but intense, and surcharged with pleading. The man in the branches of the great magnolia tree, sheltered by its big, polished leaves, and almost stifled with the heavy perfume of the blossoms tried not to hear the words not intended for his ears. Again came the note of the mocking bird, and then a woman's voice, frightened with pain, and something very like fear.

"I cannot, Captain." It said quickly.

"But you must Miss Georgiana, I will not take no for a reply," and the man's voice held a threat.

"Will often has to yield to must," came in the woman's voice, and the man in the magnolia tree recognized the soft drawl of Georgia.

"It shall not in this case," cried the man, his voice rising and seeming to shatter the lovely fragrance of the still night air. "I love you, and I am going to make you my wife."

"Captain Lewis I feel that such a proposition from you is nothing less than disgraceful. Do you think I forget Katherine Fanshawe," and the woman's voice was filled with scorn. "You married her, and she is your wife."

Then the captain's voice broke forth in indignant denial. He had not married her, the marriage had been a mock one, he pleaded, but his words were cut short in indignant scorn.

"And you think that will alter the fact that you are insulting me?" she demanded. "Take your hand off my arm. Captain Lewis, I appeal to your chivalry," and her voice ended in a sob. It was more than the man in the magnolia tree could stand. He knew fully his peril, but he did not hesitate. The courage that had caused his promotion from Second Lieutenant to Lieutenant and Captain could not brook any insult towards a woman, and his bravery had not been quenched by three months in Andersonville, either. Silently he dropped from his lofty perch to the floor of the broad veranda, and said coldly:

"I'll trouble you Captain Lewis to answer to me for this insult to a lady," and both turned towards the man who stood entirely in the shadow, while they were revealed by the light from the French windows.

"Who are you?" demanded the Confederate officer.

"One who respects the wishes of a lady," returned the other. Then, with a pleasant "By your leave, Madam?" he caught the offending officer by the collar and literally threw him from the veranda, following himself and administering a series of well-planted kicks that finally landed the Confederate in the highway. Then the stranger disappeared, and neither Captain Lewis of Company H, 123rd C. F. S. Cavalry, nor Georgiana Vignette knew to whom they were indebted, the one for as emphatic a reprimand as was ever administered to him, the other for a rescue from the attentions of one she had always loathed, but endured because he was her brother's superior officer.

The man in the shadow saw a slender, medium-sized man in the uniform of a Confederate officer, with carefully trimmed beard and cavalry mustache, whose white hand unsoiled by toil of any kind lay upon the sleeve of his companion. And that companion? As long as he lives John Hamilton will remember the picture the girl

mire the grace that he showed in performing what would have been an awkward task in any other. The old black man, began bowing, his bald head, shadowed with its fringe of white hair, bending almost to the ground.

"I must ask your pardon, for this intrusion," John Hamilton began courteously, "but I have been compelled to impose upon the kindness of your servant here."

"And you have shielded an enemy?" demanded the girl.

The old negro drew himself up and replied with dignity:

"Miss Georgiana, don't say dat. Marse Lim-cum's soldier ain't no enemy of ours, de be ain't. Marse Lim-cum is too good a man to let bad men be with him anyway," and the old man shook his head.

"And you?" demanded the girl.

"I escaped from Andersonville two weeks ago. It is necessary for me to keep in hiding for a few days more, and then I hope to be able to make my way to my regiment. Believe me, Madam, I hate to impose upon your goodness, but if you could forget you have seen me," and he smiled winningly.

The girl hesitated. All her great love for the South surged through her veins, but there was a new element. She knew the fate which awaited him were she to betray this gallant youth to the Confederate officers. Especially as he had so incurred the enmity of Captain Lewis.

"I am under heavy obligations to you," she said gravely.

"No, indeed, Madam," John began, but she silenced him with a wave of the hand.

"You saved me from serious insult, and we Vignettes do not forget."

"Then I may stay?" the young Northerner asked, humbly, but with a strange something shining in his frank, blue eyes. Perhaps she read his admiration and reverence, or perhaps it was only common gratitude that made her go against her principles, but she replied gravely:

"Certainly you may stay, but not here, in this cabin. You must come up to the house and let me hide you there," and refusing to listen to his objection, she led the way to the mansion that gleamed white and stately behind its no le trees,



TO HER HORROR HER SON WAS BORN IN.



BEFORE SHE COULD STOP HIM HIS LIPS HAD SOUGHT HERS.

many over a hundred years old. This plantation was owned by her people when New York was little more than a trading post. The older part of the house had been built by one of her ancestors of bricks, every one of which had been made in England and sent over in his own vessel. This part was painted white to match with the latter portion which was of frame. The first foundation post, Southern homes have no collars, the ground being too damp, was laid in 1740, the last improvement had been made in 1820, so it was one of the oldest residences in the state.

With stately courtesy, as they reached a side door, Georgiana Vignette welcomed her visitor, and constitutional courtesy, and led the way through a wide hall, up a broad stairway to a second landing. Pressing a panel, she opened a door in the wall, and entered a narrow passage that led into the older portion of the house. There, securely hidden away was a small room, which however seemed like a haven of sweet rest to the weary young Union officer.

"I will send you food, and you can rest," then she gave a little exclamation, for staining the floor at her feet was a crimson spot.

"You are wounded," she exclaimed.

"A little," Jack confessed. That wound had caused his capture, causing him to faint from loss of blood. While it was not dangerous in the beginning, it had been so neglected that he had a good deal of trouble with it, and was not surprised at it breaking open again.

"Let me see it," she commanded, and obediently he pulled off his coat and bared his strong muscular right arm. It was a nasty sores cut, and she looked at it with experienced eyes, for she had helped more than once when there

were disabled men in the neighborhood since the terrible conflict had begun.

Jack wondered if an angel could have been more sympathetic than this dainty daughter of the Southland, as she dressed the wound, and brought him bedding to make him as comfortable as possible. On her last trip she brought him a worn suit of clothes, as well as a change of carefully mended linens. "Take off your clothes and I will have Uncle Rufus try to clean them," she commanded, as she left him, and he gratefully obeyed. It took a good deal of talking to himself, however, to force his unwilling limbs into the suit she provided, for not only were the clothes too small, but they were Confederate gray, the uniform worn by lieutenants in the Confederate service.

"I never thought I would don the Confederate uniform," he told himself with a wry face, and yet it seemed to be a case of necessity. Those were the days when love blossomed rapidly. When a man was face to face with death, he did not take long to make up his mind with regard to the state of his heart, and John Hamilton had realized that his heart had been much worse wounded the night he had first listened to Georgiana's sweet voice from the branches of the magnolia tree, than he was in his arm by the saber of the enemy.

In the meanwhile the girl had gone in search of her mother and confided in her. Mrs. Vignette clasped her pretty, helpless little hands, crying dolefully:

"Georgiana what have you done?"

"I have tried to be a Christian, mamma. I couldn't let a man wounded as he is, stay with Uncle Rufus, and then he saved me from insult and chastised the coward."

"Yes, antagonized Captain Lewis, and just when we need his influence for poor Ken," complained the mother.

The hot red flush of anger dyed the beautiful cheeks of the girl as she asked slowly:

"Mamma which do you value more, my dignity, or Ken's advancement?" but Mrs. Vignette could only sigh and wring her hands, and pray for the return of her husband and son from this terrible conflict.

"It seems as if we were never going to come through," she sobbed, "and then to think of having a Yankee in our very house, spying out all our weaknesses," she added.

Georgiana started. "Mamma, he is a gentleman," she protested.

"A gentleman, and a Yankee, never daughter," she insisted, for to this gentle little lady the invaders were a species of ogres, of whom she knew nothing, and with whom she wanted nothing to do. Through them she felt she had lost all that made life worth living, husband, son, wealth, affluence and friends, and now to have one of the enemy quartered upon her was more than she could stand. Before anything more could be done, however, she was roused by tramping of many feet, and to her horror her son, the darling of her heart was borne in, wounded so it seemed to her to the death.

"Commanded a scouting party, and was popped at by some of them blessed Yanks," explained the corporal who helped to bear the heir to his home. "Colonel thought he better be brought in here," was the further explanation, and the mother felt duly grateful, and began to nurse her dear one, assisted by the daughter. Yet in the midst of their anxiety, the girl never forgot the man in the hidden chamber, but managed to pay him a fleeting visit each day. It was wonderful how much he managed to tell her of his life and hopes in those few minutes each day. She learned all about his happy family ere the storm of war broke over the country. She grew very familiar with the golden-haired sister Elsie, and could dream of the white-haired mother, so different from her own, who had gladly sent her only son into battle, unafraid. She spent happy minutes with him listening to his career in college, and could almost sympathize with him

wishing as she saw his eyes that could not conceal his feelings rest upon her daughter's fair face, that he had not been born within the hated Northern confines.

Kenneth Vignette was not so biased. He had met a number of the Northern foes and had learned to respect as brave men at heart, and he too observed the devotion of the Union man, and wondered if it would be possible for Georgiana to return the love she had inspired. He realized that even if the South won, of which he had begun to be doubtful, there were none left of her former companions with whom he would be willing to have his sister mate, and so after the frugal meal was over he had Uncle Rufus help him into his own room, and claimed his mother's attention so as to leave the Union officer alone with his sister.

Perhaps if Jack Hamilton had been older; if he had understood the heart of a woman better; he would not have been so confident, at any rate he bungled from the first, although his:

"I do love you with all my heart and soul," rang so true that not even the scornful Southern girl could doubt him.

"I do love you so much that I dare to speak to you here and now. Tomorrow I am going to try and get back into our lines, and God alone knows what may happen to me. Better, braver men than I do.

To his surprise she drew back in almost speechless scorn.

"How dare you?" she gasped.

"How dare I? I don't understand. I love you, and tell you. Is there anything reprehensible in that?" he cried.

"Yes, yes, yes. It is a gross insult for a man whose hands are red with the blood of my dear South; who are engaged in trying to wipe this fair land off the map, to come and make love to me. I scorn your love, I trample it under my feet, I would rather marry the lowest born poor white than one who has worn that hated blue uniform, I would, indeed I would."

Her voice broke with sobs, and the Union soldier gazed at her in speechless amazement and dismay.

"Why my dear little girl," he began when she raised her head and shot a look of such intense hatred at him that he shrank back. How could he understand that more than half of her hatred was for herself in that she could not forget him, or drive from her aching heart the love she had to admit had crept in?

"You are very cruel," he whispered, his lips white and drawn.

"Cruel? No I am just, truly just. There can never be anything in common between us, Captain John Hamilton, never."

In spite of herself there was a softness in her voice as she pronounced his name. There was a friendly gleam in her eyes, although she could have killed herself because of it and he saw, and rejoiced.

"My darling you do care, you do," he cried triumphantly, his left arm, for his right was not yet healed, reaching out and drawing her to him. "You are my own darling, bless you, sweetheart, bless you," and before she could stop him, his lips had sought hers, and kissed them with the tender ardor of a gallant, reverent lover.

For a second her form lay resistless in his clasp, then she tore herself loose, pushing back on him with all her strength. While she was so slight, she had him at a disadvantage, and he fell backward, striking his injured arm on the sharp corner of the heavily carved mantel near which they had been standing. He recovered himself, but not until he felt the blood gush from his wound which had again opened. A mist rose before his eyes, with the pain, and through it he heard her say with biting scorn:

"I do not love you. I hate you. What could there ever be between a loyal Southern girl like me, and a Union spy like you?"

"Nothing, Miss Georgiana, nothing, I assure you, and I command your spirit," came in a drawing voice from the doorway, and the two turning saw, standing on the threshold, clad in immaculate gray, Captain Lewis, whom John Hamilton had booted from the premises less than three weeks before.

"I am happy that I came tonight to inquire after Lieutenant Vignette, Miss Georgiana, and I can assist you by removing this man at once. A Union spy is no fit company for you."

The girl felt as though she was losing her mind. Frantically she turned from one man to the other. Captain Lewis's face wore a sneering expression more hateful than words. John Hamilton turned reproachful eyes upon her, than said with dignity:

"I am not a spy, and you know it," baring his eyes upon the Confederate officer.

"And how do I know it?" jeered Captain Lewis. "I came in in time to hear Miss Georgiana's arraignment of you, and find you within our lines not only without your uniform, but disguised in one belonging to a Confederate officer. Explain that if you can, before we hang you for a spy," and the man's laugh was hateful to hear.

With a low cry Georgiana sprang between the two, her eyes flashing, her face white as death. Now she knew what she had done when she burned the old blue uniform. She had destroyed all evidence which would have proved that John Hamilton had not come into their lines in disguise. She had delivered him into the hands of the enemy, and she knew there would be no escape for him, this true, noble-hearted man, who had won her heart.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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On Page 30

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A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

famous Short-horns, red, and red roan, roamed over pasture extending hundreds of acres. The "cow pen" and milking shed were not visible, hidden on the edge of a plateau running far away to a stretch of primeval, lonely pine woods crossed only by cattle paths. In a green cup encircled by wimpling hills the overseer's home nestled like a white bird hovering to drink. The sharply curving creek that divided it from the plantation was bridged a half mile below the mill, and a dense growth of trees and vines clothed the banks. In an opposite direction, beyond the house, and mantling the upland slopes, lay fields of grain, glistening as the wind crinkled the yellowing folds.

Locust and china trees, overrun by English honeysuckle, coral, and buff woodbine, shaded the cottage, and all about the spring house clustered azaleas—white, pink, orange, scarlet—filling the quiet hollow with waves of incomparable perfume.

Locust and china trees, overrun by English honeysuckle, coral, and buff woodbine, shaded the cottage, and all about the spring house clustered azaleas—white, pink, orange, scarlet—filling the quiet hollow with waves of incomparable perfume.

For many months after her father's death she

suffering woman, so deep lay the pain no words could fathom. Close and tender as were the ties linking the two, Eliza dared not probe the wound, and when Eglah closed the door of her own room, the loving little mother would have broken into a sealed tomb as soon as violate her solitude.

Two miles beyond the plantation, across the creek, a new railway line had established a station called Maurice, and about this nucleus a village grew with surprising rapidity. The site selected on Eglah's land by the railway company chanced to be that of the neighborhood schoolhouse, where, on the fourth Sunday of each month, a Methodist minister of many mission chapels preached. Mrs. Mitchell had organized Sabbath school, and Eglah had given a cabinet organ, but the figure shrouded in mourning was seen only when driving in her trap, or more frequently alone on horseback. These long rides through rolling pine forests and silent sunny glades, where she met none but her own velvet-eyed, browsing red cattle, and shy, happy rabbits, were hours of immeasurable relief; yet, at intervals, proved battle-ground on which she fought the crowding specters of a somber, brooding future. Political and social ambitions were shut forever in her father's grave; domestic duties ended when the doors and gates of Nutwood had been locked; and business affairs were in far wiser hands than hers. What should she do with her empty life?

One afternoon, goaded by sad thoughts, she had ridden farther than usual, and, returning, reined her horse in at the brink of a meadow to tighten her coil of hair, shaken by a rapid gallop. Before her a group of young, red, dappled calves lay in the thick grass, their soft eyes wonderfully alert, and all Pan's orchestra seemed rehearsing. A wood-lark in a crab-apple bush set the pitch, a red-bird followed; two crows answered from the top of an ancient pine, and among beech boughs a velvet-throated thrush trilled, while under sedge shadows frogs croaked a hoarse bassoon. From the edge of a pool dimpling the turf white herons rose, flitting slowly across an orange sky, where cloud fringes burned in the similitude of scarlet tulips. If she could cease to be a woman with an aching heart and an immortal soul, what a peaceful home was here among the sinless forest children vast mother earth had called to sing and play in her pine-roofed, grassy nursery. If the sylvan quietude of this Theocran retreat had power to witch her surging pulses to unbroken calm, she might hide for ever in her own green aisles, secure from stinging shafts of gossip and derision. She lifted the reins and the horse sprang forward.

A year ago Mr. Herrrott had sailed. No tidings reached her; no allusion to the "Ahvungah" had appeared in any of the newspapers she searched daily. She knew the vessel would not stop at an American port—would return directly

to Europe from the Arctic circle—but the American press would chronicle the close of the expedition. If disaster had overtaken it, how soon could she know?

Was Mr. Herrrott frozen fast in the awful desolation of Whale Sound, or sledging in a race with death across that vast, level, white ice desert of compacted snow in central Greenland, eight thousand feet above the sea, swept by Polar winds that never sleep? Wherever Arctic fitters held him, the moon shone constantly two weeks for him, and after the long night a returning sun was now gilding the minarets of icebergs and unlocking the bars of flocks.

If he never came back she could indulge the love that so unexpectedly stirred her heart, that had grown swiftly since he left her; if he survived and returned she must hide her affection and herself far from the biting, branding scorn that would always glow in his eyes. How could she bear the dreary coming years of a possibly long life? There were hours in which she tried to hope he would not come back; but recalling that one moment when he held her so tight to his breast, she seemed to feel again the furious beating of his heart which never belonged to any woman but herself, and, as the memory thrilled her, into her wan face crept a joyful flush. At last, too late, her heart was his, but be no longer desired or valued it. He had cast her out of his life. Riding slowly homeward in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month.

WELL, my dears, have you kept the good resolutions you made a month ago, and do you think you will continue to keep them during the remaining months of the year?

I don't think you will, because I have broken two or three real nice ones I made. But what's the difference? I was strong enough to make them once, and I can do it again. So can you, and as long as we keep on making new ones we are just sure to get some that will stay kept. One of mine was not to talk so much. I'm going to keep that one right now and get to work.

The first letter is from Bright-eyed Emma of Austin, Texas, and Emma says she received notes from a nice fellow which she was silly enough to show to other girls, and now he has quit going with her, and she wonders if he will make up with her again. Well, if he does he oughtn't to. Plenty of girls—young men, too, for that matter—are just vain and foolish enough to show their letters and they really do not deserve to receive letters. A letter is something which should never be shown without the consent of the writer. I hope, Emma, you will learn by this how to respect a letter when you get one. You might apologize and get him back, but he would have to say a whole lot of you to try again.

Troubled Mind, McGregor, Iowa.—If you do not love him, now you cannot love him a year from now, or in a hundred years. You may reason yourself into marrying him, as he wants you to do, but you won't love him, and both of you will probably regret that you married. Sometimes such marriages turn out fairly well, but the chances are that they will not. Don't marry unless you love the man, or think you do.

Violet D., Harpersville, Ala.—Well, Violet, you are really a very silly girl and the more you trust to the wise advice and good care of your mother the better off you will be. The reason the young men flatter you the way they do is because they can see you are silly enough to believe what they say.

Breaking Heart, Stoddard, Neb.—As the young man is not reputable, tell him plainly that you do not want him to compromise you by his attentions. Politeness is wasted on his kind. (2) When you are older you will know more and have better sense about your heart throbs.

Courting Lassie, Plains, Kans.—If none of the people you know know the young man who smiles at you in church it seems to me that he is not a proper person for you to meet. People in small places never have any difficulty in getting acquainted, if they are the right kind of people. Goodness knows which one of you two he is smiling at, but I should guess it was the prettier one. Is that so? (2) When the young man holds your hand that way he means to find out if you are silly enough to let him.

Little Girl, Wintrop, Cal.—Under the circumstances it was quite correct to give him a chain and locket for Christmas. Did you? (2) Unless you do care for a man you should feel just as you say you do about his kissing you. Promiscuous kissing is not nice, except for the men, and it cheapens a girl dreadfully. Young men will tell you differently, but they are talking for themselves, not for you. (3) Every girl's mother should be her媒人 all the young men of her circle whom it is proper for her to meet. It is natural for human beings to associate together in friendly fashion and it helps us all. The trouble with girls knowing men is that they lack judgment and are easily led by smooth manners and speech. But they will never acquire judgment if they do not associate with men. A girl should know a great many men before she selects one as a life companion.

Brownie, Rockland, Ida.—It is awful, Brownie, to love a young man as you do and have cruel parents who won't let you see him because he loafa in a saloon and smokes. Maybe if you married him he would do the same thing and leave you at home by yourself. Did you ever think of that? If not, suppose you think of it a while, before doing anything rash.

Mother's Darling, Meriden, Conn.—It is very nice and sweet to like your home and home pleasures, but, as your father says, you should go out and know other people and see other homes. If this young man who is so ardent, is the right sort, you should accept his attentions and see whether you are intended for each other or not. See answer above to "Little Girl" about knowing men.

L. E. A., Wheeling, W. Va.—Your troubles are very trying, but if I were you I would wait and see what he intended to do. He seems to mean well, but he lacks strength of character to do what he believes he should do. You have a good home and are independent, and you are old enough not to be foolish about getting married. Don't get low-spirited, but be cheerful with the blessings about you, and wait for this other, even if it never comes. Maybe it will not be what you expect, even if it does come. Marrying doesn't always mean happiness.

Golden Heart, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Really, cousin, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, but you are more to be pitied than to be blamed. The young man never in his life gave you the slightest cause to think he cared for you, yet you fell desperately in love with him and told your mother and his mother and him, much to the surprise of all of them. Of course, he doesn't love you, for he has not yet showed any signs, and I don't see how he could have any other feeling than to keep away from you. Your own self respect should have prompted you in the beginning to suppress the feeling until you knew he loved you. You should go back with your parents to Germany and not see him again.

Anxious Sue, Bridgewater, S. Dak.—If you are in love with the rich old gentleman and the poor young gentleman has never spoken of love to you, while the other has, it seems to me, my dear, that you should marry the man who has spoken. What are you waiting for anyhow?

Titania, Graneros, Colo.—Beware of the young man who is not a model, and who "is as pretty as a picture". That's the kind who causes most of the domestic trouble. Better choose the homeliest man in Colorado if he is a model. He'll wear even so much longer and better.

Troubled Heart, Springfield, O.—If you love each other, no matter if you are four years older than he is, marry. Some of the happiest marriages the world knows about have been between a younger man and an older woman. But be sure of each other first.

Red Wing, Central, Ala.—Wait until you are twenty-one and marry the farmer whether your parents say so or not. In any event don't marry the city dude because they want you to. You are plenty young enough to wait four years and you'll never regret the waiting.

Brown-eyed Beauty, Cadeil, Kans.—Oh, I guess, you might go buggy riding with the lovely young man if you take your cousin along. Be sure, though, and take the cousin along. Is it a girl cousin?

If the cousin at Barre, Vt., who asked in December COMFORT to know the Southern cousin at Atlanta, Ga., will send her address to me, I think I can introduce them.

Green Eyes, Strawberry Point, Ia.—You are self conscious that is why your face gets hot when you see the young man looking at you. You should think about some other young man when he looks at you instead of thinking about yourself. When he begins to act "distant", you should smile and he will reduce the distance, if he doesn't eliminate it entirely.

Big Eyes, Fulton, Md.—Tell the young man who has asked you for your name and address for me, that you are not giving any address. Tell him to have an open mind with the others, and the best man will win. It isn't necessary for a young man to ask a girl for her regular company. She will let him have it without the asking if she wants him to have it.

Perplexed Kate, Clayton, S. Dak.—Give the boy a chance to grow up. I do not object to older women marrying younger men, but I do think that a woman of twenty-five should not marry a boy of seventeen. It will be all right though, if at twenty-five he is still anxious to marry a woman of thirty-three. Give him a chance to grow and learn.

O. D. M., Bursville, Ohio.—Yes, dear, when the young man to whom you are engaged suggests that you "quit a while", it will be wise to quit for good. It is plain enough that he wants to stay quit, and you let him stay quit and be glad of it. You needn't be friendly, exactly, when you meet him, but be quite as polite as to any other acquaintance. Of course, you should find someone to take his place, but don't get his kind.

There, dears, most of your questions are answered and I haven't scolded a little bit, have I? Some of you asked questions that I had to pass to the other answer columns, and you must look there for them. Now, by and by till the first spring month and may it have sunshine for you and great promise.

Cousin Marion.

Comfort Sisters' Corner
Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

Sweet Cakes

Instead of making cookies for the children use but one cup sugar, tablespoonful lard and butter, one egg, one half cup sweet milk, teaspoonful soda and make real stiff with oat meal, chopped nuts and raisins. Drop on buttered tin and bake in hot oven.

Mrs. J. P. BUTLER.

Imitation Maple Syrup

Into a spider put one tablespoonful sugar and let burn until it is almost black, then pour in one large cup boiling water and one and one quarter cups sugar. Boil a few minutes. This will not grain and tastes and looks like maple syrup. Young cooks in making pastry always remember to use one teaspoonful of baking powder to one quart of flour and sift together before adding shortening.

If you have a small, lean chicken and want to stretch it take sweet pickled pork, rather thick slices, boil together. The pork will season and add richness and will also taste almost like chicken. When most done put in dumplings.

IDA S. BOWER.

Tiny Pound Cakes

An excellent cake mixture which can be baked in one big sheet then cut into fancy shapes and iced, is this: Cream together three fourths of a cup of butter and one of granulated sugar. Add four eggs, beating them in one at a time, one cup of flour in which one teaspoonful of baking powder has been sifted, a dash of salt and a few "few" flavoring. Try it, sisters, the children love it.

ADELE DENHAM.

Chocolate Cookies

Melt one cup of grated chocolate, beat together one small cup of butter and two of sugar until creamy. Add the yolks and whites of four eggs, beaten together, then the melted chocolate and half a teaspoonful of vanilla. Lastly stir in three cups of sifted flour with one teaspoonful of baking powder. Roll thin and bake in a quick oven. The little ones will not refuse them.

ADELE DENHAM.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great fad all over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousands of postals free. To do this, send a list of three or four of your addresses to COMFORT at 20 cents a year and have your name put in this list free; you will then receive many exchanges in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return the favor to all who see your name in the list and send you cards. The Publishers simply ask the slight service from you of getting up these small clubs. You will send an advertisement to the club in your club and it will be a club of its own. In sending in your club, say whether you want them from any particular city or just assorted up. You can start your collection this way and then exchange with others as you see their name in the list.

The following persons wish to receive Souvenir Postals and to return all favors. Positively requests will not be inserted here, unless a club of at least three subscribers is sent with the name. The publisher will then send you an assortment of Postals free, per order above.

Gaylor Bishop, Longmont, R. D. 2, Colo. I. J. Shaner, Box 15, Leadwood, Mo. John D. Hunt, Hendersonville, Chester Co., Tenn. Mr. C. Hurt, Steubenville, Ky. Miss Nellie Johnson, McKinley, Ind. Miss Lillie King, Wesson, R. D. 5, Miss Estella Taylor, 212 Clay St., Waterloo, Iowa. Arthur Cook, Minerva, Ohio. Jesse H. McCafferty, Irwin, Pa. Charles Thos. Dall, 1 Mifflin St., Lebanon, Pa.

We will only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column. Include a club of three yearly 20-cent subscriptions, or one 25-cent subscription, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 20-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 20-cent yearly subscriptions for every seven words.

Would be pleased to have information of my brother, Wm. Deless Bailey, last heard from was in Spokane Co., N. C., Write Mrs. Albert Gould, South Westport, R. D. 94, Mass.

Harley Green, Alvin, Texas, anxious to know whereabouts of the Steadley children adopted twenty-el- it years ago at Homerville, Ga.

Will the mother or friends of Walter Sylvester Wheeler write Box 37, Fryor, Colo., for information regarding his death. His mother's last known address was Roanoke, Va.

Write Ernest May, Elma, Wash., of Clark May. Left hand off from thumb to wrist. Age twenty-five years, was in Kansas City, Mo.

Mrs. Alice Clifford, who was in Dakota two years ago, write her aunt, Mrs. Emma Coulter, Rice, Wash.

Frank Wachter, last heard from in 1903 at Washburn, Wis., correspond with his sister, Mrs. Frank Massonet, No. 1258 Packard St., Appleton, Wis.

Rebecca H. Jordan, No. 206 2nd St., Macon, Mo., anxious to learn whereabouts of Charles Watson, proprietor of a portable photograph gallery, was in Centerville, Pa. in 1865. Said to have been born in Pittsburg, Pa. and is now about sixty-five years old. Heard of recently in N. E. Pa.

Would like to hear from or of Dr. William Rice or his sister. My father, B. F. Rice, had one brother and one sister, they were separated during Civil War. Write Mrs. G. E. Owens, No. 1012 Star St., Bonham, Texas.

James A. Smith, age thirty-one, been absent sixteen years, last heard from at Marcellus, Cass Co., Mich. Write his mother, Mrs.



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on more or less pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered for this department. Any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty (20) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR OF COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

E. M., Ohio.—Upon your statements to us, and under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that, if the property of the deceased intestate came by descent, devise or deed of gift of any ancestor, it would go to the surviving husband for life and, upon his death, to the brothers and sisters and their representatives; that the husband can sell his interest in the property, but that his interest in the property dies with him, and that any purchaser from him would have no interest in the property after his death; that, if the property came not by descent, devise or deed of gift of an ancestor, the husband's title to the property would be absolute, except in case the property came from some former deceased husband, in which event that it would go either entirely or in part to the descendants or relatives of the said former deceased husband.

Mrs. E. B., Maine.—Upon your statements to us, and under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that, upon the death of the man you mention leaving no will, his property, after the payment of debts, would go as follows: Real estate, one third to the widow and the balance equally to his children by both marriages; personal estate, in the same way aside from what is allowed to the widow by the law and court.

F. M., Connecticut.—You should address your communication to the Pension Department, Washington, D. C.

Miss A. C., New York.—We are of the opinion that the woman you mention can cut her husband off by will from any share in her estate. We think it advisable that she have some competent lawyer draw her will and attend to the execution of it, and, if practical, we think some member of her family should be named as the executor.

C. B. L., Illinois.—We are of the opinion that your wife is entitled to have the title to the property you mention in her own name alone and that you have no present interest in the property, nor any legal right or say in the management of it except such as she confers upon you, but that, in the event of your surviving her, you will be entitled to dower in it of one third interest for life.

Mrs. P. E., New Hampshire.—We are of the opinion that the rights of the defendant in the divorce suit, to marry again, are governed by the judgment of divorce, and the modification of it. We do not think that he or she can be punished for marrying again in another state, even though the judgment may forbid a remarriage, as we do not think that the courts of New Hampshire have jurisdiction or power to punish in such a case.

J. H., Illinois.—We think the mother you mention should apply to the court which took her children from her for the relief she desires.

Mrs. A. E. L., New Mexico.—We think the wisest thing for you to do is to let the matter drop and employ someone else to erect the tombstone. We think a suit against the contractor would cost you more than you can recover.

L. E. A., West Virginia.—We think you should take steps to compel the payment of your money to you; it may be possible that you will have to bring a suit before you can get an adjustment.

Lonely One, Nebraska.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that you have very little chance of recovering any part of the property you mention.

Mrs. E. T., California.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that, upon the death of your husband, leaving no will, and leaving no children, you will be entitled to one half of his estate, the balance going to his parents, brothers, sisters or the descendants of his brothers or sisters; and that, if he leaves his surviving none of the above named, in that event you would receive the whole estate, subject, of course, to the claims of creditors.

K. M. C., Iowa.—You should communicate with the Bureau of Free Lands, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. F. E. S., Iowa.—We are of the opinion that, upon the death of your father leaving no will, your deceased sister's husband will not be entitled to any interest in his estate.

H. S., Minnesota.—In our opinion there is nothing in your statements to us to indicate that your brother's and sister's title to the property you mention is not a good one.

Mrs. E. A. D., Missouri.—We think that the title and court records of the county, in the state where the property you mention is situated, should give you the information you desire. (2) We think that upon the expiration of the long lease the property would go back to the lessor or his legal representatives, except in such cases where the lessor or his legal representative has lost his title to the property either by his neglect or in some other way as is sometimes the case with property under very long leases.

Mrs. F. E. S., Iowa.—We are of the opinion that the woman who legally married the man is his legal wife, and that, unless the first woman can prove a marriage, neither she nor her son are entitled to inherit any part of his estate.

Miss J. J., New Mexico.—We are of the opinion that the Postmaster General can in his discretion pay rent for the part of the house which you use as a post-office, but that it may be wiser for you, if you desire to hold your job, to not press the matter too much.

A. N. S., South Dakota.—We have no knowledge of the value of the stock of the mining companies you mention. We think that the investment in mining stock as a general rule is extremely hazardous and we think the safest course to pursue is to avoid such investments entirely. If your investment has resulted disastrously, we think you have very little if any chance to recover your money.

Mrs. F. E. G., Virginia.—The question which you submit is dependent to such an extent upon the local history of the tracts of land involved and upon further information than you have furnished us, that we think that you should consult some local authority, who will have opportunity to examine records and go into the matter at greater length than we can through this chance to recover your money.

C. W. S., Minnesota.—We do not think that the fact, that your preparation is for external use, releases you from the restriction imposed by the Pure Food and Drug Act. We think you should register your formula with the Secretary of Agriculture and file a guarantee as to the purity of your goods and receive their approval before offering your goods for sale, even though you do this simply as a safeguard to yourself.

M. C. F., Colorado.—We do not think that the marriage of a young man of the age you mention is prohibited in any of the states, but we do think that it will be necessary for him to obtain his parents' or guardian's consent in many of them.

Mrs. L. D. B., Minnesota.—Under the laws of the state from which you write, we are of the opinion (1) that the following property is exempt from being under execution to a debtor irrespective of his place



To Every Lady Reader

Here is a lifetime opportunity whereby every woman in the United States can get a handsomely designed 112-piece Decorated Dinner Set, **Absolutely Free**. All we ask is, that you sell a few cans of our Perfection Baking Powder and the Dinner Set is yours. You can realize how easily, and with what little effort you can do this, for a full size, cut glass pattern pitcher and 6 glasses are included with each can of Baking Powder, etc., in our offer No. 420. But this is not all. To every lady who sends in her name and address right away, we will give in addition, as a Special Premium, **Absolutely Free**, the handsomely designed 31-Piece Breakfast Set, described below, with first order. You simply can't realize what a big offer this is until you see these beautiful premiums.

NO MONEY NECESSARY

You risk absolutely nothing. We will pay all freight charges and ship you the Baking Powder and send your Premium with the Baking Powder, and also send the Glass Pitcher and Six Glasses all together, and then

We Give You Time to Deliver and Collect Before Remitting to Us

You start in business on our money. Did you ever hear of such a liberal offer? Now don't delay. These handsome Dinner Sets will be grasped mighty quick by prudent ladies all over the country. While it is on your mind sit down and send us your name and address so that you can get our big Special Premium: also free, our Mammoth Catalog and Premium List. Be sure and write today.

HAGOOD MFG. CO.

343 N. Commercial St., St. Louis, Mo.

If the Hagood method is not the BEST, why do others try to imitate it?



BED-WETTING CURED

A harmless home treatment. Shipping only does harm. Don't neglect it. Write today. Cure guaranteed. SAMPLE FREE. DR. MAY CO. Box X 57, Bloomington, Ill.

ADJUSTABLE BRACELET

The most comfortable Bracelet ever worn. As shown, this Bracelet is made up of dull gold plated oval sections, interlocked at centers, with fastenings at ends. Double row of discs make it possible to wear either side. There is no right or wrong side. It will always conform to every movement of your wrist and will wear for a long time.

Club Offer. You may send us two 10-cent six-months' trial subscriptions to COMFORT, or a 20-cent yearly subscription, with 6 cents additional, for one of the above Adjustable Bracelets.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

25 FLOWER POST CARDS 10c

Roses, Pansies, Daisies, Apple-Blossoms, Forget-me-nots, Violets, etc. MODEL CO., 72 B Canal St., Chicago, Ill.

VALENTINE POST CARDS

Eight loveliest silk and gold embossed Valentine cards, with 3 mos. sub. for 10c; 24 cards and 1 yr. sub. 25 cts. Household, 806 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

POST CARDS AND ALBUM FREE

We introduce our large new 48-page illustrated catalog, we give a beautiful Album, fancy colored cover, black leaves, filled with lovely art post cards, **absolutely FREE**. Send ten cents to cover postage and packing. Only 1 Album to each customer. HOMER GEORGE CO. Dept. 18 Chicago, Ill.

BRACELET AND RING FREE

Send 12 assorted, Stylish, Scalloped and Ribbon Pins, 10 cents each. Send our money, and get Both Costly Presents or choice of Other Valuable Premiums. We trust 30 days.

PEARL PIN COMPANY, Providence, R. I.

25 Post Cards 10c

Highest Grade, All Colored. Pretty Girls, Flowers, Landscapes, Marine, Yellowstone Park, Battleships and other choice selections. No two alike. No comics. For one year, 25 cts. Postpaid with catalog to introduce our select line of fine Postcards. S. LUCAS & CO., 105 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

FITS

DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 106, Kansas City, Mo.

Gold Watch AND RING FREE

An American movement Watch. Solid Gold Plated Case. The movement escapement appears equal to solid gold. Watch is guaranteed 25 years. Also a Solid Gold Plated Ring. Send us your name and address and we will send to you a Free Box & Case of anyone sending 2 Silver Annular Pins and a paper Gold-leaf Souvenir Free with each. They are easy to wear. Write and we will send you the Ring and we will promptly send you a Gold-leaf Souvenir. Address HOME SUPPLY CO. Dept. 180 CHICAGO.

Club Offer.

For a club of one, we will send a 10-cent six-months' trial subscription to COMFORT, or a 20-cent yearly subscription, with 6 cents additional, for one of the above Adjustable Bracelets.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

PRIZES AWARDED

In COMFORT'S Prize Checker Puzzle Contest.

In November COMFORT we offered forty-two prizes for the neatest, shortest and best expressed solution of our Checker Puzzle. The contest closed Dec. 31.

Out of several hundred answers received the committee have decided on the forty-two best and we have paid the prizes accordingly.

Mr. Henry B. Mitchell of Athens, Ga., captured the first prize of \$10.00 with his beautiful and artistic illustrated solution in colors and gold. We print a reduced half-tone reproduction of it with his four line COMFORT poem which accompanied it. This was by far the finest of all.

Of course we made no account of his bright little poem in awarding the prize. Much of the artistic beauty of Mr. Mitchell's answer is lost in our print of it which does not reproduce the gold and colors of his original.

We also show a small-sized reproduction of the solution by Mr.

Clarence Bee of West Union, W. Va., which took the second prize of \$5.00, his being the next easiest, shortest and best expressed answer.

Although the price of COMFORT we offered forty-two prizes for the neatest, shortest and best expressed solution of our Checker Puzzle. The contest closed Dec. 31.

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**Comfort's
Information
Bureau**

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

A. F., Elmwood, Wis.—Men are needed in the navy and three years of it are excellent training for any young man. Write to Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., for all particulars.

Mrs. H. M., New York, N. Y.—You can get the books from any newsdealer in your city who handles paper covered novels. The newsdealer will get a copy of the Home Magazine for you, if it can be had.

M. V. L., Rossville, Ill.—Write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, about the books. (2) Write to H. O. Granbury, Oshkosh, Wis.

J. L., Bristow, Okla.—We do not know that they have been dramatized. Write to Brentano, New York City.

M., Grand View, Texas.—Many firms employ girls in addressing envelopes, but the pay is not excessive—six dollars to eight dollars, or less. Your best plan is to insert a "Want Ad." in the newspapers of the city nearest to you. Possibly you might find a chance to work your way through college by writing to the Parkville Seminary, Parkville, Mo. You write a very good business hand.

J. E. M., Hartsville, Mass.—The legal change of name varies in different states. In some it is done by the courts, in others by the legislature. You will have to consult a lawyer. P. S. Seeing that you are a woman, we might suggest that the change could be effected by marrying.

M. S., Inverness, Miss.—We are advised as to the degree of popularity enjoyed by Oklahoma newspapers. Each editor would probably say his was the most popular. However, if you would inquire of the governor of the state or the mayor of Guthrie, or the post master there, you would get definite information. COMFORT wouldn't tell you, if it knew, because if we mentioned one all the others would draw their guns on us.

M. S., Lambert, Minn.—Write to Spencer Thomas, No. 440 West 36th street, and C. E. Mills, No. 437 West 41st street, New York City. Or inquire of Dramatic Critic, The Tribune, Chicago, Ill., enclosing postage.

F. B., Korts, Ind.—All magazines and newspapers take such advertisements as you ask about, but their rates are high. The Enquirer, Cincinnati, O., devotes a page each day to free advertising of Want Notices, and you might try there.

M. L. B., Duck Hill, Miss.—Take our advice and don't try to write a book until you know more about book writing. Write some short stories first for your local newspaper and give yourself a start.

J. G., Mercer, Ky.—Write to La Touche Hancock, No. 137 West 33rd Street, New York City.

M. E. A., Kimball, S. Dak.—Write to Secretary, Collectors' Club, No. 24 West 26th Street, New York City.

A. M. Z., Niles, Mich.—Marriage between cousins is forbidden in Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, Indiana, Illinois, Indian Ter., Kansas, Missouri, Nevada, New Hampshire, N. Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, S. Dakota, Washington and Wyoming. The others hold it legal.

W. B., Lowell, Mass.—You should see some tricycle or bicycle repairer in your town and get from him the address of a manufacturer in Boston, unless he could do the work. It will be too expensive to ship it further than Boston.

G. H., Long Creek, Oregon.—The Pinkerton Agency, Chicago, Ill., or Thiel Detective Service, Portland, Ore.

P. E. B., Lookaba, Okla.—If the name and address of the publisher are not on the title page, write to A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

C. E. M., Laurens, Ia.—Victor Hugo was one of the most noted of French novelists, and a poet and dramatist. Born in 1802, he died in 1885.

A. C., Saltsburg, Pa.—We do not know the address, but you can get it by writing to Robert L. Woolley, No. 56 Pine Street, New York City, inclosing postage.

T. H. B., Oak Grove, Oregon.—Write to H. Berger's Sons, No. 101 Fourth Ave., New York City. If they don't have what you want they can tell you where to get it. Inclose postage.

N. R., Roselville, Wis.—The engagement and the wedding ring are worn on the third finger of the left hand, the wedding ring taking the place of the other after marriage.

C. H. M., Lee, Ore.—You probably know most of the picture people already who are in that particular line. Anyone of them will give you names of those well known. We don't know them.

Janice K., South Bend, Ind.—Why didn't you go around the corner and ask a jeweler about the purse instead of writing all the way to Maine? Take it to any jeweler in your town—and you should have some pretty good ones.

E. C. C., Welsh, La.—Write to Eureka Trick and Novelty Co., No. 87 Warren St., New York City. The statuary is merely the human figure clothed in tights, powdered or enameled, in color to suit.

M. N., Walnut, Kans.—Mercury influences persons born between May 19 and June 20, inclusive, and August 20 to September 19, inclusive. We do not guarantee any special good or bad luck on this information.

W. D., Lowville, N. Y.—Many music publishing firms buy the words of songs for cash, and sometimes the words and music. Who or where they are can only be determined by sending your matter to each of them till one wants it. There is no other way. They only buy what they want. You will find addresses of firms on the ordinary sheet music.

Miss Louise Scheldt, Rickton, Ill., would like to know from COMFORT readers where she can get the book "Love, the Thief."

A. C. S., Syracuse, N. Y.—Any druggist in your city can give you the information, or supply the goods.

Mrs. B. L. I., Kansuga, O.—Your Ulster County Gazette is of no commercial value and interesting chiefly as a good imitation of an old newspaper.

W. W. W., Yamhill, Ore.—Holly and mistletoe are in demand in eastern cities during the Christmas season, but you can ship it so far only in car load lots. The smaller quantities are sold to dealers in towns near you who gather enough together to make a shipment. They are the people for you to deal with, and you must make your arrangements several weeks in advance.

J. E. F., Poplarville, Miss.—We believe the address of the wire company is Elwood, Ind.

Clarence Garets, Camp Point, Ill., would like to hear from any COMFORT reader who has seen service in the U. S. Army or navy within the past five years as he wants to know something about life in the service.

Nellie, Wabash, Ind.—Don't you be fooling with anybody who says he can change the color of your eyes. Maybe he can, but the eyes won't be worth much afterwards to see with, and that is a useful quality in eyes.

O. P. R., Grant Park, Ill.—The stamps are not of sufficient value to be worth considering.

P. E. T., Big Stone Gap, Va.—A letter to any member of the show sent in care of either The Clipper, or The Dramatic Mirror, New York City, will be delivered.

E. R. B., Barryton, Mich.—The address of The Editor is Deposit, N. Y.

G. H., Plainfield, Ia.—We think the Iowa output

of precious stones is not great. However, an inquiry of your state geologist would settle that. Write to him at the capital.

R. L. T., Liberty, Ind.—The magazine described by Uncle Charlie as useful for the young writer is The Editor, Deposit, N. Y., one dollar a year.

R. E. Orr, Perryear, Tenn.—We should say, unless the town of four hundred people is a boom town just starting, there is not much to be made there in real estate. We suppose the business may be successfully taught if the student has plenty to practice on. (2) There are no such companies, neither are there any firms that rent cameras, that we know of.

G. O. H., Provo, Utah.—Any music dealer in Salt Lake City could supply the music, or write to Lyon & Healy, Chicago, Ill.

A. McG., Fort Dodge, Iowa.—There is plenty of moose hunting in Maine. Just how much depends upon the enthusiasm of the hunter. The climate in winter is what might be called zero weather, but it is full of ozone and health. In summer it is quite as ozone and healthful and just warm enough. Come over and try it.

G. E. N., Barre, Vt.—The way to dispose of any articles you have in small quantities is to advertise them in your local, or nearest city paper. Freight or expressage eats up the value if you have to ship them any distance.

S. A. S., Garrington, Okla.—Easter is a movable feast, so-called in ecclesiastical nomenclature, and was decided by the Council of Nice, in 325, to fall upon the first Sunday after the Paschal full moon, which happens on or next after the 21st of March. If the full moon happens on a Sunday, Easter is the following Sunday. This arrangement was determined more or less arbitrarily by the ecclesiastics and has been followed ever since as a matter of custom and not from mathematical exactness.

D. F. T., Arlington Heights, Ill.—Your questions are such as call for personal investigation or local knowledge, and we haven't time to look up the answers from this distance. As they apply to subjects in your own state why not make inquiries of Chicago papers? If you can't find out from anybody in your own town? COMFORT is too far from base.

C. O. S., Juno, Texas.—Write to H. O. Granbury, Oshkosh, Wis.

Reader, Waterloo, Ill.—We don't see how farming can very well be practically taught in correspondence schools, though those schools do wonders. Suppose you write for other information to your State Agriculture College.

R. O. L., Embleton, Pa.—A good ventriloquist of original ideas can make very good money indeed on the vaudeville stage. It would pay you to go to Philadelphia and make inquiries of managers there, and also to look over dummies, dialogues and other accessories. You have to be an up-to-date hustler if you want to succeed.

O. C. T., Greenwich, N. Y.—A parlor maid's work is about the same as a chambermaid's except that she must look after callers at the house instead of making beds. If you do not know the duties of a chambermaid you are hardly fitted to fill the place. A capable maid is worth ten dollars to eighteen dollars a month, and found. Advertise for a position in the New York World. It will cost less than an agent's fees.

W. L., Myrtle Point, Ore.—Most appointments to the Naval Academy are made on competitive examinations. A thorough knowledge of the English branches is required. Your congressman is the person to whom you must apply for detailed information. Do you know who he is?

Subscriber, Edwardsville, Ill.—"Pique" was published some years ago and the name of the author is not given in the catalogue. Write to Henry T. Coates & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass., for further particulars.

Some True Lincoln Stories (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

"Abe" Studying Law

Lincoln's attempt to make a lawyer of himself under adverse and unpromising circumstances—he was a barefooted farm-hand—excited comment. And it was not to be wondered. One old man had often employed Lincoln to do farmwork for him, and was surprised to find him one day sitting barefoot on the summit of a woodpile and attentively reading a book. "This being an unusual thing for farmhands in that early day to do," said the old man, when relating the story.

"I asked him what he was reading. 'I'm not reading,' he answered. 'I'm studying.' 'Studying what?' I inquired. 'Law, sir,' was the emphatic response.

It was really too much for me, as I looked at him sitting there proud as Cicero. 'Great God Almighty!' I exclaimed, and passed on. Lincoln merely laughed and resumed his studies."

How Long Should a Man's Legs Be

Two fellows, after hot dispute lasting some hours, over the problem as to how long a man's legs should be in proportion to the size of his body, stomped into Lincoln's office one day and put the question to him. "This question has been a source of controversy," he said, "for untold ages, and it is about time it should be definitely decided. It is my opinion that a man's lower limbs should be at least long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners." —Bishop Middleton.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

ner. This is almost as bad as the young lady who wrote some time ago, and who said that during a performance she had taken apart in several pieces. That was all right for the little girl to take herself apart, but Henry when you start tearing a minister apart, and exhibiting chunks of his interior economy for the public to gaze at, I say it is a sin and a crime, and it must be stopped right here. It is time the police of Fall River woke up and stopped this harsh and inhuman performance.

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aims and objects, the following facts will be of interest.

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its object is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admission, and those provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to COMFORT for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given to those sending in their subscription.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the COMFORT to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership also COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance GOMFORT subscriber, by sending twenty cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscription now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty-five cents in all, and say that you wish to join COMFORT's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engrossed with your name and membership number. All previous League members whose offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty-five cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty-five cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once, and induce others to do likewise.

All those League members who desire to list the of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents to Mrs. Neilia Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for February

(Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me.)

No appeals will be inserted unless accompanied by written references from responsible persons. Names of persons don't count. A reference from the local postmaster or a physician is absolutely necessary.

H. Star'y Bent, 350 Allens Lane, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa. Crippled and almost helpless. Half starved for the last few years. Fine character, very worthy. Shall take it as a personal favor if you will give him a boost. Miss Verilla Swann, Sprot, Ala. Unable to walk for fifteen years. Rheumatism the cause. Wants letters and reading. Z. a. Parkhurst (10), Thief (CONTINUED ON PAGE 31).

ST. VITUS' DANCE Sure Cure. Get Circular Dr. Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.

Don't fail to read offer Hagood Mfg. Co. on page 23 of this paper.

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50 COMIC POST CARDS (lots of fun) 10c. A. H. Kraus, 627 D, Delaware, Milwaukee, Wis.

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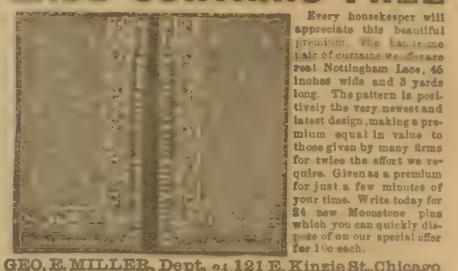
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This Magic Lantern is complete in every detail, including a special large reflector, curved Russian iron chimney, non-explosive lamp, and fine glass chimney. It has two special strong telescopic lenses, so that the pictures are brought out large and clear and distinct. I also include 60 pictures, all different in colors, and give an instruction book, telling how to get up an entertainment and how to give a lecture. You can give an entertainment lasting an hour to an hour and a half and charge an admission fee. The Magic Lantern alone would be a big present for the little service I ask. But, in addition, for no extra work, but just for prompt reply to this offer and prompt work, I give a complete scroll saw outfit, as follows:

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With this outfit any boy can have amusement and earn money making brackets, card cases, handkerchief boxes, jewel cases, easels, photo frames, doll furniture, and hundreds of other things. Complete outfit furnished, including 6 blades, 15 patterns and all tools.

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Lady Isabel's Daughter or For Her Mother's Sin A Sequel to "East Lynne" By Mrs. Henry Wood

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CHAPTER XXXIII. (CONTINUED.)

MY lord's proud lips curled, "How infinite is love," he quoted, scornfully. "You do well to guard your lover, my lady, but the idiot you gulled and fooled to the top of his bent has eaten of the tree of knowledge, and, behold he is your slave no longer. While this shameful secret stands between us, we two can be nothing more than strangers. I break tonight every tie that binds me to a false, abandoned woman. I put her from my heart and life as a 'thing unclean,' and, as God hears me, I will wash out the taint of my dishonor in the blood of her lover, so surely as they meet again in life. Go! madam, and take with you the knowledge that you have accomplished your ends—you have trampled the honor of the Beresfords beneath your feet, you have kept your oath and stabbed the mother through the son, but he, at least, breaks through your spell of enchantment, now and forever more. Our love is of the past—I tear it from my heart as I tear the image of the falsest woman God ever created, and if by doing so dead this minute I could wash out the blemish of my marriage with a *pitie de jolie* like you, I should be a suicide tonight."

"Lionel!" My lady tottered forward as she spoke and laid two frantic hands upon him. "Lionel, my husband—have pity—spare me—love me or I shall go mad with horror."

My lord shook her off and recoiled with a look of loathing on his face.

"Love you—love the wretch who has betrayed me, the woman who has spoiled my life," he broke out in an awful voice. "Love between you and me, Lady Isabel Beresford is a thing of the vanished past. My love fell dead as suddenly as crumbled the image of your honor. It would have lived forever had one spark of conscience, one gleam of purity survived in you, but it died when I realized there was none. Go, and take with you the contempt of the man whose life you have broken. My curse on the hour I met you, my curse on the day that made you my wife—may you live to loathe yourself as I loathe you, madam; may you live to be as utterly unloved by the world as you are by me—I can wish you no fate more desolate than that."

There was no word, no cry, from the still figure standing there so ghastly and corpse-like in the light of the stars, and bidding an everlasting adieu to the pleasant ways of peace. For moment it stood and watched him as he walked away—for a moment it kept that rigid erectness, that awful corpse-like stare, then, throwing its wild arms out with one hoarse, gurgling, articulate cry, it dropped like a log and lay prone in the moonlit pathway.

It is four by the little buhl timepiece in my lady's lace clouded dressing table, four by the resounding peal of the stable clock, four by the bell in the Ravenswood Cathedral, and Joyce Halli-john, crouching in the shadow of the servants' doorway, counts the dull peal as the hour rings out and starts from her seat with a sharp breath of alarm.

A ragged light is struggling in the eastern sky, moon and stars have drawn back and paled before the approach of day, a faint gray vapor rises from the bosom of the mere and floats up above the dark tree-tops and through a tall mulioned window that lights the servant's staircase, a fitful glimmer is stealing softly in and pencil-ing gray scrolls and silvery lances on the floor and the opposite wall.

"Daylight, and my lady not yet returned," gasps Joyce in a dull, suffocating voice. "Merciful Heavens! what can have happened? What can have detained her so terribly? Light is breaking fast, and if she is seen—Ah! I dare not think of it; that way madness lies. My lady, my dear, dear lady. What has become of you, my treasure?"

She staggers feebly to the door, and thrusts it open, the faint light of dawn looks down on the under-world through a haze of opal and silver, a delicate breeze floats up from the mere, sweet with the breath of flowers, in a thicket a nightingale is trilling his good by to the sleep ing roses, but sight of my lady there is not.

She steps out into the faint silvery light and looks about her with a nervous shiver. "No one is in sight, and it emboldens her to step forward. She glides down between the two walls of roses that screen the gravelled path, and passes out on the dewy lawn near the entrance to the Oak Walk.

"My lady," she calls softly; "my lady, are you there?"

There is no reply—and she hastens forward with a shiver of nervous dread.

"My lady," she calls again, leaning breathless and white against a great shaggy oak. "My lady—I say, are you there?"

The sentence is never finished. Looking down the black Oak Walk, she catches sight of some thing white lying prone on its face in the dust and dirt, and darts to it with a piercing shriek.

It is my lady. The black cloak has fallen away and the dew lies thick on the crushed robe of white velvet and silver lilies; the brown hair is broken its fastenings and streams loose on her cold, white shoulders, her face is buried, her arms are extended, and these little hands my lord has kissed so often in the days that have gone forever are rigidly clinched in the piti less earth, like the hands of one who has fallen and died hard.

In an instant almost, Joyce is down on her knees beside her. The fallen head is reverently raised, and the face, with its frozen look of raised, and the face, with its frozen look of unutterable horror, the open eyes with their terrible sightless glare, and the set white lips with their flecks of congealed blood are upturned to the light of dawn.

There is no sign of life in that rigid, corpse-like figure, no movement as Joyce gathered it up and staggered to her feet; but she holds it close knowing this faithful Joyce, that to summon aid is to invite inquiry, and so hurries back to the house and bears her lifeless burden into the little rose and gold boudoir.

Ten minutes later the household is aroused, and the alarm-bell intimated that my lady is in unto death. Good Mrs. Flock and bewails her numberless woes.

Confusion reigns through all the grand old court. The door is sent for its red haste. He rides back through the black daybreak and is ushered into my lady's boudoir where white faces and smaller eyes meet him in the twinkling light; but even his remarks on thing this the servants have remarked before him. Through all the dreadful danger and the shadow of death, my lord never appears, never asks for his wife, never issues from the library, where his restless footsteps have been heard going from wall to window, from window to door, back and forward, to and fro, like a tiger pacing his cage, and chafing at the restraints of the bars.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ON A FOUNDATION OF SAND.

For a minute after Lord Beresford passed away with her Grace of Arleigh and Lady Faerie Galerie's select coteries, Archibald Carlyle and the

as she wrecked mine for so many long years."

My lady lifted her head and said dead and snuffed a smile of malignant triumph.

"I have done it, mother mine," she said jubilantly. "I have crushed her to the earth—humbled her pride, broken her heart, and we shall have a tragedy at Ravenswood before the month is ended."

And standing thus with the gaslight glinting down on her beautiful face, my lady made a *résumé* of the night's occurrences, and laid the story bare.

"My lord heard those words, and they will soon drown me out yet, mother," she finished, exultantly. "It is the proud heart that suffers most, and the seed of doubt once planted, it will rankle in the soil until it sprouts a full-fledged flower."

Lady Emma Mount Severn shivered and looked away.

"But the promise you gave her father, Rosamond," she said in a faint, wavering voice. "He will betray us both and bring ruin on our heads if you tell the story of her mother's shame to Lady Isabel's husband, and—and our vengeance can never be completed until Lord Beresford knows the truth and hounds her from him an outcast."

My lady threw back her head with a smile of awful triumph.

"So he shall bound her, so he shall know," she said, resolutely. "He shall hear his wife's secret, despite that promise, and you shall betray it. I swore that I should not—I took no oath to prevent you. Lord Lionel Beresford shall learn all from you, but in such a way that Archibald Carlyle will be thoroughly certain I have had no hand in it, and refrain from publishing the story of your past. At one o'clock Isabel will go to meet Pierre Bloushar and Amy Halli-john at the foot of the Oak Walk, and between now and then, we can invent some means of arranging this secret betrayal. When I spoke of the empty grave tonight, Archibald Carlyle

Lady Rosamond Mount Severn remained speechless before the screened doors of the forecourt house, where my lord had overheard that luckless speech, and the solicitor's face wore a look of unfold horror.

He watched those retreating forms until the screening shrubbery hid them from view, and then swinging about suddenly, confronted my lady.

"Just Heaven! do you think he heard?" he breathed, in a dull, labored voice. "Do you hear he heard, and—understood?"

Heard? of course he had. My lady had seen through that polite sham of suddenly perceiving them—in the very manner he walked away she knew that he fully comprehended her words, and a smile of terrible malice fluttered over her lips and then passed away.

"Can you think it?" she purred in a bantering tone, not wishing he should share her knowledge just yet. "No, he has heard nothing. These Beresfords are a proud race. Do you think my Lord Lionel one to coolly pocket his dishonor, and walk away without a word? If he had heard, we should have been treated to a scene

Four More Wheel Chairs Given by COMFORT in January Twenty in All Since We Began Last Spring

DEAR FRIENDS AND CHARITY WORKERS:

We are beginning the new year well indeed. I am proud of you, and I thank you all most heartily.

As I told you, the Wheel Chair Club subscriptions were somewhat disappointing in December, but you have responded nobly to my January appeal with the result that we have been able to confer the inestimable comfort and relief of a wheel chair on four more worthy, destitute shut-ins this January.

For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain, that for each and every 250 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they they would be entitled, I give a first-class invalid's Wheel Chair to some worthy destitute crippled shut-in and I pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Now that we have made such a noble beginning let us not weary in well-doing, but try to keep it up at the same good pace throughout the year.

We simply must, and with your help, my Christian Friends, we will.

The names of the recipients of the January wheel chairs are Lillie Day, Etowah, Tenn. Callie Barefoot, Four Oaks, N. C. Pearl King, Raleigh, Ga. Mrs. Minnie Cooper, Stella, Va.

Released From Twenty Years' Confinement
by Comfort

MR. W. H. GANNETT, AUGUSTA, MAINE:

DEAR SIR.—I have received my wheel chair which was sent me by the COMFORT.

I cannot express how thankful I am to receive it. After twenty years of staying in the house I can wheel myself all over the house and in the yard and, the sunshine helps me so much. I would have written sooner but my health would not permit me to do so. Well after thanking Uncle Charlie and all of the cousins again I will close my short letter, but will still work in behalf of COMFORT and its good people.

ALICE PERKINS.

Says Comfort's Wheel Chair is a Godsend

FITCH, R. D. 1, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:

I am writing this with a thankful heart. I have got my chair, and it is lovely. I cannot express my thanks for what COMFORT has done for me. The chair is a Godsend to me. How grateful I was when I saw my chair unwrapped, and two of my nieces lifted me on the chair and rolled me round the room. We are all so grateful for what you and the cousins have done for us. I cannot tell you what cheer and happiness you have all brought to me. I wish you could meet and shake hands with all of you. I thank all who have sent me letters and cards. May God bless you all in your good work.

Yours grateful niece, EUGENIA BARTS.

Says Comfort is Doing a Tremendous Work
for Good

ITASCA, TEX., Dec. 14, '08.

MR. W. H. GANNETT:

DEAR SIR.—You will find a money order enclosed for forty cents for two subscriptions to COMFORT, including my renewal of my own subscription, as I thoroughly prize your praiseworthy publication, particularly Uncle Charlie's helpful, wholesome and judicious advice to us, interlaced with jokes. You are doing a tremendous work for good and your readers appreciate it. May God bless you. An old subscriber,

WILL ROTEN.

FLORENCE BUSHFIELD.

A Ten Years' Subscriber to COMFORT Sends
\$1.00 and donates Five Subscriptions
to Her Friends

MAYNARD, ARK., Dec. 19, 1908.

EDITOR COMFORT:

DEAR SIR.—I have been reading in COMFORT so much about those wheel chairs and think it such a grand idea that I wanted to help some. Not being well enough myself to get out and get up subscribers I am just sending one dollar and some names that you can send the paper to.

I had a son that lived to be twenty-one years old and he never walked in his life and it makes me much interested in getting up wheel chairs for other invalids. I think I have been doing a good job. I have been taking it for over ten years and don't believe I have missed a single copy. I am always eager to read the sisters' letters.

RESPONSES:

MRS. E. C. TEMPLETON.

Sends \$1.50 and Eight Subscriptions Towards
the Wheel Chair Club, and a Strong
Appeal in Behalf of a Neighbor

BEELIN, N. Y., Dec. 19, '08.

MR. W. H. GANNETT:

DEAR SIR.—Enclosed you will find one dollar and sixty cents for new subscribers to COMFORT paper for one year, and the money to be given to the Wheel Chair Club. I saw in your paper that you were giving wheel chairs to lame and helpless people and I think it is a great and good work. I will try to get more subscribers to help the work along. There is an old lady here, seventy-nine years old, Mrs. Sattely. A year and a half ago she fell and broke her hip and she has to do all of her own work and all she has got to get around in is a rocking chair. She is poor and not able to hire her work done. Her husband is feeble and almost blind, and her son has to work to support them so he cannot afford to buy a wheel chair, so will the club please give her a chair. She would be very glad for it. It would be such a comfort to her, will you kindly send her one. I send good references, hoping all will be satisfactory. If you send it, please send it to my address and I will see that she gets it.

MRS. RECHEN MOON.

NOTE.—I have referred Mrs. Moon's letter and references to Uncle Charlie, who is investigating the case for me, and if the case turns out worthy, as it certainly appears to be, she shall have a wheel chair in February, and I will report in March.

W. H. GANNETT.

was for going at once and proving, by sight, that the divorced wife still lived, but I doubted, however, and told him she had sworn never to look on his face again, and, more than that, she wouldn't be present tonight at the rendezvous.

All the same, she will, mother mine, and the plot will be put on a solid basis before daybreak.

Pierre Bloushar's hatred for Lord Beresford takes a deadly turn. He intends that his lordship shall be so crazed with jealousy, that he will threaten Isabel's life. After that there will be a mysterious murder with every evidence against her husband, every suspicion pointing so clearly to him that he cannot escape the scaffold. When that is assured, Pierre means to convey intelligence to his lordship that this is his vengeance for the blow he struck him.

Emma Mount Severn shuddered.

"Is the wretch base enough to murder his own sister for the sake of avenging one blow," she murmured, in a faint, sick voice. "We can bound her down, but never sink to bloodshed, and—and a man who could murder his sister may not be trusted to deal fairly with us, Rosamond. Somehow I have always felt a dread of Pierre Bloushar. Such a man may be false to us if he finds it to his purpose."

My lady shrugged her shoulders with a reckless laugh.

"Give me credit for a little foresight," she said, lightly. "Pierre Bloushar knows no more of the real relationship between Lady Isabel and himself than Uncle Charlie did in the cushion.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD:

Information How They May Give Birth to
Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely
Without Pain—Sent Free.

No women need any longer dread the pains of

childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye

has proved that all pain at childbirth

may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell

you how it may be done absolutely free of charge.

Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 107

Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you,

postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to

give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely

without pain; also how to care sterilize. Do not

delay but write today.

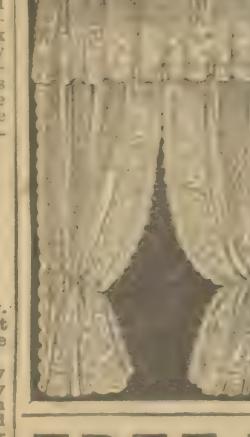


BIG DOLL FREE

This great Big Doll, dressed in satin, lace and ribbon, with jointed body, bisque head, curling hair and lovely complexion. She closes her eyes when she lies down. She wears a beautiful straw hat, lace-trimmed underwear, pretty slippers, and stockings that take off. She is a pretty set of Bamboo Doll's Furniture. These are just what every girl wants. Send us your name and address for 24 packages of BLUINE to sell at 10c a package. When sold return our \$2.40 and we will send you this beautiful doll and furniture at once.

BLUINE MFG. CO.,

806 MILL ST., Concord Jct., Mass.



2 Pair L

WE PAY \$36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to man with size to introduce postals compound. Year's account, IMPERIAL MFG. CO., DEPT. D, PARSONS, KANS.

24 LANGUAGE OF FLOWER CARDS 10 cts. Each means, Love; Snowdrop, Hope; Passey, Think of Me; Cedar, Be Mine, etc. HILL SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 1st, CHICAGO.

FREE 3 beautiful silk embossed Post Cards, in colors, for 2c stamp; 10 cards and 3 mos. sub. for 10c. Household, 333 Copper Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

100 POST CARDS, all different, printed in rich colors. An extraordinary bargain. 30c Highland Mfg. Co., Station 85, 35, Boston, Mass.

Ladies' SANITARY BELT for holding toilet cloth. Elastic, durable. Plain box, 25c. in stamps. Give waist measure. MRS. ALICE REMINGTON, Silver Springs, N.Y.

25 Valentine and Easter Cards 10c Forget-me-nots, Cupids, Hearts, Easter Lillies, Angels, Flowers, etc. Big bargain. J. LEE & SON, 60 Canal St., Chicago.

How to Jolly Girls is what every man wants to know. My "Book of Toasts" is the best girl jollier. 10 cts. A. Kraus, 629 T. Delaware, Milwaukee, Wis.

25 Postals VALENTINE CARDS in rich floral designs of Flowers, Friendship and Birthday Greetings, Charmine Souvenir, etc. Send 10 cts. (Aliver). MARTIN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 1st, CHICAGO.

15 SILK FLOWER POST CARDS 10c Embossed, in colors, for 2c stamp. Send 10 cts. (Aliver). BILK CARD CO., Dept. 322, 1941 Harrison St., CHICAGO.

32 NICE POST CARDS, different sorts, and a Good Magazine for one year. THE WHOLE THING for only 10c. GEORGE WATSON, 3661 ARCHER AVE., CHICAGO.

CANCER Successfully treated by medical means, based on 27 years experience. Book free. Send names of afflicted. DR. C. Weber, 17 W. 8th St., Cincinnati, O.

Set of MAGIC TRICK CARDS for 2c. Just to introduce you to our set of Trick Cards with full secret directions for only 2c. With these cards you can change eight to ten or more, Fred card, blind, speech to others, etc. just as you desire, and no one can detect it. DRAKE TRICK CO., Dept. 18, 1941 Harrison St., Chicago.

ASTHMA Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. DR. KINSEY, Box 618, Augusta, Me.

GOLD TEETH THE LATEST FAD Fill your own teeth. A Gold plated shell will look like regular dentures. All over two million sold. Every tooth a gold tooth. Price 10 cents each, 4 for 25 cents, 12 for 50 cents C.Y. FARGO, FRENCHONTON, N.J.

COLD WATCH AND RING FREE American Movement Watch Gold plated Case warranted to keep correct time, similar in appearance to Solid Gold Watch warranted for 25 years; also Gold Filled Ring with Sparkling Gem, both free for selling only 24 Jewelry Novelties at 10c. each. Write for Jewelry. When sold send us \$2.40 and we send watch and ring.

FRIEND SUPPLY CO. Dept. 917, Boston, Mass.

PERFECTLY DEVELOPED BUST

I assert and will prove to you that my new, perfected, natural method (the true secret) DEVELOPS the BUST quickly, naturally and perfectly. Thin cheeks, scrawny neck and arms made plump and beautiful. New Illustrated BEAUTY BOOK containing instructions how to develop yourself at home will be sent you in plain envelope. Address HAZEL STUART, Secy. 20 East 22d St., New York, N.Y.

50c. Box FREE During this month I will send one Fifty Cent Box of Orange Lily absolutely free. It cured me after years of suffering from diseases peculiar to women. An applied treatment for 24 packages of BLUINE to sell at 10 cents each. When sold return our \$2.40 and we will send you the great, big, large, large, large, foot tall and half a foot through, and 50 bright colored pictures, and as an Extra Premium, 25 Exhibition Tickets, a Show Screen and large Posters for advertising your shows. BLUINE MFG. CO., (The Old Reliable Firm)

MAGIC LANTERN AND OUTFIT FREE! Imported Brass Mounted German Stereopticon, double telescope lenses, 10 lamps, 10 bands, 2 continuous film, 20 squares lantern with patent chimney. It will give you Fine Exhibitions for which you can charge admission fees. Price for 24 packages of BLUINE to sell at 10 cents each. When sold return our \$2.40 and we will send you the great, big, large, large, large, foot tall and half a foot through, and 50 bright colored pictures, and as an Extra Premium, 25 Exhibition Tickets, a Show Screen and large Posters for advertising your shows. BLUINE MFG. CO., (The Old Reliable Firm)

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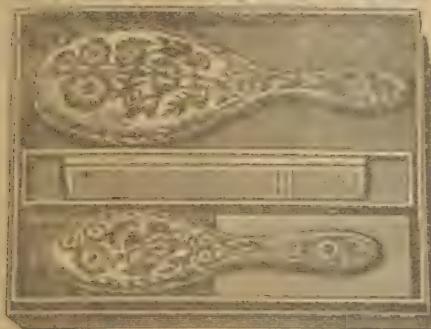
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3-Piece Toilet Set

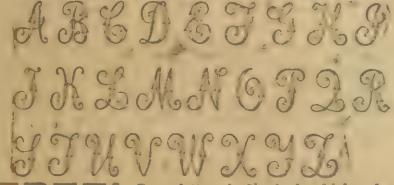


GIVEN AWAY

The three-piece Toilet Set shown above is beautifully decorated in natural colors on a cream-colored composition. The comb is of the same shade. It is not only beautiful, but serviceable and will last for many years. The bristles are of the best. The mirror is French bevel plate. Given free for just a few minutes of your time. Write today for 24 New Moonstone Pins which you can quickly dispose of on our special offer at 10c each.

GEORGE E. MILLER, Dept. 125 121 East Kinsley Street, Chicago.

TRANSFER PATTERNS OF COMPLETE ALPHABET



FREE!

Every letter is 2 1/2 inches high and can be transferred to any fabric as many as twelve times. Embroidery right on the pattern. To transfer you only dampen the back of the pattern. The best and most satisfactory transfer embroidery pattern manufactured. Send only 10 cents and we will send you the WOMAN'S WORLD for three months and this transfer embroidery pattern of complete alphabet free. WOMAN'S WORLD is the greatest magazine in the world—greatest circulation, greatest contributors, and greatest reading volume. Depts. on Embroidery, Dressmaking and Fancy Work.

Woman's World, 48 W. Monroe St., Dept. P17, Chicago

NECK CHAIN AND BRACELET

SET GIVEN AWAY

There is hardly any precious stone that has the brilliant sparkle of the Egyptian Crystal Bead. TOGETHER with the elegant spar cross, locket and the necklace which would delight any lady to wear. Nearly every customer who received this writes to me expressing her pleasure at the beauty of the articles they are. You can not fail to be satisfied. Given free for just a few minutes of your time. Write today for 12 New Moonstone Pins which you can quickly dispose of on our offer at 10 cents each.

GEORGE E. SPENCER, Dept. 121 E. Kinney St., Chicago.



FREE GOLD WATCH AND RING FREE

American Movement Watch. Solid Gold Filled Case. Warranted Time keeper and a Gold Filled Ring, with a Sparkling Gem given free for selling 20 Jewelry Novelties at 10 cents. Write to them. When sold send us the \$2.00 and we send you the Gold Watch and Ring.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO. Dept. 477 East Boston, Mass.

DR. KELLY COMPANY, 300 Exchange Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Develop Your Bust

50c. Package Free

For 100 stamps or silver we will send you a 50c. package of Dr. Catherine E. Kelly's wonderful treatment for making the bust plump and firm, also our booklet "The Perfect Figure." She used this treatment herself and it increased her bust and her patients from four to seven inches. Write today.

DR. KELLY COMPANY, 300 Exchange Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED!

My mild, soothing, guaranteed cure does it and FREE SAMPLE proves it. Stops the itching and cures to stay. WRITE NOW—today, or you'll forget it. Address DR. J. E. CANNADAY, 706 PARK SQUARE, SEDALIA, MO.

CANCER CAN BE CURED

Personal or Home Treatment. Both successful. Scores of testimonials, from persons who gladly write to those now suffering, all tell of permanent cures. Many say that my Mild Combination Treatment saved their lives. No matter how serious your case or what treatment you have taken, don't give up hope, but write at once for free 125 page testimonial book.

DR. JOHNSON REMEDY CO. Suite 461 1233 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

AWOMAN'SLOVE

And Sympathy For Her Own Sex

Leads Her to Devote Her Life to

Relieve Their Suffering

TREATMENT FREE FOR THE ASKING

Dr. Lucille McKinley Derbyshire, the most widely-known lady physician in the world, now offers to you, sick and suffering sister a FREE TREATMENT and the benefit of her long years of experience in scientifically treating leucorrhœa, displacement, ulceration or inflammation of the womb; disease of the ovaries; barrenness; irregular, delayed, profuse or painful menstruation; backache, lumbago, nervous prostration, sick headaches and many other ills so common to the sex. Middle-aged ladies passing through that painful and depressing period the change of life, and relief. If you are suffering let the doctor help you. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY HER HOME TREATMENT. Write today describing your case fully. A valuable medical pamphlet FREE to every woman applying for the free treatment.

Address DR. LUCILLE MCKINLEY DERBYSHIRE

Box 389 Fort Wayne, Indiana.

A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

the star-powdered, silvery-gray gloaming, she locked her torturing thoughts behind the mask of silence that was becoming habitual and near the mill met Mrs. Mitchell's tender eyes on watch for her.

A few mornings later, Eglah stood in the dairy door, looking up beyond a sentry line of tall pear trees uniformed in vivid green, to the hillside where lay the peach orchard a month before in full flower, billowing gently like a wide coverlet of pink silk shaken in sunlight. Followed by Della, who knew the haunts of water-rats in the velvet moss low on the banks, she walked toward the creek. Over one corner of the deserted red mill a dewberry vine feathered with blossoms rambled almost to the sagging roof, and along the ruined line of the old race ferns held up their lace fronds to shade the lilac spikes of water-hyacinths. It was a cool, lonely place, sweet with the breath of wild flowers, silent save the endless adagio in minors played by crystal fingers of the stream stealing down the broken, crumbling stone dam. In that quiet nook all outside noises seemed intrusive, and Eglah listened to the beat of a horse's hoofs cantering across the bridge below the mill. Very soon Mr. Boynton appeared and dismounted.

"Good morning, Miss Eglah. A telegram was forwarded from Y—, and as I happened to be at Maurice when it came, I brought it at once."

"Thank you very much."

She took the message and walked away a few steps, struggling for strength to face the worst.

"Mrs. Noel Herriott:

"Amos Lea has been ill for months. Today I am called to Chicago to my sick son. Della will not stay here without me. Some woman ought to come."

AMANDA ORR.

"I hope it is good news about your husband?" "Mr. Boynton, it might be worse. Sickness in Mr. Herriott's household seems to require that I should go to his home for a few days. Please wait here until I can go to the house and find out what must be done. I may trouble you to attend to some matters for me."

Mrs. Mitchell sat on the steps at the rear of the cottage, stemmimg a bowl of strawberries and warily watching the elusive feints of a white turkey hen picking her way to a nest hidden in a tangle of blackberry vines. Eglah held the open telegram before her eyes and waited.

"I suppose you want me to go?"

"I wish you to be there with me. I cannot go alone."

"Dearie, you can't nurse the gardener. If Mr. Herriott were at home he would not listen to any such nonsense."

"I like Amos Lea, and I intend to put him in the hands of a good trained nurse until Mrs. Orr returns."

That could be done easily by telegraph or letter. But my baby, if it would comfort you to be in the house—"

Eglah threw up her hand with a warning gesture.

"I wish to stay only a few days; just long enough to assure myself that the old man is carefully attended to. I prefer not to start from Y—, and the train despatcher at Maurice can stop the up train at 11:45. We need no trunk, and I have the money to pay our way on. I shall write and have more forwarded from the bank. Ma-Lila, I wish to start tonight. Can you get ready?"

The little woman's level brows puckered, but the light in her eyes was a caress.

"Can I refuse any of your foolish whims? I have spoiled you all your life, and it is rather late in the day for me to undertake to oppose you. I see Hiram Boynton waiting, and I must arrange with him to have his boys sleep here and take care of everything in our absence. You know my pet cow's calf is only three days old, and her udder needs watching."

They reached Greyleigh at noon, accompanied by the middle-aged nurse commanded by the matron of a hospital in the neighboring city. At the sound of carriage wheels on the stone driveway the dogs greeted them from the kennels in the stable yard, and several peals from the front door bell rang through the closed house before the butler, pipe in hand, opened the door. Speechless from astonishment, he staggered back.

"Good morning Hawkins. How is Amos Lea?" "About the same, ma'am, the doctor says. Mrs. Herriott, I hope you will excuse the looks of things. If I had known you were coming I would have lighted the furnace and warmed the house and been nearer ready. There is not a female on the place. Della was that prudish she went with her aunt."

"Did Mrs. Orr leaves all the keys with you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Bring them to me and show me where they belong. Is Rivers here?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am; also his cousin Nelson, who helps with the horses and dogs; and David Green, the under gardener."

"Hawkins, you know Mrs. Mitchell: she came with me on a visit before my marriage; and this is Mrs. Adams, who will nurse Amos for the present. Open the house and make fires in the 'blue room' and two other bedrooms. I shall be here only a short while, and you must do the best you can for us as regards meals. When the time comes for feeding the dogs I wish to be notified. I am afraid, they have forgotten me."

"If you please, ma'am, what is the news from Mr. Herriott? When I saw you I felt sure he must be coming home shortly. We count the days till we see him."

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"If you please, ma'am, what is the news from Mr. Herriott? When I saw you I felt sure he must be coming home shortly. We count the days till we see him."

"I am sorry, Hawkins, but no news reaches me now. It has been a long, dreary, dreadful time. I came because Mrs. Orr telegraphed me some one was needed here to look after the sick. Ma-Lila, will you go upstairs with Mrs. Adams while I see Amos?"

Near the gardener's cottage she met David Green, with a bowl of broth in his hands and a scowl on his sunburned face.

"How are you, David? Hearing that Amos is sick, I have brought a good nurse to stay with him till the housekeeper returns. What is the matter with him?"

"Madam, it is mostly crankiness now, in my opinion. Last fall he had a spell of fever that left him ailing, and in January he fell into in-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)

shut-in. Send her cheery letters. Wm. V. Kinney, Home, R. D. 2, Pa. Send this poor shut-in some assistance. Keep him out of the poorhouse if you can. John Gordon, 2421 S. 24th St., Omaha, Neb. Bear poor broken-backed John in mind. He takes subs for all magazines. Annie Peavy, Peavy, Ala. Bedridden shut-in. Lovely character, writes beautifully. Give her a sunshine call. Rhoda Knippe, Vandalia, Owen Co., Ind. Helpless shut-in. Poor and needy, give her a boost, well recommended. James F. Essex, Nelsonville, Ky. Shut-in, poor and needy. Worthy of your aid. Erie Bartholemew, Covoda, Pa. Crippled for two years. Would like cheery letters. Lilly M. Hunter, Etowah, Tenn. Paralyzed when she was six months old. Is now thirteen. Quite helpless. We are sending her a chair. Now will you please send her some postals, picture books, and real money. She needs that most of all. Mollie Bowman, Avena, Ill. Needy shut-in. Write her some cheery letters and put something in them. Mrs. Levina Platt, Harris, Mo. Crippled from rheumatism for seven years. Unable to lie down, has to sit in rocker all night and day. Limbs all drawn out of shape. Only support is a poor boy. Open your hearts here and give her a boost. A dollar shower if you can. Ida L. Brown, Box 390, Hardwick, Vt. Invalid for sixteen years. Send her material for fancy work, letters, reading, and anything else you can spare. Joe Barker, Stanley, N. C. Shut-in. Send him some cheery letters. Mrs. M. Kline, Box 44, Benton, R. D. 4, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. Kline are old and needy. Sadly in need of coal and other comforts. Send them all the help you can. Wm. J. Itatty 859 Clark St., Toledo, Ohio. Has heart trouble, unable to work. Poor and needy, give him a boost. Cut out the tracts, he doesn't want any. Can look after his soul without your assistance. Mrs. Lilly Borquin, Sawtelle, Los Angeles Co., Cal. Widow and unable to work. Has two little boys depending on her for support. She is greatly afflicted, and in great need both for clothes and food. Anna Austin, 411 E. Turner St., Springfield, Mo. Asks aid for her father who has cancer. He is unable to do anything. Well recommended. Do what you can for him. Chas. M. Thomas, Attica, R. D. 1, Ohio. Helpless invalid. Send him all the sunshine you can. Fine correspondent. Mrs. Stolker (52), 462 Fifth Ave., Upper Troy, N. Y. Has rheumatism and consumption. Is helpless, wants cheery letters and postals. Edith Dart, Box 8, Oakdale, R. D. 1, Conn. Needs cheery letters and postal cards.

That list ought to keep your hearts and pockets busy. God loveth a cheerful giver. Get busy and make someone happy. God be with you till we meet again.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

OPIUM or Morphine Habit Treated.

Dr. R. G. CONTRELL, successor to HARRIS INSTITUTE Room 658, 400 W. 23d St., New York

SELL TOBACCO AND CIGARS

Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Experience unnecessary—we give full instructions. Address MOROTOK TOBACCO WORKS, Box S-19, Danville, Virginia.

\$1.00 Box
Free
to Fat
Folks

Here is a simple herbal remedy that is doing wonders for Fat People. Hundreds have been reduced in weight & restored to health by its use. Here is only one letter from many others we have received. Mrs. H. Passage, of Mich. "Ten years ago my method reduced my weight 20 pounds & I have not gained any in weight since." If you are too stout for comfort, why not reduce your weight and be comfortable. Don't ruin your stomach with a lot of useless drugs. Our method is perfectly safe, natural & scientific. It will make you feel lighter, allow you to breathe easier & is a good remedy for Big Stomach, Fat Hips, etc. Return this coupon to the Hall Chemical Co., 606 Hall Building, St. Louis, Mo. for a full size dollar treatment. Each box is sealed wrapper, with no advertising on it to indicate what it contains.

TEAR OFF HERE

Free \$1.00 Box Coupon

HALL CHEMICAL CO., 606 Hall Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. Please send a \$1.00 box of your Herbal Obesity Tablets Free by mail postpaid, in a plain sealed wrapper to

Name.....

Street No.....

City & State.....

GOLD WEDDING RING FREE

Send for 10 packages of our beautiful silk and gold embossed post cards to use in your wedding. Price 10c each. Send \$1 when collected and we will send you by return mail this very fine 14K gold filled heavy band ring, not the cheap kind. Address R. F. MOSER, 222 Household Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

DISSECTED PICTURE PRIZE PUZZLE. 59 PRIZES OFFERED.

17 Cash Prizes ranging from \$5.00 to 50 cents each, and 42 other Prizes valued at 25 cents each make it worth your while to try to cut out and fit this picture together.

DISSECTED PICTURE PUZZLES NOW ARE ALL THE RAGE

Everybody, old and young, everywhere, is puzzling over putting them together. IT IS INTERESTING, AMUSING, LOTS OF FUN TRYING, and when you have succeeded it is satisfaction, a sense of triumph as in WINNING A GAME.

But there are two additional elements of interest in solving THIS PARTICULAR PICTURE PUZZLE.

1. Because when you have cut it out and put it together properly you WILL HAVE BEFORE YOU AN EXACT SMALL SCALE REPRODUCTION OF THE LARGE BEAUTIFUL AND AUTHENTIC TIME PAINTS OF THIS FEBRUARY WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN MEMORIAL "COMFORT."

2. BECAUSE WE MAKE THE FOLLOWING

PRIZE OFFER

WE WILL GIVE a sheet to conditions stated below, for the BEST and MOST NEATLY CUT OUT, FITTED

TOGETHER and MOUNTED COMPLETE PICTURE formed of these disjointed fragments, a

First Prize of \$5.00 cash

For second best a prize of 3.00 "

For third best a prize of 2.00 "

For fourth best a prize of

Some Good Old War Songs

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

Dixie's Land

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land.

CHORUS.

Don I wish I was in Dixie,
How I'd be glad to be there!
In Dixie Land I'd took my stand
To live and die in Dixie.
Away, away, away down South in Dixie,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.
Old Missus marry "Will-de-weber,"
William was a good boy.
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land.
But when he put his arm around her,
He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder,
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land.

CHORUS.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver,
But dat did not seem to great 'er;
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land.
Old Missus acted de foolish part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart,
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land.

CHORUS.

Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
An' all de gals dat want to kiss us;
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land.
But if you want to drive way sorrow,
Come and hear this song tomorrow,
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land.

CHORUS.

Dar's buck-wheat caked an' Ingen' batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land.
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land.

CHORUS.

Yankee Doodle
Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Goodwin,
And there we saw the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.

CHORUS.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

CHORUS.

And there was Captain Washington
Upon a slapping stallion,
And giving orders to his men;
I guess there was a million.

CHORUS.

And then the feathers on his hat.
They looked so tarnal finey.
I wanted possikly to get
To give to my Jemima.

CHORUS.

And there they had a swamping gun,
As big as a log of maple,
On a little liddle cart,
A liddle for father's saddle.

CHORUS.

And every time they fired it off
It took a ton of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

CHORUS.

I went as near to it myself,
As Jacob's underplin';
And father went as near again—
I thought the deuce was in him.

CHORUS.

It scared me so, I ran the streets,
Nor stopped as I remember,
Till I got home, and safely locked
In granny's little chamber.

CHORUS.

And there I see a little keg:
Its heads were made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little sticks,
To call the men together.

CHORUS.

And there they'd fire away like fun,
And play on corn-stalk fiddles;
And some had ribbons red as blood,
All bound around their middles.

CHORUS.

The troopers too, would gallop up,
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death,
To see them run such races.

CHORUS.

Uncle Sam came there to change
Some pancakes and some onions
For lasses cakes to carry home
To give his wife and young ones.
But I can't tell you half I see.
They keep up such a smother;
So took my hat off, made a bow,
And scampered home to mother.

Hail! Columbia

Hail! Columbia, happy land!
Hail! ye heroes, hearin'born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war is gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won;
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost.
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal Patriots, rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand.
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toll and blood, the well-earned prize;
While off-riing peace, sincere and just,
In heavn' we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice may prevail,
And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail!

CHORUS.

Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Let ev'ry clime, to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with steady pow'r,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease,
The happier time of honest peace.

CHORUS.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands
The rock on which the storm will beat;
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But armed in virtue, stands the chief
Who now commands, once more to serve his country,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
The rock on which the storm will beat;

CHORUS.

26-Piece Table Set



GIVEN AWAY. This valuable premium consists of 26 pieces of standard Maldabar plate ware, full table size and guaranteed to be very serviceable and hold its color through years of hard use. The set consists of 12 plates, 6 forks, 6 table spoons, 6 tea spoons, 6 butter knives and one large shell-shaped platter, all as premium for just a few minutes of your time. Write and get for 24 New Moustache Pins, which you can quickly dispose of on our special offer at 10c each. **GEORGE E. MILLER**, 704 Ridge Bldg., 121 East Kinzie Street, Chicago, Ill.

CATARRH MEDICINE

FREE If your ears ring or roar, or your hearing is affected, if eyes ache, water or burn, or sight falters, if you knock spit, cough or have bad breath, soaks in nose, lungs or stomach, your name and address will bring to you absolutely free a 32 days course of medicine prescribed to meet your individual requirements and complications.

We have cured many who have tried various so-called Catarrh cures with little or no benefit, and we make you this offer of introducing our splendid treatment in your section.

REMEMBER send only your symptoms, **NO MONEY**—and without cost you will receive a 32 days course of medicine prescribed especially for you.

GERMAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 704 RIDGE BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

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Absolutely most valuable talking machine ever offered. Send for 36 packages of QUAKER SHEET BLUING to set at 10cts. each. When sold return our 2.00 and we will send this talking machine and 1 Columbia Record.

FRIEND SOAP CO., Dept. 202, Boston, Mass.

Lincoln Memorial Badge

LARGER THAN A SILVER QUARTER

Very, very attractive, and extremely good taste is displayed when wearing one of these Centenary Lincoln Badges. Made of metal with the soft gray oxidized Silver finish. Lincoln's bust is shown on the front with his name, Abraham Lincoln, only. The reverse side has in relief a scene showing the familiar Log Cabin Home of Lincoln and the Dome of the National Capitol Building at Washington, a blazing sunset between, representing his progress in life, from the humblest home to the most exalted position attainable; also these sentiments: "Centennial Celebration," "Emancipator of a Race," "Mayor of the Union," 1809-1865. At top of badge is a ring, in this ring is attached red, white and blue ribbon, for a tie to the waist or coat. It is a very attractive and unique badge, the original design being unique. Such a great man as was Abraham Lincoln. These badges will be worn by millions of men, women and children all over the Union, and paid great tribute to the great Lincoln all the 50th year of his centenary year.

Special Offer. Send me only two sets six months; then one set every six months. **FREE** and receive one of these Silver Oxidized Finished Lincoln Badges. Get up a sight of ours, eight years subscribers at 10 cents each, and we send one dozen Badges free. You can sell them to your friends and make money. Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

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Send for 10 pieces of our Jewelry to sell at 10 cents each. Return our money and we give these 2 rings.
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only 10 cents, postpaid, stamp or coin. Address your letter to **Central Trading Co.**, 3661 Archer Av., Dept. X, Chicago, Ill.

GOLD WATCH AND RING FREE
American Movement Watch, Gold Plated case "Warranted correct time keeper and a Gold Filled Ring, with a Sparkling Gem given for \$1.00. When sold send us the \$1.00 and we send Gold Watch and Ring. **BLUINE MFG. CO.**, 803 Mill Street, Concord Jct., Mass.

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This is a book that should be owned by every married couple and those about to be married. It tells of all the little things that are necessary to know and of what a few people will tell you as you are married. The persons following directions in this book will be spared the many trials which always arise with the married state. If you will not do what is told to do, what not to do, what not to do and what not to expect. Also contains a story, "DID SHE DO WRONG?" or A Story of Temptation and 59 New, Up-To-Date Jokes. Price 10 CENTS postpaid. 3 copies 20 cents. Address **J. L. COOK**, 56 Fifth Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

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VIOLET DINNER SET

GOLD MANTEL CLOCK
A useful and beautiful article. Entire front gold finished, warranted.



In order to introduce my business, I am offering these four very beautiful and useful premiums—not one, but all four. This 31-Piece Violet and Gold Decorated Dinner Set, all pieces full size and carefully first selected china; this large size, Gold Plated and Warranted Mantel Clock; this 3-piece Side and Back Comb Set, tortoise shell pattern, handsomely ornamented; and this 3-piece Kitchen Set, consisting of Wave Edge Bread Knife, Cake Knife and Paring Knife, warranted best steel.

ALL FREE

This is unquestionably the greatest and most liberal premium offer ever made, but I am determined to double my business in 1909 regardless of expense, and therefore offer ALL FOUR of these magnificent premiums on practically the same basis as heretofore I only offered one of them. Any woman can go a long ways towards furnishing her home free at my expense.

All these premiums are first-class, guaranteed goods, and I will send you over one thousand references as to my reliability and standing. I have arranged to cover all freight charges on these fine, elegant premiums, so you are out just one cent of expense yourself. Read my offer below.

FREE OFFER

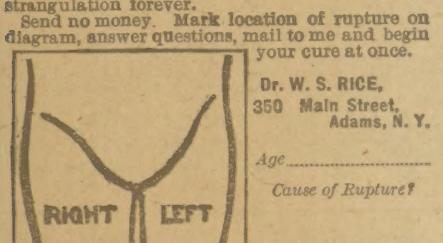
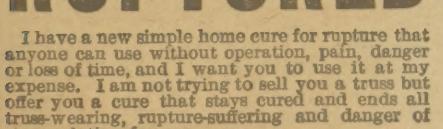
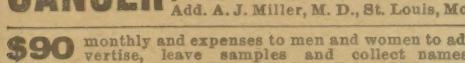
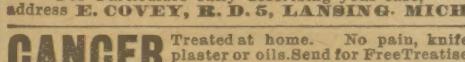
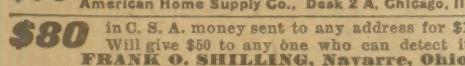
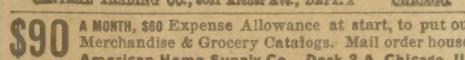
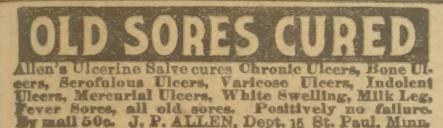
Any lady sending me her name will be sent 24 sets of my new Transfer Patterns, postpaid, at once. You hand out these 24 pattern sets free on a remarkable 25-cent proposition. Then all four premiums, the Dinner Set, Gold Clock, Comb Set and Kitchen Set will be shipped you. I can't explain what this 25-cent proposition is now, but everyone you show it to will be glad to accept it, as it is so attractive, and then you also give one of the Transfer Patterns free. These Transfer Patterns enable anyone to transfer directly on the cloth an embroidery or dress pattern, and women are delighted with them.

If my Transfer Pattern sets and propositions do not go easily for 25 cents, and you find you do not care to help me for these premiums, I will send postage at once for return of goods without fuss or question, and also give you a premium just for investigating this offer in good faith. Could anything be fairer? Just send me your name today. Only one woman in each neighborhood selected. Remember, I arrange to cover all freight charges and give all four premiums free for distributing only 24 (no more) of the Transfer Pattern sets on my 25-cent proposition.

GEORGE H. DAVIS, Manager
120-122-124 Clinton Street, Dept. 44
CHICAGO, ILL.

NOTICE!

The representative of this paper is acquainted with Mr. Geo. H. Davis and his firm and vouches for his reliability and the genuineness of this premium offer.



A Fateful Wedding Eve or The Pirate's Daughter

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

rattle-pated fellow I have been, with nothing to do, and no will to do it. Uncle has been liberal in his allowance. I have wanted for no luxury, but with my tastes, marriage would be folly even on three thousand a year. I might flirt and dance away my idle hours with those as giddy and thoughtless as myself; but before one so earnest, pure and innocent as Carlyn Durham, my better manhood bows in reverence. I must go to her only when I can say, 'I love you, be my wife!'

"And—*is this your purpose Jack?*" Hortense asked in a low voice, "your fixed purpose? for if it is a fancy, like so many others—"

"Give it to me, Hortense, I know that I deserve it. Yes, there have been a good many fancies, but this one love has outlived them all. A week's thinking is something that I have never attempted before, but while I was lying at death's door I realized that life means something more than living."

She stole a glance at him. She saw in the pale countenance, already refined by suffering and pain, the light its sunny beauty had always lacked, the heaven-born light struggling through the baser clay. She had caught a glimpse of Jack Devere's soul!

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 20 cents for new subscription or renewal for COMFORT for one year and read the next chapter. Who will strike the blow of justice, of vengeance?

A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

flammatory rheumatism that made him as helpless as a baby and fractious as a bull pup. But he got better of it, and able to hobble around his room on crutches. Like the mule he is, he would creep down to the greenhouses, hunting something to scold me about, and his crutch slipped on the ice and he hurt his hip joint. The doctor orders him to keep still and not move that leg, but, madam, he shuffles around in his bed for all the world like hyenas in a circus cage. We men take him up as easy as can be and lay him on a cot and change his clothes; but cranky! Cross! The angels couldn't please him. I guess he is sore, and when we jar and hurt him, instead of cursing us with a wholesome, honest oath we are used to, he throws up his arms, rolls back his eyes till they are all white balls, and shouts to the Lord to set Jezebel's hounds, and Og, and the rest of the Bible beasts, and the imp of Bellial upon us! He calls us 'godless goats,' and we don't set up to be religious; but he passes for pious and stands high in his church, and it makes us feel creepy, because we don't know when the Lord might happen to listen to him. You know, madam, he has got a strong pull on the master. Mr. Herriott humores his whims, and now he is away we are doing our best for Amos. Every other night I leave my family, three miles away, and sleep here in his room. Mrs. Herriott, I have come to the conclusion that if the master does not get home soon the old man will fret himself to death. Day and night he prays for him. Every morning we bring him a paper, and his poor hands shake while he holds it and searches for news of the vessel, as a pointer hunts partridges. My wife is a first-class cook, and, thinking to please him, she made and sent him this broth."

"I am glad you have all been so good to him; you especially, who have a wife and children to claim you. I hope Mr. Herriott can soon be at home, and he will thank you. Now your responsibility ceases, because I have employed a good nurse, trained in a hospital, who will know what is best for him and make him obey the doctor's directions. David, I am sure you men will be considerate and respectful while she remains."

At the door of the gardener's house, Snap dashed out, barking viciously. She called his name twice and held out her hand, but eying her suspiciously, he growled and retreated across the threshold. Propped with pillows, Amos was on a cot near the hearth, and a newspaper lay across his knees. The room was bright with sunshine, and when Elijah entered, clad in black, her long crepe veil thrown back and falling nearly to the floor, the old man stared at her and almost shrieked:

"Has the Lord God taken my lad? You wear widow's black for him?"

"No, Amos. The Lord God took my father, and my mourning is for him."

He threw up his arms.

"God be praised!"

After a moment, he added apologetically:

"Madam, I mean I am thankful Noel is spared. You see, I think only of the boy."

She drew a chair to the cot and took one of the gardener's wasted, gnarled hands in hers.

"I did not hear of your sickness till three days ago, and I came at once, to see if I could not make you more comfortable while Mrs. Orr is away."

"It makes no difference about my worn-out old body—that is a crippled hulk. My mind is in torment because of the lad's danger. Where is he now? In the ice on land, or locked up in the ship of the ungodly name, that can never break loose from the bergs leaning over her? Tell me, was your news later than my letter?"

He dragged free his bosom two worn, soiled envelopes and held them towards her. One was postmarked St. John, N. B., the other Dundee, Scotland. As she opened them a bunch of yellow poppies and a little square of moss fell into her lap. She glanced at the dates. The oldest was from Upernivik, soon after the vessel reached Greenland; the most recent was from off Cape Alexander, where the "Ahvungah" was frozen in.

"No, Amos, your news is the latest I have heard."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 20 cents for your COMFORT subscription, or renewal, and read the next chapter. Follow the wall of separation: of absolute silence.

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With your name on Gold, Silver, Red and Green.
Worth 10c each. ELLIS ART CO., Dept. 708, 321 Lawndale Ave., CHICAGO.

\$10 Cash Paid PER 1000 FOR CANCELLED
POST CARDS. ELLIS ART CO., Dept. 708, 321 Lawndale Ave., A. SCOTT, COHOES, N. Y.

WANTED AGENTS in each county to sell "Family Memorials." Good profits, steady work. Ad. Campbell & Co., 10 "A" St., Elgin, Ill.

LADIES Let us send you FREE, a 50 cent Box of VITA SANA, a Home Treatment for Female Diseases. WRITE NOW. Edwin Mercer Co., Dept. 18, Detroit, Mich.

GREENBACKS \$1000 in Stage Money for 10c. Get a bunch of Stage Greenbacks (not counters) wrap them around your own roll and show your friends what a wad you carry. Big bunch of \$2000 for 10 cents. S. Drake, Dept. 226, 1941 Harrison St., Chicago.

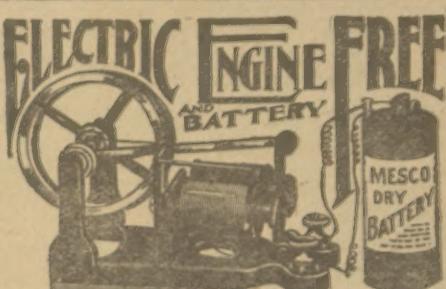
BED WETTING Cured. 25c Pkg. FREE
C. H. HOWAN
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STEM WIND GOLD WATCH
FREE Our watch is gold plated—guaranteed a correct time-keeper. Many consider it as good a time-keeper as a 25c watch. Send us \$10 and get it FREE. Sell 24 handsome latest style ladies' hat pins at 10c each and an engraved gold guaranteed watch is yours. RUSSELL MASON CO.—Dept. 102—CHICAGO

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LADIES \$1000 REWARD! I positively guarantee my Never-ending ERGO-KOLO Monthly Remedy. Safely relieves longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days without harm, pain or interference with work. Malleol. Double Strength. Booklet free. Dr. Southington R. Co., 105 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

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Vitaline tablets act on the Vitaline organs that generate the vital warmth and energy we all desire. They make one feel strong, vigorous and healthy, equal to all the duties and pleasures of robust strength and life. They give you vigor and vitality every day and restore you so quickly and completely you never know there was anything the matter.

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We send you our beautifully illustrated book, "Vitality"—you have never seen like it. Many testimonial from people cured after ten to forty years of doctoring will convince you of all we claim for Vitaline.

20,000 BOYS MADE HAPPY A MARVELOUS FUN AND MONEY-MAKING MOVING-PICTURE MACHINE FREE WITH 250 MOVING PICTURES THIS MARVELOUS MOVING-PICTURE MACHINE



which I want to send you FREE, gives just as clear and lifelike moving pictures as are shown at any of the regular moving-picture shows. It flashes moving pictures on the sheet before you. I have many different kinds of films in which men, women, racing automobiles thundering along at 80 miles an hour, steam engines, boats, animals, all move before you just as if you were looking at the real objects. And the 1909 machine and the pictures are FREE—absolutely free to every boy in this land who wants to write for an outfit—free to girls and free to older people. Read how to get this marvelous machine and these 250 moving pictures.

MY FREE OFFER TO YOU

Here is what you are to do in order to get this amazing moving-picture machine and the 250 moving pictures: Send me your name and address—that is all. Write your name and address very plainly. Mail this to me to-day. As soon as I receive it I will mail you 28 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all brilliant and shimmering colors. There are fourteen different colors in the pictures, all wrought together in the most splendid manner. I want you to distribute these premium pictures on a special 25-cent offer among the people you know. They cannot get these pictures at the art stores at any price. When you have distributed the 28 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected \$7.00. Send the \$7.00 to me, and I will immediately send you FREE the moving-picture machine outfit and the ten feet of film containing 250 moving pictures, all complete, FREE.

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Three Sweet Musical Bells

A New and Striking Musical Novelty, Suitable Both for Ornament and Amusement

Cathedral Angel Chimes consist of 6 beautiful Angels, 3 candlesticks with 6 beautiful colored wax candles, 3 tuned bells and turbine motor. Above all shines the Star of Bethlehem, the entire machine being ten inches high and six inches broad. It is made of fine bright silver nickel-plated metal and is so constructed that when the candles are lighted the Turbine revolves, the rising hot air from the candles giving the power that causes the Turbine Motor to revolve, the pendants strike gently on the Bells in succession, and as the Bells differ in size, sweet musical tones are produced. The effect is wonderful and unusually pleasing, not only is the soft tinkle of the bells a delight to the ear, but the brilliancy of the reflection of the candle flames on the highly polished silver-like metal angels and other parts lends delight to the occasion and entrances the old or the young. A set of Cathedral Angel Chimes should be in every home, to be used at all times or for decorative purposes at Christmas or any other time, especially suitable for table decoration in sitting or dining-room, making a splendid centerpiece decoration, and one never tires of the sweet chimes tinkling to the candles' rays. Being entirely of metal, they are absolutely unbreakable, can be used indefinitely by renewing candles from time to time, as used for Birthdays, Parties, Holidays, Christmas, or other festivities. Each is packed in a separate box with full instructions how to put together and operate. Anyone can do it and we warrant everyone to work to perfection. To obtain a complete set of Cathedral Angel Chimes, post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

24-Inch Centerpieces.

Beautiful hand-embroidered table covers can now be had by every reader without cost and little labor is required. Ladies familiar with fancy work find our patterns always new and original, those anxious to do hand embroidery readily understand just how to quickly embroider these simple designs. We furnish the stamped patterns here illustrated, and can supply materials, thus making it convenient and within the reach of every woman, young or old, to make with her own needle one or more for her home, also they are the most useful and delightful wedding or Christmas gifts. These centerpieces are each twenty-four inches in diameter, are therefore unusually large and suitable for any table. The designs are CLEARLY AND DISTINCTLY STAMPED on a high grade of semi-linen material that washes and wears well, and absolute satisfaction is guaranteed.

Bunch of Grapes Pattern.

We predict great popularity for this grape pattern. It is to be the rage for embroidered shirt-waists, therefore popular for centerpiece design. We recommend this one to your consideration.

Carnation Pink Pattern.

The famous Lawson thirty thousand dollar carnation, the largest, most fragrant and beautiful pink ever produced can be copied with this pattern to aid you. To be



BUNCH OF GRAPES PATTERN. CARNATION PINK PATTERN. done in soft pink shades with green and a border to suit. This design will make one of the swellest and most stylish table centerpieces ever conceived.

Wild Rose Pattern.

This very handsome centerpiece pattern will be one of the most popular in the whole collection. Can be worked out in soft, delicate colors and permits one to display their judgment in copying from nature. This pattern has a very deep border that may be easily worked with some simple stitch.

Wheat Pattern.

This centerpiece has perhaps the least amount of detail work of any kind, yet the effect when done in soft tan shades, with green for a border, is very pleasing. Observe the odd border on this design. It can be worked solid or outlined with excellent results.



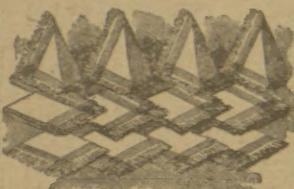
WILD ROSE PATTERN.

WHEAT PATTERN.

Club Offer. For only 2 yearly subscriptions to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we will send two of the above 24-inch Centerpieces. For 4 yearly subscriptions at 20 cents each, we will send the entire set of four Centerpieces.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

TABLE NAPKINS



What an acceptable gift is a dozen white napkins for the dining table. A clean fresh napkin gives a relish and delight to the table that nothing else will. There is nothing more appealing to the husband than his wife's effort to serve his meals tempting. Table napkins will be a great one of dozen of these linen goes far to meet this effect pleasure for you to possess a set of domestic linen napkins. It matters not how many you may have in use, a few more will be acceptable and can be saved for 'best' or when you have visitors. Rich is the housewife who has a large quantity of fine table linen, and the privilege of adding a few pieces free of any cost will appeal to our lady readers.

Club Offer. We will send you post-paid a set of 12 napkins for a club of 6 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, or a club of 3 three-year 50-cent subscriptions. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Sensible, practical bag for ladies' use, a splendid style or shape, has large opening to accommodate many articles. Is made of calf-faced Sheep-skin ornamented by fancy corded with pinked edging on top, has two silk cords with leather tassels attached besides having two strong leather handles double stitched the entire length. The special tanning of the leather for these Bags produces a soft pliable finish, making the Bag nearly as soft and light as a kid glove, yet thicker and more durable. The Bag is seven inches wide and eight inches deep, ample accommodation for change purse, keys, handkerchief and small bundles. Is a woman's best shopping companion, always ready, always handy. The silk draw-string feature is a constant pleasure and convenience, the Bag is so handily opened or closed. We have these Bags in black only, the most serviceable color.

Club Offer. Send us only five yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each and receive a Bag, post-paid, at once.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BUFFALO BILL HIS OWN STORY

TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS

Just published, his own story of his own life. Every reader of COMFORT knows of Buffalo Bill, the most famous Indian Fighter, Buffalo Hunter, Frontiersman and Scout the Country ever produced. This thrilling story from his own pen reads like some preposterous tale. Every line and every chapter is exciting, but interesting because it is cleverly told, also splendidly illustrated. A book of over

250 pages, large clear type, extra heavy book paper, with many special half tone plates illustrating important features of the book. Bound in strong tinted mottled cover, illustrated with a large clear full page sepia-toned photograph of Buffalo Bill in his plainsman's costume. This is strictly an American story by one who has literally grown up with his country. A career beginning in '57, when the lad was but eleven, the reader is carried chapter by chapter through a life of wild and rugged achievement never equalled. This is Buffalo Bill's great work, there is no other similar story, any more than there was ever another Buffalo Bill. You should read this book, everyone should read it, and read it now, while it is fresh from the press. All the big city newspapers are printing notices about the book and are to print the story serially whenever arrangements can be made. Public schools should adopt this book as a supplementary volume of American History. Teachers will do well to obtain a copy and read it to their pupils. We have a limited quantity, all we could obtain at present, and shall distribute them at the following

Club Offer. Send us only three yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, for a copy of this special edition of True Tales of the Plains by Buffalo Bill, which will be sent post-paid.

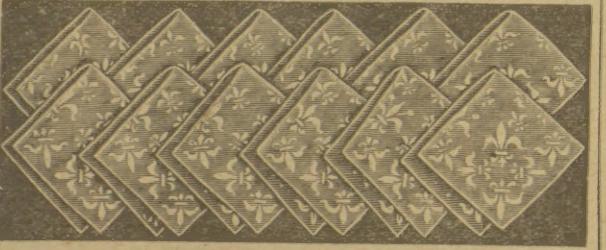
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Mercerized Damask Table-cloth



The above illustrated, mercerized floral damask table-cloth is in full pure white bleached material closely woven, and supplied in a beautiful Fleur-de-lis pattern with a high lustrous finish which has the appearance of fine linen. This is not cut table damask, but each cloth is woven in a pattern with an appropriate border running around all four sides. The quality is very serviceable. Size 58x66 inches.

Mercerized Dinner Napkins



These napkins are similar in quality to the above, and can be supplied in the Fleur-de-lis pattern to go with the table-cloth. Actual size 20x20 inches.

What a splendid opportunity to obtain a fashionable white table-cloth and a dozen napkins Our illustration conveys a splendid idea of the figure or woven pattern, and the lustrous finish compels the pattern to "stand out" prominently. We will supply the complete set or either singly.

Club Offer. For a club of 17 subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents, we will send you a Table-cloth and one dozen Napkins, or for a club of 9 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, you may have either the Cloth or Napkins, sent at our expense. Address

COMFORT,
Augusta, Maine.

Flexible Morocco BIBLE FREE ILLUSTRATED



With 32 full-page half tone pictures and 16 full-page colored maps.

GOLD EDGES

Containing the King James' Version of the Old and New Testaments.

These Bibles are unsurpassed for clear print, extra quality of paper, handsome flexible bindings, superior workmanship. Our illustrations show the Bible in various positions; laying flat open you see just how distinct is the type, the thumb index and the expansive leather binding, also the closed Bible with elastic band which protects the same when not in use, and in lower right-hand corner we show how the Bible may be rolled absolutely without injury.

Also New Helps to the Study of the Bible

Prepared by the Most Eminent Authorities

The Sunday School Teacher's use of the Bible. How to study the Bible. The Christian Worker and his Bible. Scripture Texts for students and Workers. Forty Questions and Answers from the Word of God. Calendar for Daily Reading of the Scriptures, by which the Bible may be read through in one year. The Chronology and History of the Bible and its Related Periods. Table of Prophetic Books. Period intervening between the Age of Malachi, (450 B. C.) and the Birth of Christ. Summary of the Gospel Incidents and Harmony of the Four Gospels.

This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a practical, useful Bible, a new edition in a beautiful, durable and flexible leather binding, with gold stamped title on back and cover.

CLUB OFFER.

For a club of only eight yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we send one of these above described Bibles, post-paid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



FREE! AS BIG AS BABY, FREE

Indestructible Dolls to be Stuffed that Stand Up or Sit Down. Their Heads Will Not Come Off.

These unbreakable dolls are nearly two feet high and are arranged they can either stand up or sit down. Their Beautiful Golden Hair, bright red stockings and black shoes are very attractive for either very young or older children. You get one of these dolls and you are sure that the nose can't be broken off nor can baby punch in the eyes; the bright colored cheeks and ruby lips retain their color and shape for a long time. Every child delights to have from one to twenty different kinds of dolls in their family. Big, small, fat, thin, artist, and mechanics have been at work for years trying to perfect low-price, jointed, indestructible dolls that can be made to sit down, stand on their heads, move arms and legs and be placed in all sorts of cute positions, dressed or undressed.

The doll shown in cuts, just patented, is a most wonderful and successful result of long, weary trials. They are beautifully finished and can be placed in any natural position, and will last for years. Are more lifelike than anything ever gotten out before. For

hours and hours every child will play with these good old grandmas style, unbreakable stuffed dolls, even putting aside the very expensive and more elegantly silk



and satin dressed dolls, never tiring of these as they can be dressed in many different ways to suit the taste. They can be filled with more or less cotton as the weight is preferred as the material can be made of enables you to sew them together easily, so as to have a good, fat, plump doll or one of lighter weight.

We have arranged to give these dolls for club raising and will send one, all charges fully prepaid. When you send the name of a new yearly subscriber at 20 cents each.

Remember, we send this magazine one year to the subscribers you secure and send the Dolls to you as a premium. Will send 2 for securing 3 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each. 4 Dolls free for a club of 5 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, or you can send two 3-year 50-cent subscriptions.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FOR A CLUB OF FIVE LADIES' GOLD SHELL RINGS

The delight of every young lady is in having handsome finger rings of the latest style and finish set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on either side same as shown in the illustration. These are Gold shell Rings you may be proud of and they will wear well and not tarnish; they look like gold, wear like gold, and will stand gold acid tests. These settings are very rich and look refined and just as attractive as rings costing much money. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections, Opal, Emerald and Ruby, with the finest imitation chip diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring. We guarantee the sparkle of these stones to be quite equal to Genuine Diamonds costing hundreds of dollars and are always behind this guarantee. Each stone is set separately in Tiffany style and is sent in a nice Ring Box, plush-lined, just the ornament for your room and keeps the ring clean and from getting lost when not in use.

These Rings Are Free. We bought these rings to give away and the following offers are liberal enough to enable every reader to own one at once. Mothers should have one.

The boys should get one for their sweethearts. They make a swell present. We will give one ring free for a club of only 5 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, or two 3-year 50-cent subscriptions.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Opal.

Emerald.

Emerald.

POST CARD ALBUM

That Will Hold Fifty Cards



Our fifty-card Album is the most attractive on the market. On each page two cards may be displayed; the leaves are very heavy rigid paper stock of a heavy green shade providing a very tasty and attractive background for all cards, and when two pages are opened together showing four cards, the appearance is extremely attractive and one cannot neatly preserve a collection of Post cards unless they are displayed in an Album. And better a very nice collection of Souvenir Postal Cards than the individual and personal thought of absent relatives and friends and they are very enter- taining for visitors who enjoy looking them over; so, that album, arranged in order, they are readily accessible and may be examined time after time with no harm to cards, and thus preserved in remembrance of the. No one thinks of collecting Souvenir Cards in an Album. Everyone wants an Album and the just now exceeds the supply. We are fortunate in having a great quantity on hand of first-class Albums we are to distribute as premiums to those who will be clubs of subscribers to this magazine as per our below.

Club Offer. For a club of only 4 ten-cent six month, or 2 yearly subscribers per year at 20 cents each, we will send an Album and will include a set of six Post Cards free, as a going towards filling the Album.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Yards Imported Scotch Crash

This bolt of toweling will make two roller towels 2 1/2 yards long, or four hand towels 45 inches long, or six dish towels 30 inches long. It is all pure linen heavy weight bleached crash with red stripe border, and is imported direct from the mills in Scotland where the finest of this class of goods is made. The width is 16 inches.

Club Offer. For a club of only five yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we will send you one of these five yard bolts of Crash.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE

After repeated requests from our thousands of readers and club workers, we are prepared to furnish a **COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE**, in a smaller size than our regular Family Bible. The new offering is indeed a perfect charm; a thoroughly complete Bible, consisting of over 1,200 pages, with nine colored maps, soft binding, half padded round corners, finished with red edges, five and a half inches long, three and a half inches wide and nearly an inch thick, weighing half a pound. It is a thorough with full and complete books of the old and new testaments. For Sunday School Workers, teachers and laics, or for a convenient pew Bible, this is an unusual opportunity to secure a big little Bible that will fit. By co-operating with a Bible maker and a Binder, we were enabled to dictate terms and agreed to purchase an enormous quantity during the next year if a low price could be made. In order that we might give our friends and readers at least one grand opportunity to procure one or more Bibles for their own use or as knowing well enough that we shall receive many orders from our first purchasers. Modern manufacturers and skilled workmen produce these Bibles in houses made in the highest order of workmanship, and every Bible is sent with a guarantee that is perfect in each and every detail; and what will you most is the thorough manner in which they are finished. The soft padded covers are the in **FULL MOROCCO BIBLES** costing \$10.00. Please do not send for this Bible expecting to receive a great big book by express; we offer the **FAMILY BIBLE** elsewhere. This small Bible is for the same purpose, but is more convenient to carry about. Knowing well that we shall receive several orders from those who send for these Bibles, we are making a specially attractive **Club Offer** below.

Club Offer. For a club of only twenty yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each we will forward by express one complete 22-Piece Housekeeper Set.

Our Mammoth Premium Catalogue illustrates and describes nearly two hundred attractive premiums. All are given for Clubs of subscribers to COMFORT, and every subscription you send helps you win a prize in our Great Anniversary Contest, now on its fourth month. Drop us a post card for free copy of this catalogue. The big Cash Prizes for November and December were easily won. You can win.

5000 COPIES "ST. ELMO" FREE

A Jubilee Edition of This Famous Book for a Club of Three

Anticipating our Jubilee Anniversary Year of COMFORT when we celebrate our Twenty-first Birthday, and not to be outdone by the Editorial Department, the Premium Department has not been idle.

In addition to the regular variety of premiums, we scoured and scraped to obtain at least one premier inducement that would almost compel one to subscribe or get a club of subscribers for COMFORT, and after looking over the markets, comparing, duly considering premiums heretofore made a special jubilee offer of a bound "St. Elmo." We negotiated, six of 5,000 copies at a special price most attractive offer conceivable. "St. Elmo" in COMFORT and was so splendidly tribute nearly 20,000 copies in subscribers. We are now offering you from new type plates on heavy book attractive lettered linen binding, making and a quarter for clubs of only member the story but did not obtain a making our previous offers, and all ested in "A Speckled Bird," will to obtain a copy of Mrs. Wilson's our Anniversary Offer made here

Remember, we have a million and a quarter subscribers and but 5,000 books. We cannot duplicate our order nor repeat this offer, therefore it will be well to safeguard yourself by sending a club of only three yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each by return mail and these subscriptions will be credited in your behalf towards the distribution of the 538 cash prizes, all of which is fully explained on page 30 of this edition. Remember, a club of only three yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each secures a bound volume of "St. Elmo," delivered post-paid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



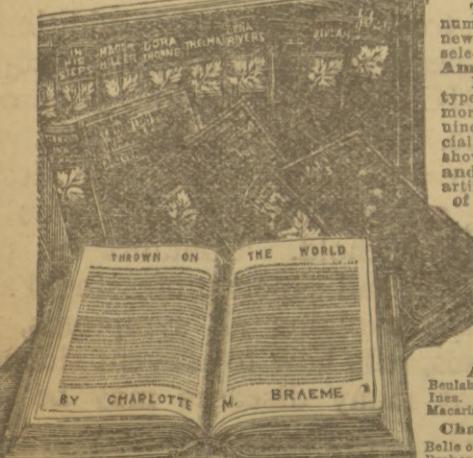
GREAT BARGAIN, 22-PIECE HOUSEKEEPING SET



THIS ABOVE ILLUSTRATED COMBINATION ASSORTMENT of fine quality HOUSEHOLD LINENS and prices when the MARKETS WERE LOWER than for years, we collected together these various articles, USEFUL IN EVERY HOME, particularly pleasing to a bride or young HOUSEKEEPER. In fact practically INDISPENSABLE IN EVERY HOME and so attractively offered owing to the LOW PRICES conditions of the market you cannot resist sending us a club. This package contains the complete assortment of 22 SEPARATE PIECES as described above. Read carefully. 1 Imported Floral Damask pattern Tablecloth, good weight and well woven, with fringe on four sides. Will cover any ordinary table. Size of cloth 5x82 inches. 12 Floral Damask, imported, fringed pattern table napkins similar to the above, size 16x18 inches. 5 yards of very good quality absorbent roller or dish toweling, width 17 inches. 1 Imported Fringed Bedspread or Dresser Scarf in a very pretty pattern, size 16x45 inches. 4 Genuine Hemmed Huck Towels of excellent quality and finish, will wear well. Size 14x21 inches. 2 Fringed Turkish Towels, pure cotton, good weight, size 12x29 inches. 1 Round, Fancy Hand Drawnwork Fringed Dolly. Very pretty for attractive basket or for use under table lamp. Size 9x9 inches. Every item in the entire assortment is both attractive, pretty and useful. COMBINED WITH UTILITY THEY ARE DURABLE, WILL WEAR and laundress satisfactorily. It would prove quite an expense were you to buy these items singly at the stores.

Club Offer. For a club of only twenty yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each we will forward by express one complete 22-Piece Housekeeper Set.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE BEST BOOKS FREE**Cloth Bound**

Marie Corelli, Augusta J. Evans, Charles Garvice, Mary J. Holmes, G. A. Henty, Charles M. Sheldon, Charlotte M. Braeme, Mrs. Southworth.

The works of the popular authors above mentioned, also a large number of other popular authors' best efforts, are included in our new list of gift books. From an assortment of over 400 titles we have selected the most popular and desirable works of these famous American and European Authors.

Each book is printed on good quality paper, from large, clear type, is 7 1/2 inches long, 5 wide and vary in thickness, all one inch or more, and weigh about one pound each. Cloth Bindings are genuine Linen Cloth of several attractive and striking colors, especially made for this series. Each cover has an ornamental design, shown in the illustrations, and the titles are done in genuine gold and two-colored inks. Each cover design is by some well-known artist, and the high quality of this alone makes the outer appearance of each book more attractive, as it gives the book a rich appearance for shelving or when lying on the table. Taken all in all this series of books is an excellent edition and we are pleased to have the opportunity to place them before you at this particular season of the year and at such liberal terms.

Marie Corelli

Romance of Two Worlds
Thelma
Vendetta
Wormwood

Augusta J. Evans

Bulah
Ines
Macara

Charlotte M. Braeme

Belle of Lynn
Broken Wedding Ring, The
Dora Thorne

T. S. Arthur

Ten Nights in a Bar Room
Mrs. Henry Wood

Harriet Beecher Stowe

Uncle Tom's Cabin

Emma D. E. N. Southworth

Changed Brides
Bird's Eye

Charles M. Sheldon

In His Steps

Charles Garvice

Farmer Holt's Daughter

Her Heart's Desire

Leslie's Loyalty

Passion Flower

Twinkling Smile and Tear

Wasted Love, A

Willow Morn

Woven on Fate's Loom

Ralph Connor

Black Rock

Mrs. May Agnes Fleming

Magdalen's Vow
The Queen of the Isles
The Rival Brothers

Duke's Secret

Earle's Atonement, The

Evelyn's Folly

Her Heart's Sin

Her Mother's Sin

Mad Love, A

Prince Charlie's Daughter

Shadow of a Sin

Struggle for a Ring

Andy Grant's Pluck

Bob Burton

Bound to Rise

Brave and Bold

Do and Dare

Drive to the Moon

Facing the World

Herbert Carter's Legacy

Helping Himself

In a New World

Jack's Ward

Land of Dark Hollow

Half Raised, Sequel to Ishmael

Tried for Her Life

Sequel to Cruel as the Grave

Allworth Abbey

Charles Wagner

Simple Life

Horatio Alger, Jr.

Adrift in New York

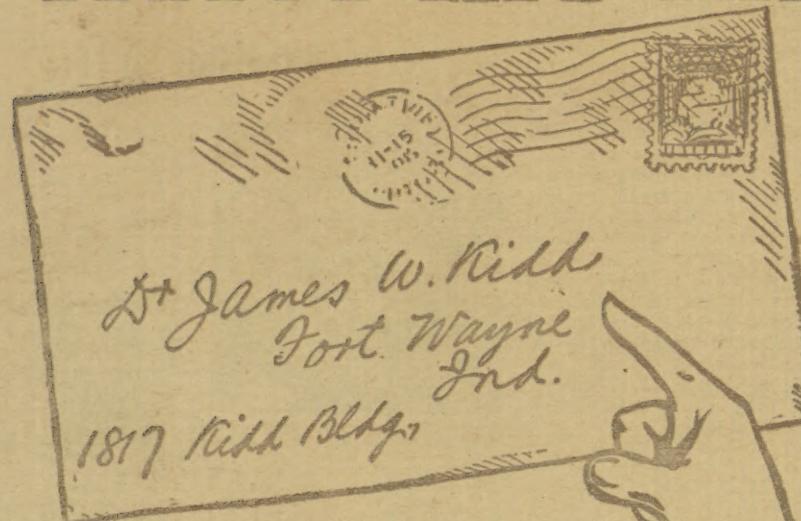
Andy Gordon

Charles Connor

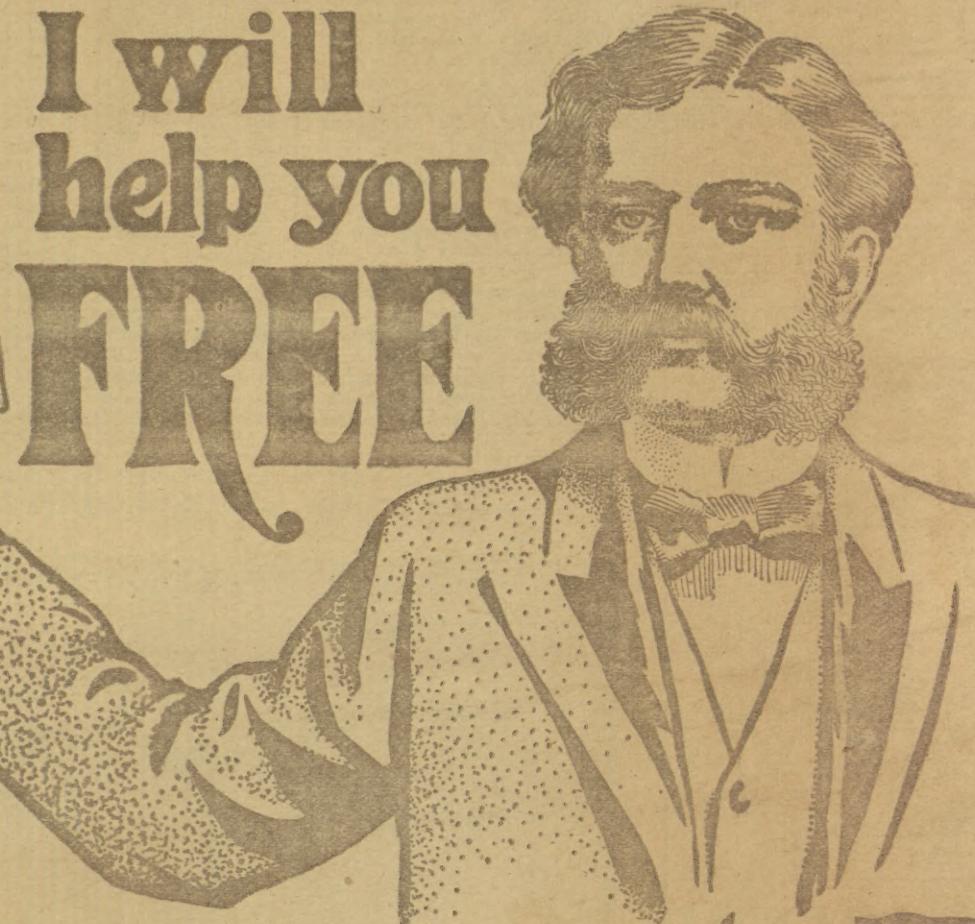
Black Rock

Are You Sick?

Write me like this and



I will
help you
FREE



Free Treatment to All

To you—if you are sick—if you suffer—if you are afflicted with any ailment—if you are worn out, tired or failing—if you have an ache or a pain—if you need medical advice—if you are not in perfect health—if life is a dragging, miserable existence—if you lack the **energy**, the **vim**—**vigor** and “go” that make life worth living. To you, if you are rich or poor—young or old—man or woman—To You This Offer is Made, no matter where you live.

ALL DISEASES

I cure all diseases that can be cured by modern medicine. I cure many that others consider incurable. Desperately chronic cases are my specialty. I like to begin where others fail. Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder Trouble, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation and all other diseases of the stomach, Liver and Bowels, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Chronic Coughs, Weak Lungs and Incipient Consumption, Nervousness, Neurasthenia, All Female Troubles, Scrofula, Impure Blood, Anemia, Eczema, and all Eruptions and Diseases of the Skin, Partial Paralysis, Piles, Heart Trouble, Lumbago, Obesity, Goitre, General Debility and all other chronic Ailments that medicine will reach I have cured. Men and women, weak, debilitated, worn-out, tired and failing, let me prove that I can Cure You.

Not a Patent Medicine

Assisted by our able and experienced physicians, I prepare a Special Treatment for each case. For years the skill, knowledge and experience of five doctors have been combined in selecting the most effective remedies for every possible affliction. Over a half million people have taken my treatment. This vast experience has taught us how to successfully treat every ailment, every condition. You can have the benefit of this vast experience **FREE**. Do not allow someone to experiment on you or waste your time on inferior treatment or “cure-all” patent medicines.

THE PROOF IS FREE TO YOU

This is all you have to do—Write me a description of your case—write me fully and freely—tell me as much about your condition as you can, in your own words. Careful attention to each case has helped to make my success. I am determined to succeed in your case—I want you to help me. Tell me how you are and by return mail I will send the proof treatment, sealed in a plain wrapper, postage paid, and free—free to you—free to any afflicted member of your family, friend or neighbor. It may mean long life, health—strength—vigor—to you, if you write me today. You have nothing to lose; everything to gain.

Address—DR. JAMES W. KIDD, 1817 Kidd Building, FT. WAYNE, IND.

TO READERS—We have known and done business with Dr. Kidd for years. He is at the head of one of the largest institutions in the World devoted entirely to the treatment of patients at their own homes. His ability and honesty are above question. Every reader in need of treatment should accept his generous offer.